

THE  
FABLES  
OF  
ÆSOP

Paraphras'd in Verse :

ADORN'D

WITH

SCULPTURE,

AND

ILLUSTRATED

WITH

ANNOTATIONS.

---

THE SECOND EDITION.

---

BY

JOHN OGILBY, Esq;

Master of His MAJESTIES Revells in the Kingdom of  
IRELAND.

---

LONDON,

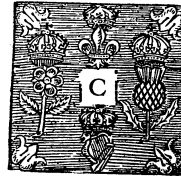
Printed by THOMAS ROYCROFT,

for the Author, MDCLXVIII.



*Examples are best Precepts: And a Tale  
Adorn'd with Sculpture better may prevail,  
To make Men lesſer Beasts, than all the ſtore  
Of tedious Volumes, vex the World before.*

# CHARLES R.

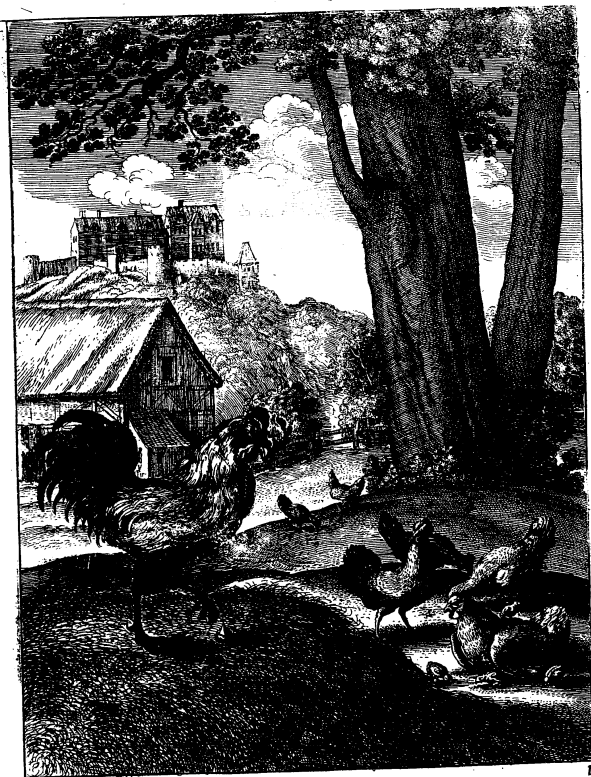


**CHARLES** by the grace of God,  
King of England, Scotland,  
France, and Ireland, Defender of  
the Faith, &c. To all Our loving  
Subjects, of what degree, condition  
or quality soever, within Our King-

doms and Dominions, Greeting: Whereas it hath been manifested unto Us, that Our Trusty and Welbeloved, John Ogilby, Esq; Master of Our Revels in Our Kingdom of Ireland, hath at his great Charge, and expence of Time, Printed and Published, in fair Volumes, adorn'd with Sculptures, Virgil translated, Homer's Iliads, Æsop Paraphras'd, and Our Entertainment in passing through Our City of London, and Coronation, together with Homer's Odyssey, and his former Æsop, with Additions and Annotations, in Folio. Know ye therefore, That it is Our Royal Pleasure, and We do by these Presents, upon the humble Request of Him the said Ogilby, streightly Charge, Prohibit, and Forbid all Our Subjects, to Reprint the said Books in any Volumes, or any of them; or to Copy or Counterfeit any the Sculptures or Ingravements therein, within the Term of Fifteen years next ensuing the date of these Presents, without the Consent and Approbation of the said John Ogilby, his Heirs, Executors, or Assigns, as they and every of them so offending, will answer the contrary at their utmost peril: Whereof the Wardens and Company of Stationers of Our City of London are to take particular notice, that due Obedience be given to this Our Royal Command. Given under Our Signet and Sign Manual, at Our Court at White-hall, the 25<sup>th</sup> day of May, in the 17<sup>th</sup> Year of Our Reign, 1665.

By His Majesties Command,

ARLINGTON.



# THE FABLES OF ÆSOP.

FAB. I.

Of the Cock, and Pretious Stone.



**S**TOUT Chanticleer <sup>(a)</sup> three  
times aloud proclaims  
Day's Signal Victory ore Night's  
vanquish'd Flames:  
As oft the mighty <sup>(b)</sup> Lyons are  
affrighted

With his shrill Notes, while others are delighted.

In a short Coat of Feathers warm as Furs,

In Boots drawn up, and Gilded Spurs,  
(Of old the Valiant Cock the Eagle Knighted)

He from proud Roofs, high as the Thatch descends,  
His Wives, his Concubines; and Fair Race attends.

Because a feed in the Cocks body lies,  
While effluent atoms hurt the Lyons Eyes,

And through the Balls with horrid anguish goes,  
That they their Courage, and all fierceness lose.

There are not any Sects of philosophy more opposite than these two; The *Pythagoreans* and *Academicks* endeavouring to bring up all things to immateriality, The *Epicureans*, to bring down all to materiality: and if I may freely give my opinion of the reasons which both alledge for this, (*abstine verbis invidiis*) they seem equally extravagant.

B

Scaling

(a) Anson.—*ter clava instantis Eui*  
*Signa, tantis formis depressis Matte fa-*  
*ribus.*

Mars tardy Sentinel three times a-  
loud proclaim'd  
Th'approaching Day.

The Fable is thus related by *Lucian*.  
*There was a young man named*  
*Alector, very intimate with Mars, in so*  
*much that whenever Mars went to*  
*Venus he took Alector with him, (fear-*  
*ing the Sun might betray him to Vul-*  
*cans) and left him to watch at the door,*  
*and to give notice when the Sun ap-*  
*proach'd. On a time Alector fell asleep,*  
*and unwarily betray'd his trust: The*  
*Sun discover'd this to Lovers of Venus,*  
*who caught him in a Net. Mars as soon*  
*as he was got loofe, in anger turn'd the*  
*young man to a Cock: for this reason,*  
*before the Sun riseth the Cock crows to*  
*give notice of his approach. Chereamon*  
*the Stoick and Proclus and Porphyrys,*  
*Pythagorean Philosophers, ascribe the*  
*crowing of the Cock before day to a*  
*sympathy betwixt that Bird and the*  
*Sun, affirming that the Sun contri-*  
*butes something Caelestiall to it, for*  
*which it gratefully riseth up, and clap-*  
*peth its wings, and celebrates the ap-*  
*proach of its Patron. Hence perhaps*  
*is the Cock call'd the Persian Bird,*  
*Estycheus, Hesperus Syrus, & Zoroaster,*  
*because, as the Persians, he worships*  
*the rising Sun: but the common rea-*  
*son is taken from the Fable related by*  
*Aristophanes, in Avibus, That on a*  
*time the Cock was Emperour of Per-*  
*sia, and reign'd tyrannically, in such*  
*that still all perforce as soon as he*  
*crows betake themselves to labour, as*  
*if fearing punishment for negligence.*

(b) The reason why the Lion is af-  
fraid of the Cock, *Proclus* saith, is be-  
cause the Cock hath a much greater  
share of the Sun's influence than the  
Lion, though they both derive their  
Natures from him. But *Lucian* is o-  
therwise.

*Nimirum, quia sunt Gallorum in cor-*  
*pore quadam*

*Stimula, quae cum sunt oculis immixta*

*Lionum*

*Pupillas interfundunt, acrimoniae dissonant*

*Præbent, ac nequeant contra durare se-*  
*voce.*

(c) The Diamond plays four waters, which are four colours. White, Brown, Blew, and Green. White the first, Brown the second, Blew the third, Green the worst; yet the White Table Diamond, if it be thick, will play black, but if it play white it is much better.

(d) Pliny lib. 37. cap. 6. *Doritis inextinguibilis est, sine ulque ignium vi-  
lrix natura, & nunquam incallescens,  
unde & nomen Indomitæ vi Græcæ in-  
terpretatione accept.* Its hardness is unexpressible: its nature conquers fire, never taking heat: whence named *Adamas* by the Greeks, by the *Arabians*, *Diamah* from *Dim*, to endure: whence our word *Diamond*.

(e) Amongst other properties for which the Diamond is compar'd to, and made the Emblem of Learning, receive these from Pliny, lib. 37. c. 6. *Perennis irrisa facit, & lymphationes abigit, & metus vanos expellit: It nullis the force of poison, it expels frenzy, and vain fears.*

This Fable was elegantly translated by *Phadrus*, one of the *Liberti* of *Augustus*.

Lib. 3. Fab. 11.

*In sterquilinis pullus Gallinaceus  
Tum quærit ejus margaritam repper-  
it;  
Facies indigno quærit res, inquit, loca!  
Hæc si quis pretis capidus vidisset tui,  
Olim vidisset ad splendorem maximum.  
Ecce qui te invenit, potior cui multo est  
cibus,  
Nec tibi prodisset, nec mihi quicquam  
potes.*

*Hæc illis marro qui me non intelligunt.*

The young Cock ranfacking a Dung-  
hil found,  
In quest of softer fare, a Diamond;  
Bright Gem, how ill said he, thou  
here art set,  
If one with thee who knew thy worth  
had met,  
Thou hadst e'er this in all thy glory  
thin'd.  
But give me food, such Gewgaws I  
not mind,  
Here's no preferment for your fairer  
looks.

Know this all you who value not  
good Books.

Scaling a fordid Mountain, straight he found  
A Star in Dust, a sparkling Diamond.

Then spake the Cock: Stone of the (c) whitest Water,  
Whom (d) Time, nor Fire can wast, nor Anvil batter;

If thee some skilful Jeweller had sold,

Adorned thus with purest Gold,

To a fond Lover: He, his Love to flatter,

Would swear his Ladies Eys out-shine thy Raies

(Brightest of Gems) although she look nine ways.

Thou (e) Emblem of vain Learning may'st adorn

The Wifeest, but give me a Barley Corn.

Let meagre Scholars wast their Brains and Tapers,

In quest of thee, while they turn anxious Papers,

Let me have Pleasure, and my Belly full;

Far better is an empty Scull

Than a Head stuff'd with Melancholy Vapours.

Lye still obscure; I'll be to Nature kind;

My Body I'll not Starve, to Feed my Mind.

### MORAL.

Voluptuous Men Philosophy despise;  
Down with all Learning the Arm'd Soldier cries.  
On Gleab, and Cattell, greedy Farmers look;  
And Marchants only prize their Counting Book.



## F A B. II.

## Of the Dog and Shadow.

**T**HIS Dog away with a whole Shoulder ran,  
Let thanks be to the careless Larder-man,  
Which made the Proverb true : both large  
and good

The Mutton was, no way but take the Flood ;  
His fellow-Spaniels waiting in the Hall,  
Nay Hounds, and Curs, in for a share would fall ;  
Those Beggars, that like Plague and Famine sit  
Guarding the Gate, would eat both him and it ;  
Shrewd were his doubts lest Serving-Men might put  
In for their part, and strive for the first cut.

A thousand real Dangers thus persuade,  
As many more his nimble fancy made ;  
Faces about, straight at a Postern-Gate  
He takes the Stream, and leaves the rest to Fate.

'Twas in the Dog-daies too, the Skies were clear,  
Not one black-patch did in Heaven's face appear ;  
Breathless the Sun left two and thirty Winds,  
And such the Calm as that the (\*) *Halcyon* finds.

When a refracted Ray, a golden Beam  
In the gross *Medium* of the darker Stream  
Pencil'd another Shoulder like to that  
The Dog had purchas'd, (b) but more large, and fat.  
To him who oft had fed from Beggars Caps,  
Shar'd in the Dole, and quarrell'd for fawn Scraps,  
With twenty more for a gnawn bone would fight,  
A greedy Worm, a dogged Appetite  
Gave sad advice, to seize one Shoulder more.  
(Some Mortals till they'r Rich, are never Poor.)  
Too rash he bites : down to the deepest Stream  
The Shadow and the Substance, like a Dream

Varnish'd



the Dog and Shadow.

(a) It is observ'd by the ancient Authors of Natural History, that the *Alcyon* (or Kingfisher) breeds about the Winter Solstice, when the Seas are most smooth and calm ; whence *Alcyon's day* grew a proverb amongst them for serene weather, and the poets use to attribute the cause of it to them : as *Theocritus* in his *Bucolics*;

X' δαδόντες κοπασίης τὰν ἀλκυόνα, πλάττει  
διδάσκων,  
Τὴντι Νέτον, ὅτερ' Ἴερος, δὲ ἔχεται γὰρ  
κίε κίε  
Ἀλκυόνες, γαυνάςτι Νέτον τάτρε μὲν  
ἄλλος  
'Οὐδ' αὖτ' ἰφθαδίον, ὅπως τιν' ἐξ ἑδὲ  
ἔγχε.

The *Halcyon* smooths shall the Ocean  
billow make,  
And calm those blasting Winds that  
sweep the flocks.  
The *Halcyon* of all Birds that haunt  
the Seas,  
Is most beloved of the Nereides.

We cannot better give an account of these birds than in the words of *Pliny*, who writes thus : *Dies Halcyonum partur, maris, quique navigant, movere. Faciunt bruma, qui dies Halcyonum vocantur, placida mari per ea quæ navigabili, Siculo maxime, &c.* The very Seas, and they that sail thereon know when the halcyons sit & breed. They lay and sit about Mid-winter, when days be shortest, and the time whilst they are brooding is call'd the *Halcyon days* : for during that season the Sea is calm and navigable, especially on the Coast of *Sicily*. In other parts also the Sea is not so boisterous, but more quiet than at other times. But sure the *Sicilian* Sea is very gentle, both in the Straights, and also in the open Ocean. Now within seven daies before Mid-winter they build, and within as many after they have hatch'd.

(b) *Franciscus Bonf.* gives the natural reason.  
Obijcit tunc velut alterius canis nuda  
figuram,  
Multo majorem prædam portantis in  
ore,  
Ipsum minimum propter medium, acre  
lingæ  
Crassius, id radius æstus dispergit &  
angust.  
Suscepit in aqua velut in speculâ  
refractus,  
Et facti ut se res videretur grandior  
esse.  
Another Dog 'midst crystal Waves  
appears,  
Who in his mouth a greater Morsel  
bears.  
Because th'avis medium is more thin  
and bright,  
Which both extends, and adds rays  
to the light,  
Water the figure, as in Mirrors takes,  
Which by refraction all things larger  
makes.

Vanish'd together ; thrice he dives in vain ;  
For the swift Current bore it to the Main,  
To furnish *Triton's* Banquet, who that day  
Married the famous Mermaid *Galatée*.

The Virgin smil'd, but yet the easie Nymph  
Return'd not, for the Present, one poor Shrimp.  
Thrice round he looks, raising his woful head,  
To see which way the Feather'd Joynt was fled ;  
But finding none, he is resolv'd to die,  
And with his Love dear Lady Mutton lie.  
Yet hating a wet Death, he swam to shore,  
Then set a Throat up made the Welking rore ;  
To hang himself in his own Collar he

Is next resolv'd, could he but find a Tree.  
Full of despair, there down himself he flung,  
Then thus his howling Recantation sung.

Here I the Emblem of fond Mortals fit,  
That lose the substance for an empty bit :  
Whom fair pretences, and a hollow shade  
Of future Happiness, unhappy made :  
Nay States, and mighty Realms, with plenty proud,  
Thus for Rich ( ) *Juno* oft imbrace a Cloud.  
He is too blest that his own Happiness knows,  
And Mortals to themselves are greatest Foes.

## MORAL.

Foul Avarice is of pregnant Money bred ;  
He that loves Gold, starves more, the more he's fed :  
Doubling of thousands Usurers to their cost  
Know, when both Use and Principal is lost.

FAB.

(c) The Fable of *Ixion* is thus recounted by the ancients, He being admitted as a favourite into the Court of *Jupiter*, solicited *Juno* his Queen to his fond embraces ; which when he had discovered to *Jupiter*, he, to make a certain experiment of the truth of the information, represented a Cloud before him in the form of *Juno*, which he presently attempted, and begot of it the *Centaurs*, who had the upper part of Man, but from the navel downward carried the shapes of Horses, by which fable they signified the vain pursuit of imaginary glory : attempted by unlawful means, and the p. odigious conceptions of Ambition. The story on which this Fable was founded is this : *Ixion* King of *Thessaly*, whose Country was infested with wild Bulls, proclaimed a certain reward to such as should destroy them ; with the inhabitants of the Town of *Nephele* ( which signifies a Cloud, whence rise the Fable of their original ) mounted on horses ( the first in those parts that had made use of any ) by the addition of their speed, overtook the Bulls and killed them with their Javelins : But the Borderers not being before acquainted with such a sight, supposed both one Creature, whereupon they call'd them *Centaurs*.

*Phædrus* lib. 1. Fab. 4.

*Canis, per flumen carmen dum ferret  
natant,  
Ipsa, hunc in speculo vidit simulacrum suum,  
Aliaque pradam ab alio perferri patiens,  
Erripere voluit : verum decepta aviditate,  
Et quem tuncbat ore demisit cibum,  
Nec quem petebat adeo potuit attingere.  
Amittit merito proprium qui alienum adipiscit.*

*Swag*, with his prize, whilst ore a brook he swam,  
Saw, in the crystal Mirror of the stream,  
Himself transporting such another Prey.  
A second Courser, such fond hopes him berry,  
Provok'd by appetite, the greedy wretch  
Drops the sweet Bone, a sapless shade to catch.  
Thus both the vain resemblance, and his own  
Were, gazing for two Benefices, gone.

## FAB. III.

## Of the Lyon, and other Beasts.

When troops of Beams led by the grey-  
ey'd Dawn

From Eastern Ports rush'd with

recruited light,

And beat up all the quarters of the Night ;

When *Cynthia* fled, with broken silence drawn,

Her glory plunder'd, pale at the affright ;

When *Achëron's* Jaws for routed <sup>(a)</sup> Spirits yawn,

Dreams and Fantaſtick Viſions put to flight ;

When Stars disorder'd hid in <sup>(b)</sup> Sea-Nymphs Beds,

Or back to Heaven did ſhrink their golden heads :

Then was the Lyon up, and all his Court ,

Prepar'd to hunt, from Woods and Deſarts came

Various wild Beasts, from Fields and Cities tame.

About his Palace throng a huge reſort,

Becauſe the Royal Ediſt did proclaim

There would be profit, Feaſts, as well as Sport :

Thus expectation heighten'd was by Fame,

The Strong, Swift, Cunning, all laid Noſe to ground,

Should ſhare alike with him of what they found.

With <sup>(c)</sup> *Iſgrim*, <sup>(d)</sup> *Bruine* came, and all his Bears,

Attending in the Preſence yet being dark ;

Ram *Belin* ſafe was there as in the Ark,

<sup>(e)</sup> *Reynard* was buſie with his Gins and Snares,

Well knowing all walks and out-lets of the Park,

<sup>(f)</sup> *Tybert* attends with Troops of Mountaineers,

And *Jeffry* the Ape, well Hors'd, a gallant Spark.

All ſorts of Dogs, 'mongſt whom the Spaniel waits,

For Shadows hoping now ſubſtantial Cates.

C

The



(a) Those who first pretended to have converse with Ghosts (the Egyptians ; I conceive, who believ'd the World to be full of Spirits) chose the night as a veil for their forgery, making this pretext, that the Sun was an Enemy to those *Umbræ* or dark shades ; this is evident in the speech of *Anchises*, who as he appear'd to *Æneas* at Night, *Virgil* *Æneid* 5.

*Et mox atra palam bigæ (subvella te-  
nent)  
Viſe dehinc cæcis facies delapsa parentis  
Anchisæ, subito tales (funderet) vocet.  
When Night's black Chariot had pos-  
sessed the Pole,  
From Heaven he did behold *Anchises*  
Soul  
Descending, which to him in these  
words said.*

So upon the approach of day he tells  
him he was compell'd to depart ;  
*Jamque vale : torquet mediæ nox lu-  
mina curſus,  
Et me sævus equis Oriens afflavit au-  
bælis.  
Down from the vertick point the  
moſt Night ſpeeds,  
And me the Sun drives hence with  
panting Steeds,  
Where he gives the *Sun* the Epithet  
of *sævus*, cruel, because he would not  
permit his abode on earth any longer.*

(b) The more general opinion of  
the Ancients was ( before the latter  
Navigations had demonstrated the  
Earth to be a Globe) that the Super-  
ficies on which we liv'd was a Plain,  
encompass'd on every side with the  
main Ocean : whence at the setting  
of the Sun in the most western parts  
of the World, the Horizon being ter-  
minated in the Sea, the Poets describ-  
ed, that by the Suns descending into  
it, and its rising by its emergency out  
of it. So *Homer* describes the set-  
ting of the Sun, *Iliad* 8.  
*Ἐν δ' ὅτ' ἦτορ Ὀκεανὸς ἀνέμειξε φάος ἡ-  
λίου,  
Ἐκείνῳ πύκτα πόλιν αἶσαν ἐπὶ γέφυρῳ ἔστη-  
σεν.  
Mean while the Sun did in the Ocean set  
His glorious beams, and Night's black  
Curtains wet.*

And its rising, *Odyss.* 23.

*Ἄνριξ ἄν' Ὀκεανὸν χυνομένης ἡλίου  
φωτός.  
Ὄφρ' ἦ δ' ἀνέβητον εὐαφέν.  
When from the Ocean rose the golden  
Morn*

Brought light to Mortals, and did  
Earth adorn.

Another opinion there was, that  
the Sun declining in a Cloud in the  
West return'd back over the inhabita-  
ble parts of the North, and so rose  
again in the East.

(c) The Wolf.

(d) The Bear.

(e) The Fox.

(f) The Cat.

(g) It was a common opinion among the Ancients (particularly the Stoicks) that the Sun is nourished by exhalations from inferior bodies. In particular hereof they affirm'd, that Nature p'ord the Ocean direct y under the Z. diack, that he and the other Planets (b. herent subjeſſi humoris aſimulati; Macrobi. in Somn. Scipionis) might be nourished by the moiſture beneath them. Hence when Homer Odysſ. 1. 1. ſignifies that Jupiter was fed by rigeons,

Τῷ πῶν τ' αἰὲς ποταμὸν ἀνέχεσθαι

Ariftole ſaies that he did allegorically ſignifie, that the Gods or ſuperiour Bodies, received their nutriment from the Exhalations that aſcend from below. In like manner that Golden Chain (mentioned Iliad 8.) with which Jupiter threatens to draw up all unto him,

Ἄν' ἔτι δὲ θεῶν ἀνέχεσθαι ἰδὲ χρυσὴν ἰπὸν αὐτοῦ  
Ἄλλ' αὖτε γαῖαν ἵπποισιν ἀλλή τ' ἐδάδ' αὖ, &c.

With theſe we'll all the Goddeſſes and Gods,  
With Men, and Beaſts, waſt Earth,  
and ample Floods,  
Draw up to Heaven, and bind without controule  
Th' World, great Nature's Fabrick, to the Pole.

The Stoicks interpret thus; Jupiter that is, the Air, ſhall by the golden Chain, the Sun, exhauff in proceſs of time not the Ocean only, but all the moiſture alſo out of the Earth, to ſupply and feed it.

The (S) Sun ſcarce drank his draught of morning dew  
Nor did his Bowl of diſſolv'd Pearl exhauff,  
When mix'd Troops take the Field, no time is loſt.  
At laſt a Royal Hart they ran in view,  
Whom, having at a Bay, the Lyon drew  
About him round his various languag'd Hoſt:  
Many their Limbs, and ſome their Lives it coſt;  
At laſt ore-pow'r'd by number, down he falls,  
While Heaven and Earth Ring at his Funeralls,  
Th' unlace, then ſtrip, and next divide the Deer.  
Thus the offended King did then complain:  
Theſe ſhares not equal are, divide again.  
One portion of the Quarrey will appear  
My Perquiſite, as I'm your Sovereign;  
The next is Ours, as being Strongeſt here;  
The third you muſt acknowledge for my pain;  
The laſt ſhall be your Bounty, not Our Claim:  
But who denies, look to't, his Foe I am.  
No Subject 'gainſt his Prince durſt try his Suit;  
Not Reynard, though moſt learned in the Law.  
Vain are all Pleas againſt the Lyon's Paw,  
'Tis onely Force muſt Violence Conſute,  
Juſt Title, preſent Power doth over-aw.  
None of the Beaſts their grievances diſpute,  
All home return, ſad with a Hungry Maw.  
But as they went, one ſaid, *Though Equals muſt,*  
*Yet when they pleaſe Superiors may be Juſt.*

### MORAL.

When mighty Power with Avarice is joy'd,  
Will is obey'd, and Juſtice caſt behind:  
So Tyrants to ingage the People, grant,  
And at their pleaſure break the Covenant.

## F A B. IV.

*Of the Eagle and the Daw.*

THE <sup>(a)</sup> Royal Eagle, when the Ocean's dark  
 Waves had retir'd to their low water mark,  
 Weary with grosser food, and bloody meat,  
 Forakes his Cedar Court and mountain Seat  
 To seek fresh banquets; nothing that the Ark  
 Contain'd could please, Kid, Pidgeon, Lamb, nor Lark,  
 Nor Humane slaughter moyst with putrid gore  
 His gorge with surfeit weaken'd could put ore.  
 Shell-fish being falt  
 Might cure the fault,  
 That onely must his former health restore.

When <sup>(b)</sup> his quick Eye piercing the Air a mile,  
 Upon the Sea-wash'd Margents of an Ile  
 A Scollop found: which was in shell so lock'd  
 That if the Devil and his Dam had knock'd,  
 They might have staid for entrance a while.  
 Without successe long did the Eagle toyl,  
 His Beak grows blunt, his griping Tallons ake,  
 No storm nor Stratagem the Fort will take:  
 When the flie Daw  
 The leagure saw,  
 Thus to his King and Royal Master spake.

Prince of the plumed Citizens, to whom  
 We come for Justice, and receive our Doom,  
 Your Highness hath been pleas'd to take advice  
 From silly Birds, from prating Daws and Pies,  
 And oft great Kings will hear the meanest Groom:  
 Not far from hence (Sir) stands an antient Tomb

Hard



(a) The same appellation Ovid gives the Eagle in his *Metamorphosis* lib. 4.

*Implicat ut Serpens, quam Regia possidet ales, Sublimemque rapit, &c.*

A Serpent to the Royal Eagle trust'd, Which to his head and feet infetter'd clings, And wreaths his tail about her stretch'd out wings.

Whence it was usually born on the Scepters of Princes, and at length became the Ensign of the Roman Empire. Ovid.

*Signa, decus belli, parthus Romana vinctat, Romanæque Aquila signifer b. f. erat.*

To which they added two heads, when the Empire was divided into the East and Western, as it remains at this day.

(b) Pliny in his Natural History: The Eagle has the quickest and clearest eye of all others, soaring and mounting on high: She beats and strikes her little ones with her wings before they be plumed, and thereby forces them to look directly against the Sun-beams, if she sees any one of them to wink, or throw her Eye Water at the rays of the Sun, she casts it out of the Nest as illegitimate, but breeds up that whose eyes do firmly abide the light.

Hard as the Adamantine Gates of Hell,  
 Mount with that Fish Enchanted by a Spell,  
 Lessen to a Lark  
 Then take your Mark,  
 And on (c) hard Marble break th' obdurate shell.

(c) This hath been observed a natural policy in the *Eagle*. *Pliny* in his Natural History, *Ingenium est ei: Et videmus capias frangere & sublimi jactu: When the Eagle has seized upon Tortoise, and carry them up with her Talons, she throws them down from aloft to break their shells. He confirms this by the manner of *Æschylus* the Poet's death: *Qua foris intermisit Poetam Æschylum, prædictam facit ut ferunt, ipsa dies ruinam feruæ callisæ caventem*. It was the fortune of the Poet *Æschylus* to die by such a means; for when he was foretold that it was his destiny to die upon such a day by something falling upon his head, he, thinking to prevent that, got forth that day into a great open plain, far from house or tree, presuming upon the clear and open Skie: Howbeit an Eagle let fall a Tortoise, which lightning upon his Head, dash'd out his brains. This story is more fully related by *Valerius Maximus* lib. 9. cap. 12.*

This Counsel pleas'd the Feather'd King: who straight  
 Bove Clouds and winged Tempests made a flight:  
 So high he soar'd, till Earth's magnetick force  
 Would not have hinder'd to the Stars his course;  
 Then let the Scollop fall, where its own weight  
 Made a wide passage to the luscious Freight.  
 Soon as the hungry Daw perceiv'd the prize,  
 He stood not to consult, but in he flies;  
 And straight did eat  
 The Delicate,  
 Then to the sheltering Wood for safety hies.

When th' Eagle this from Heavens bright Arches saw,  
 With a deep Sigh he said; Ah Treacherous Daw!  
 By fair pretence, and counsel seeming good,  
 Thou hast depriv'd me of my dainty food.  
 Thus cunning Foxes use the Lyon's Paw;  
 And by these Arts Subjects from Princes draw  
 Sovereignty to themselves: the Monarch's wing  
 Must be stretch'd out to his own ruining;  
 No other power  
 So high can towre,  
 'Tis the King only must destroy the King.

### MORAL.

Let Princes of the best Advice beware,  
 Nor trust the Greedy, they still Treacherous are:  
 Subjects to Kings Exchequers have no way,  
 Unless themselves deliver up the Key.

## F A B. V.

## Of the Crow and the Fox.



**V**AS it the Crow that by a cunning  
Plot

A piece of Cheese had got ?  
Or sherring Rook, or Chough, or Pye ?  
Some bold affirm, as boldly some deny.

But sure I am it was that Daw, or Crow,  
And I can prove it to be so,  
That robb'd the King his Master of his meat ;  
And now to make his Cozenage more compleat,  
On Man, his King's King, puts the second cheat.

The Crow, surpriz'd with his own happy Wit,  
Could neither stand nor sit ;  
Proud of the Spoil, he makes a search  
Through all the Grove to find a dancing Peach :  
From bough to bough th'Infulter hops ;  
Too low are now tall Cedars tops.  
At last he fix'd ; whom sly Sir Reynard sees,  
And soon projecting how to get the Cheese,  
Thus he accosts him, plac'd 'mong lofty Trees ;

O thou most <sup>(a)</sup> Weather-wife, who best canst tell  
When Heaven as dark as Hell  
Juno incens'd shall make, and when  
Jove condens'd air, will rarify agen.

But what sings lying Fame ? She saies  
Thou blacker art than those foul daies :  
But yet to thine, Swan's silver down seems tann'd,  
Phoenix her funerall Fire with such Plumes fann'd,  
And Mexicans in fight like Angels stand.

D

<sup>(a)</sup> The Superstitious Antients, as they attributed divine knowledge to several sorts of Birds and Beasts, so especially to the Crow ; and I believe that the Greek and Roman History has not recorded so many fatal predictions made by any animal as by this. But in particular they ghesst at the foulness or ferocity of the weather from the manner of their Croaking or Flying, as we find in *Aratus* his *Phænomena*, thus transcribed by *Virgil* in the first of his *Georgicks*, though they assign a natural reason for it, which the rest understood not.

*Tum liquidas Corvi pressa ter gutture voces  
Aut quater ingemunt, & saepe cubili-  
bus alii.  
Nescio quâ prater solitum dulcedine capi,  
Inter se silis strepitant: juvat indubitan  
alibi, &c.*

Three or four times then with extended Throats  
Loud croaking Ravens double watery Notes,  
And oft, I know not by what reason, sport  
Amongst the Leaves that shade their lofty Count ;  
And the Storm past, delighted are to see  
Their own lov'd buildings and their Progeny.  
Nor think I Heaven on them such knowledge states,  
Nor that their Prudence is above the Fates.  
But when a Tempest and a fleeing rack  
Have chang'd their course, and the moist Air grows black  
With Southern Winds, which thicken in the Skies  
Thin vapours, and the groffer rarify.  
Their thoughts are chang'd, the motions of their mind  
Inconstant are like Clouds before the Wind :  
From hence Birds chaunt forth such melodious Notes.  
The Beasts are glad, and Crows stretch joyful throats.

The difference of their Notes upon change of air is thus delivered by *Pliny*, *Crows crying to one another, as if they said, or, jove's reverend, and besides clapping themselves with their wings, if they continue this Note do portend winds: but if they give over between whiles, and cut their cry short, as if they swallow'd it back again, they presage Rain and Wind both.*

As

As thou in Plumes, didst thou excel in voice,

'Twould Heaven and Earth rejoyce :

Wouldst thou but chant one pleasing Lay

Then be thou King of Birds, and Lord of May.

Fair Crow intreated, not refuse

As crotcheting <sup>(b)</sup> Musicians use ;

Sing, and let mounting Larks forsake the skie,

And let the emulating Lynnet dye,

And <sup>(c)</sup> Swans no more tune their own Obsequie.

(b) This fancy of the Musicians is noted by Horace in his Satyrs, where he describes and laughs at the humours and manners of men.

*Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter  
amicos  
Ut nunquam indolent animum cantare,  
regati  
Injussi nunquam desistant. Sardus ha-  
bitus.  
Ille Tigellius hoc. Cæsar qui cogere  
posset  
Si peteret per amicitiam patris, atque  
suam, non  
Quidquam proficeret ; si colluisset, ab  
ovo  
Usque ad mala citaret Io Barche.*

This is the crime that all Musicians use,  
When they are most entreated to re-  
fuse,  
Unask'd they'll ne'er give o're. This is  
the vein  
Of fam'd Tigellius the Sardinian.  
Should great Augustus who might him  
compel,  
Him of his own, and Cæsar's kindness  
tell  
A Song desiring, time he should mis-  
pend :  
Who when he lists, Io Bacche sing to  
thi' end.

(c) Pansanius notes that Cygnus King  
of Liguria, a Prince much addicted to  
Musick, was transform'd into a Swan  
by Apollo, which Bird ever since was  
Musical, entertaining its own death  
with Songs and rejoycings. Ovid in  
his Epistles,

*Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjellus in  
horbis,  
Ad vada Mæandri concinit albus  
Olor.*

The dying Swan, adorn'd with Silver  
wings,  
So in the Sedges of Mæander sings.

'Tis true that the Authours of Na-  
tural History gave little credit to this  
relation of their harmonical Notes be-  
fore death, as Aristotle, Pliny, and the  
like ; and Alexander Myndus saies,  
that he has attended the death of se-  
veral of them, yet never heard one  
musical Note. However, it being the  
vulgar notion, it serv'd the Poets to  
beautifie their Poëticke widdal. Martial  
in his Epigrams.

*Dulcia deserta modulatur carmina lin-  
gua  
Cantator cygnus suavis ipse sui.*

The Swan her sweetest Notes sings as  
she dies,  
Chief mourner at her own sad Obse-  
quies.

Success wide doors to open Flattery gives ;

All this the Crow believes :

Trying to reach no common Note,

Down drops the Dainty in fly Reynard's throat ;

Who chops it up ; then fleeing said :

You have sung well, and I have plaid

My part not ill : All learned Doctors hold

Cheese for the voice far worser is than cold,

Since once it turn'd a Syren to a Scold.

When the Crow said : I that robb'd Man, whose Plot

Spoyles from the Eagle got ;

A Beast hath cozen'd of no less

A dainty now than my whole second melfs.

What cannot glozing Flatterers do,

When our own selves we flatter too ?

Go, scorn'd of all, and take thy woful flight

To dismal Groves, there mix with Birds of Night :

Did thy own eyes believe the Crow is White ?

#### MORAL.

Great is the power of Charms, but what enchants

More than bewitching tongues of Sycophants ?

Love, and the wealth of Kings, are in their power,

And Gold not sooner takes the Maiden Tower.

F A B.



## F A B. VI.

*The Battel of the Frog and Mouse.*

**F** *Rog-land* to save, and *Micean* Realms to spare  
 From War and Ruine, two bold Kings prepare  
 The Empire of the *Marshes* to decide  
 In single fight ; From all parts far and wide  
 Both Nations flock to see the great event,  
 And load with Vows and Pray'rs the Firmament :  
 Oppos'd Petitions grant Heaven's Court no rest,  
 While Hopes and Fears thus struggle in their breast.  
 Up to the fatal Lifts and meafur'd Banks  
 Both Armies drew ; bold Yellow-coats in Ranks  
 And black furr'd *Monfcovites* the circle man,  
 Which the fix-finger'd Giant could not span.  
 The rifing Hills each where the vulgar crown'd :  
 Nor long expect they, when the Warlike found,  
 Of spirit-firring *Hornets*, *Gnats* and *Bees*,  
 (Such Trumpeters would blood turn'd Ice unfreeze)  
 Told the approach of two no petty Kings,  
 While the long Vale with big-voyc'd Croakers rings.

First King *Frogmorton* with the freckled face  
 Enters the Lift ( for they by Lot took place )  
 Riding a *Crafsh*, arm'd from head to heel  
 In Shel, dame Nature's gift, instead of Steel.

Although the many-footed could not run  
 With the great *Crab*, which yearly feasts the Sun,  
 Nor with the golden *Scorpion* could fet forth  
 And meafure daily the Tun-belly'd Earth ;  
 Yet fuch his speed, he ne'r was overtook  
 By any shel-back'd Monster of the Brook.



The Arms he wore once were a Water-snake's,  
Which in the battel, when the springs and Lakes  
Decided were, a Conquerour he brought  
From the deep floods, with gold and purple wrought;  
Ore thefe a water-Rat's black Fur he caſt,  
Dreadful with teeth and claws. Thus, as he paſt  
The Vulgar ſhout to ſee their fix-inch'd King

Like great *Alcides* in his (\*) Lyons ſkin.

A whole houſe arm'd his head, had been a Snail's :

Though *Eſtrige* Plumes it wants, and Peacocks Tails,

Yet every colour the great Rain-bow dies,

Shone on his Creſt, the wings of Butter-flies,

Sent him of old a preſent from Queen *Mab*.

His Targe the ſhel of a deſerted Crab,

Where in the *Frogian* tongue this verſe was writ ;

*The Man-like ſwimming King unvanquiſh'd yet.*

Six ſprightly *Todpoles* his ruſh Javelins bore ;

His Sword, a ſharp long two edg'd Flag he wore

Girt to his thigh, a wand'ring Snail the Hilt,

With a bright varniſh in (\*\*) *Meanders* gilt.

Appointed thus, about the Lifts he rid,

While all admire the Champions Arms and Steed.

Soon as the pleas'd Spectators ſetled were,  
Glad acclamations melting into air,  
Voices were heard through echoing valleys ring,  
Th' approach foretelling of the *Micean* King.

A ſubdu'd Mouſe-trap, his Sedan in peace,  
His Chariot now, from Man's high Palaces  
*Monſtapha* brought: Ne'r through the ſcorching plain  
Did ſweating Kings draw ſuch a *Tamberlain*:  
Six Princes, Captive Ferrets, through deep traſts  
Fearing the laſt, oft fir'd his thundering ax:

And

And though a heavy mortal was their load,  
King *Oberon* they ore Hill and Dale out-rode.  
Enter'd the Lifts, he lights, then mounted on  
A dapled Weeſle; the bold *Micedon*  
Appear'd (may we great things compare with ſmall)  
Like the World's Conquerour, though not ſo tall.

His Arms were not of Steel, nor Gold, nor Braſs;  
Nor ſweating (c) *Cyclops* turn'd the yielding maſs  
With griping tongues, nor Bull-skin bellows rore  
To purge *Electrum* from the frothie Ore;  
But the black coat of a *Weſtphalia* Swine,  
Long hung in ſmoak, which now like Jet did ſhine.

Fame ſayes (and ſhe tells truth as oft as lyes;) )  
The ſeaſon'd Gammon *Miceans* did Surprize,  
Spoyl'd the red fleſh before 'twas once ſerv'd up  
After full boards, to relish a freſh cup:  
This their Kings right, his Captains did preſent  
To him for ſafety, and an Ornament;  
Such was black *Monſtapha's* habergeon:

The ancient *Hero's* had but ſteel upon  
The heads of cruel Spears; but this did weild  
A Lance, whoſe body was all over ſteel'd;  
It was a Knitting-needle, ſtrong and bright;  
His Helm a Thimble, daz'd th' Enemies fight,  
Ore which a thick fall'd Plume, wagg'd with each gale,  
Of Tiffany, gnawn from a Ladie's Veil;  
In it a Sprig which made his own afeard,  
*The ſtiff Monſtapha's* of a dead Cat's Beard.

His ſolid Shield which he ſo much did truſt  
Was Bisket, though ſome write 'twas Manchet cruſt,  
Historians oft, as Poets, do miſtake;  
But I affirm 'twas Bisket, for the Cake,  
They all agree by Navigation,  
Four times was ſeaſon'd in the Torrid Zone.

The

(\*) *Hercules*, being about 16 or 18 years of age, ſlew the *Nemean* Lyon, (whole ſkin *ſyne* had cauſed to be impenetrable, intending thereby the deſtruction of *Hercules*) which he bore ever after for his Target. *Enripides* in his *Hercules Furoris*.

Ἐκείνῳ τῷ θυμῷ ἀποκτείνων αὐτὸν ἄνευ ἀσπίδος, ὥστε αὐτὸς ἵσταντοῖτο.

Upon your head you put the Lyon's ſkin,  
Which both his caſk, Back-piece, and  
Breſt-plate was.

Whence we ſeldome ſee any Statue  
of *Hercules* without it.

(\*\*) A River of *Lydia* that had ſo many windings and turnings, that it became a proverb among the *Greeks*, all obliquities being called by them *Meanders*.

(c) The *Cyclops* were the Sons of *Cælus* and *Tellus*, ſent by *Jupiter* out of Hell, and employ'd to forge his fearful Artillery, Thunderbolts for him: of whom thus *Virgil*, *Æneid*. 8.

*Ferrum exercebant uſto Cyclopes in  
antro:  
Brontelæque, Steropelæque, & nudus  
membra Pyracmon,  
His informatum manibus jam parte  
polita  
Fulmen erat.*

The *Cyclops* in vaſt Caves their An-  
vils beat;  
*Steropes*, *Brontes*, naked *Pyracmon*  
ſweat,  
In forging Thunder.

The names of theſe three expreſs  
their faculties; Thunder, Lightning,  
and Fire.

The Story thus is told, the *Rattish* Prince  
A great Diviner, had Intelligence  
From occult Causes, that the dangerous Seas  
Must be forfook, and floating Palaces:  
The Ship next voyage would by Storms be lost:  
Therefore his black bands swom to the next Coast  
On Bisket safe; but *Tybert* by the way  
(The Prince of Cats) made him and it a prey,  
Slew on the shore, and feasted on his head;  
He, with blood fated, leaves neglected bread,  
Of which black *Monstapha* after made his Targe,  
Like <sup>(d)</sup> *Ajax* seven-fold shield, but not so large.

His Motto was his Title and his Name  
Transpos'd into no costive Anagram,

Which from the *Micean* tongue we thus translate:  
*The Parmazan affecter, strong, and great.* (<sup>(1)</sup>) Charms,

Both Champions searcht, found free from fraud or  
They take their stands, and peise their mighty Arms.

At once loud *Hornets* sound, at once they start;

At once couch'd Spears, with equal force and Art

Clos'd Bevers met, struck fire; at once they both

Did backward kiss their mother Earth, though loth.

But first his nimble foot the *Micean* found:

When King *Frogmorton* as loath'd <sup>(1)</sup> *Irish* ground

His limbs had touch'd, lay on his back upright:

Yet soon recovering, never *Frogian* Knight

Made such a Charge; for with strange fury led

At the first blow, he leaps quite ore his head,

Bearing his pond'rous arms, his Sword and Targe.

Nor was black *Monstapha* wanting in the Charge

To shew his wond'rous courage, strength, and skill:

For by th' advantage of a rising Hill

A *Mole* had wrought, he strikes; and though the stroke

Would not have fel'd an Oxe, or cleft an Oake;

Yet

Yet such it was, that had it took, in blood  
His Soul had wander'd through the *Stygian* flood;

But missing, the soft air receives the wound;

And ore and ore he tumbles to the ground.

Nor at th' advantage was *Frogmoreton* slack,

But at one jump bestrides the *Micean's* back;

Then grasping him 'twixt his cold knees, he said;

*Robber of Man, who now shall give thee aid?*

Foul Toad, so *Oberon* please, I fear not thee,

Stout *Monstapha* reply'd: then actively

He backward caught the short arm'd King by th'wrists,

And bore him on his shoulders round the Lifts;

Lowd croaks scale Heaven, then maugre all his strength

Regain'd his Sword, and threw him thrice his length.

On equal terms agen they battle joyn'd:

Heroick Souls in narrow breast's confin'd!

For these in *Trojan* Wars, once Champions fierce

With gallant Acts adorn'd great *Homer's* verse:

After became Testie Philosophers,

And fought in hot disputes and learned jars;

Then <sup>(1)</sup> *Lyons, Bears, Cocks, Bulls* and brisly *Hogs*;

Last transmigrated Scifmatics, or *Dogs*:

Where ere they meet, the War is still renew'd,

With lasting hatred and immortal feud.

The King, whose Grandfire when it thundred loud,

'Mongst fire and hail, dropt from a broken Cloud,

And with an Hoast of <sup>(1)</sup> *Todpoles* from the sky,

In those vast Ferns a *Frogian* Colony

At first did plant: though icy was his skin

With Rage and Shame an *Aetna* felt within;

Rais'd his broad Flag to make a mighty blow,

Thinking at once in two to cleave the Foe;

Who nimbly traversing with skill his ground,

On th' *Cerealian* Shield receiv'd the wound:

Yet

(d) *Ajax's* Shield deserved a peculiar description by the Prince of Poets, *Iliad* 7.

*Ajax* δ' ἡρώδης ἵδαν ἑλισσάμενος ἄλκιον ἄσπετον ἔσχατον ἡγεμόνων, ὃ δὲ Τυβίος ἄλκιον τὴν γὰρ, &c.

*Ajax* drew nigh, bearing a Tower-like Shield  
Of Brass, with seven Hides lin'd, by  
*Tyberius* dress'd,  
Of all the Curtains in rich *Hyle* the  
best:  
He with seven Skins of Bullocks sed at  
Grass  
Cover'd his Shield; ore all a plate of  
Brass,  
Defended with this Breast work, *Ajax*  
made  
Straight up to *Hektor*, and thus threat-  
ning said.

(1) It seems to have been the opinion of the Antients, that it was in the power of Magick to preserve men invulnerable: for *Cicero* in his History of *Ætolia* tells how *Juno* by Magical Arts caus'd the Moon to descend from Heaven, which sh'd a Chelt with froth, out of which was brought forth a Lyon, whose skin was impervious: Another story there is of the same purpose, recorded by *Ælian* thus: where *Silvanus* tells the King of *Lybia*, that there was a certain City whose Inhabitants were not fewer than two hundred Myriads, who died sometimes of sickness, but most commonly in the Wars kill'd either by Stones or Wood, for they were invulnerable by Steel.

(1) It is observed that no venomous creature lives in *Ireland*, neither Frogs which are not venomous, which being brought over in Ballast from *England*, and land upon Irish ground, they gasp ready to expire, but being returned, recover presently: of which I have been an eye witness.

(g) The *Pythagorians* taught not only the Transmigration of the Soul from one Man to another, but from Man into Beasts, and from Beasts into Man again. This is clearly delivered by *Ovid* speaking in the person of *Pythagoras*.

*Iste ego (nam meminisse Trojani tempore belli)*  
*Tantioides Euphorbus eram, cui pectore*  
*quondam*  
*Hectoris adverso gravis hasta minoris*  
*Atrida, &c.*

I th' *Trojan* wars (which I remember well)  
*Euphorbus* was, *Pantheus* son, and fell  
By *Atreus's* Lance, my Shield again  
As *Agostolus* I saw in *Juno's* Fane.  
All alter, nothing finally decays,  
Hither and thither still the Spirit  
strays:  
Guilt to all bodies, out of Beasts it flies  
To Men from Men to Beasts and ne-  
ver dies.

(h) Amongst the rest of the Prodigies, the Antients accounted the raining of Frogs, Mice, Blood, Stones, of which he will find many instances in the History of the Romans, that will peruse *Julius Obsequens de Prodigis*.

Yet from the orb'd Bisket fell a slice,  
Which neer the Lift was snapp'd up in a trice.

Here the *Crum-picking* King puts in a stuck,  
With a bright needle, his stiff *Spanish* Tuck; (mail;  
Which peirc'd *Frogmoreton's* skin, through's *Dragon's*  
Rage doubles, then the Flag becomes a Flail;  
And on his *Thimble* Cask struck such a heat,  
That *Monstapha* was forced to retreat:  
Not struck with fear, but from his hole to fling  
Assured vengeance on the *Diving* King,  
Seven times he sallies forth, as oft retir'd;  
But now both Champions, with like fury fir'd,  
Lay off all cunning, scorning to defend,  
Strength, Rage, and Fortune must the Battel end:  
There was no interim; so the *Cyclops* beat  
When *Mars* his Arms require a second heat,  
Though lowder the *Ænean* Cavern rores;  
Blows had for death now made a thousand dores,  
As many more for life to issue out.

But here among our Authors springs a doubt:  
Some in this mighty combate dare averr  
Both Champions fainting, Symptoms shew'd of fear;  
In a cold sweat *Frogmoreton*, almost choak'd  
With heat & dust, gasp'd thrice; and three times croak'd.  
And *Monstapha*, bestew'd in blood and sweat,  
As oft cry'd Peep, and made no slow retreat.  
To these Detractors, since I am provok'd,  
I say 'tis false; this peep'd not, nor that croak'd.  
Historians feign, but truth the Poet sings;  
Some Writers still asperse the best of Kings.

While thus the Battel stood, the *Kytish* Prince  
Had from lowd croaks and cries intelligence  
Of this great Fight; then to himself did say,  
What mighty matter's in the *Marsh* to day!

Then

Then mounted high on labouring wings he glides  
And the vast Region of the Air divides.

The woful Fary *Mab* did this foresee;  
Whom grief transform'd now to an humble-Bee:  
She flies about them, buzzing in their Ear:  
For both the Champions she esteemed dear.  
The black Prince did with Captive *Frogians* come,  
And at her Altars paid a Hecatomb  
That day: and King *Frogmorton* in her House  
With rear'd up hands offer'd a high-born Mouse;  
And when th' Immortal mortal Cates did with,  
The fattest Sacrifice was made her Dish.  
Therefore She hums; Desist; No more; Be Friends;  
Behold, the common Enemy attends;  
In vain 'gainst him are your United Pow'rs:  
O stay your Rage; see, ore your head, he towers.  
But they engag'd in cruel fight, not heard  
The Queens admonishments, nor did regard  
Approaching Fates: but suddenly they bind  
In grapple fierce, their Targets cast behind. (stoops,  
When the plum'd Prince down like swift Lightning  
And seiz'd both Champions, maugre all their Troops:  
Their Arms drop down, upon them both he feasts,  
And reconciles their doubtful Interests.

Amaz'd Spectators fly, *Hunt-crums*, and *Vaulters*,  
Run to their Holes, and leap into the Waters.

## MORAL.

Thus Petty Princes strive with mortall Hate,  
Till both are swallow'd by a Neighbouring State:  
Thus Factions with a Civill War imbru'd  
By some unseen Aspirer are Subdu'd.

E

FAB.

## FAB. VII.

*Of the Court Mouſe, and Countrey Mouſe.*

A Courtly Dame of *Monſtapha's* great line,  
When length of time digeſted had long ſorrow  
Will with her Siſter in the Countrey dine :

The Ruſtick *Mouſe* dwelt neer a little Burrough,  
About her round Verminous Troops inhabit ;

The Weeſle , Fox,  
Badgers and Brocks,  
And Ferrets, which ſo perſecute the Rabit.

Hither <sup>(a)</sup> *Creviſa* coming, ſoon was brought  
Down by <sup>(b)</sup> *Pickgrana* to a homely Table,  
Supply'd with Cates, not far fetch'd,nor dear bought ;  
Which to behold the Court Mouſe was not able :  
Cheeſe that would break a Saw, and blunt a Hatchet,  
She could not taſte,  
Nor mouldy Paſte, (it.  
Though twelve ſtout ruſtick Mice that night did fetch

Yet had the Fruit, and ſtore of Pulſe and Grain,  
Ants Eggs, the Bees ſweet bag, a Star's fall'n jelly,  
Snails dreſt i'th ſhells,with Cuckow foame and Rain,  
Frog legs,a Lizard's foot,a Neuts py'd belly,  
The Cob, and hard Roe of a pickled Herring  
Got for a Dog,  
As they did prog,  
And a ruſh Candle purchas'd by pickeering.

When Dame *Creviſa* thus at length begun :  
Dear Siſter riſe, and leave this homely Banquet ;  
Who with *Weſtphalia* hamms and *Parmazan*  
Are daily feaſted ( *Oberon* be thanked )

Such



Such meats abhor ; Come, go with me to th' City,

Here is cold Air,

Famine, and Care ;

Your miserable life in truth I pity.

We Lords and Ladies see, dance, laugh, and sing ;

Where is that Dish, they keep from us is dainty ?

Proud Cats not oftner look upon the King,

And We with Princes share prodigious Plenty.

Invited thus, they went through many a Crany,

When it was wide,

On, side by side,

To the Court Larder undefcry'd of any.

There heaps appear'd of Bak'd, Rof, Stew'd, and Sod ;

The vast Earth's Plenty, and the Ocean's Riches ;

Able to fatisfie a Belly-God :

The roof was hung with Tongues, and Bacon flitches ;

Beef Mountains had Rosemary Forrests growing

On their high back,

Nor was there lack

Of Vinegar in Pepper Channels flowing.

Little they said, but suddenly they charge

Huge Venifon walls, then Town's of Pafte they batter ;

Breaches are made in trembling Custard large,

Here a Potrido the bold Sisters shatter ;

This takes a Sturgeon, that a pickl'd Sammon ;

Then tooth and nail

They both affail

Red Deer immur'd, or seiz'd an armed Gammon.

While boldly thus they Mighty Havock made,

They hear Keys gingle, and a Groaning Wicket ;

E 2

From

From place to place *Pickgrana* as betray'd  
 Seeks in strange corners out some Hole or Thicket.  
 To these Alarms *Crevisa* being no stranger  
 Needs not think  
 Where was the Chink  
 That should from Man protect her, and all Danger.

The coast being celar, the *Court-mouse* straight did call  
 The *Countrey-dame* to pillage the whole Larder ;  
 And Sister said, to second Course lets fall :  
 But she amaz'd, still seeking out some Harbour,  
 Trembling and pale, Dear Lady, said, Pray tell us  
 Are these fears oft ?  
*Crevisa* laugh'd,  
 And thus replies ; 'Tis common what befell us.

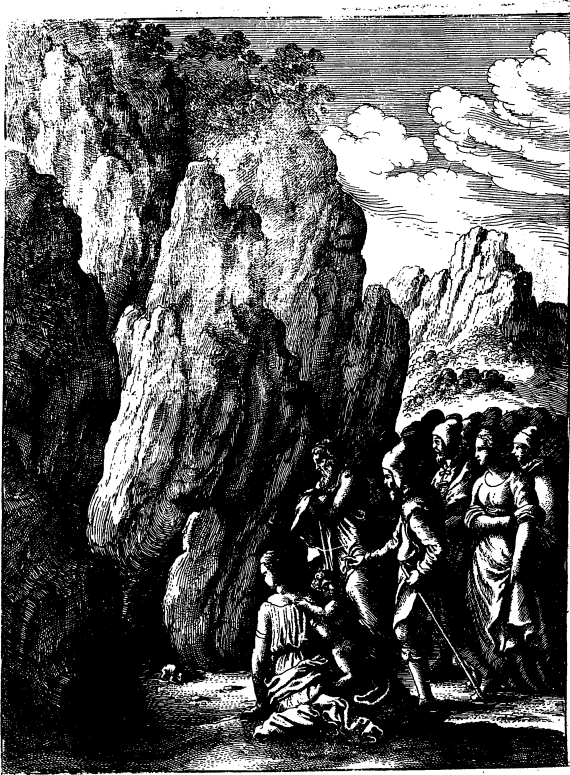
No danger this ; it adds to our Delight ;  
 Nor are we with a careless Servant frighted ;  
 Motion and Time revives dull Appetite ,  
 And we to Banquets are afresh invited.  
 Then said *Pickgrane* ; Is this the Royal Palace ?  
 Better are Farms  
 Without Alarms,  
 Where we enjoy less Plenty ; but more Solace.

## MORAL.

*What Relish hath the sated Appetite ,  
 When false Alarms tumultuous Cities fright ?  
 But in the noiseless Countrey, free from Care ,  
 Swains are more blest, though harder be their Fare.*

## F A B. VIII.

## Of the Mountain in Labour.



**H**Ark, how the Mountain groans, what wondrous Birth,  
Committing Incest with his Mother Earth,

Did mighty <sup>(a)</sup> Typhon get! His Sister Fame,  
Heightning the Expectation, did proclaim  
'Twas with Rebellion big; the hopeful Heir  
Should pull proud Jove from his Usurped Chair;  
The Starry Towers by Mortals should be storm'd,  
And the Gods sculk in <sup>(b)</sup> several Shapes transform'd.

Poets and Painters, nay, Historians too,  
As near as they in modesty could doe,  
Draw to behold the Issue, and to see  
A Monster might beyond all Fiction be.

Come, you long-sided Widdows, six or seven,  
Whose Husbands fell in the late war 'gainst Heaven,  
And help the labouring Mountain; quickly come  
And mollify her Adamantine Womb.  
While thus it labours, Fame divulg'd abroad,  
The Hill was eas'd of her prodigious Load.  
Fear tells she saw, and th' Infants Shape describes;  
Not all the Covenanting Brethren's Tribes,  
That Heaven assaulted, could such Forces boast:  
This bigger was than that Gigantick Host.  
This could more ponderous than his Mother peise  
A Hill on every finger: *Hercules*

In Cradle <sup>(c)</sup> strangled Serpents; but this can  
Crack 'twixt his nail, Ironside *Leviathan*:  
So much it grew in every hour, that soon  
The Gold and Silver of the Sun and Moon

Would

<sup>(a)</sup> Typhon was a Giant, feign'd to be the Son of *Erebus* and *Terra*: Ambition ascending as all other vices from Hell, of which he was a Type: He was said to reach Heaven with his Heads, because of his aspiring thoughts, and to have forced *Jupiter* from Heaven, because by ambitious Spirits Princes are often chas'd from their Thrones.

<sup>(b)</sup> When Typhon rais'd the War against Heaven, the Gods fled into *Egypt*, concealing themselves for fear under the Shapes of Beasts: which *Ovid* has elegantly describ'd in his *Metamorphosis*.

*Emissumque ima de sede Typhoea  
terga  
Cultribus fecisse metum, cunctosque de-  
disse  
Terga sua, &c.*

How Typhon, from Earth's gloomy  
entrails rais'd,  
Strook all the Gods with fear, who fled  
amaz'd,  
Till *Egypt*'s scorched soil the weary  
hides,  
And wealthy *Nile*, who in seven chan-  
nels glides,  
When Jove did turn himself into a  
Ram,  
From whence the Horns of *Zephirus*  
*Hammon* came,  
*Bacchus* a Goat, *Apollo* was a Crow,  
*Phoebe* a Cat, *Jove's* wife a Cow of  
snow,  
*Venus* a Fish a Stork did *Hermes* hide,  
And still her Harp unto her Voice  
apply'd.

This was an invention of the *Grecians* in derision of the *Egyptians*, who adored Beasts for the benefit they did them.

<sup>(c)</sup> *Juno* is said to have sent two Serpents unto *Hercules* to destroy him in his Cradle, both which he strangled. *Ovid*.

*Tunc ferunt geminos pressisse tenaciter  
angues,  
Cum tener in cunis jam Jove dignus  
erans?*

You in your hands strangled two  
snakes they say,  
When in your Cradle you *Jove's* Issue  
lay.



Would all be his ; and some not stick to say  
*Jove's* Arms and Thunder would be seiz'd next day.

At last the Mountain a huge Groan did fetch,  
 Which made her Belly's Marble Portals stretch,  
 And was deliver'd straight ; from this great House,  
 That threaten'd so much danger, leaps a Mouse.

A Shout scales Heaven ; all cry, a Mouse is born :  
 And what so much they fear'd, is now their Scorn.  
 Silence our Pipes, and Muses too be dumb ;  
*Great Expectations oft to nothing come.*

### MORAL.

*Thus haughty Nations, with Rebellion big  
 Land-Forces raise, and huge Armado's rig,  
 Against the State, Fame trebling their great Pow'r,  
 Which happier Stars oft scatter in an Hour.*

F A B.

## F A B. IX.

*Of the Lyon and the Mouſe.*

**VV** Hat's this that troubles us we cannot  
ſleep?

Something is in our Furs, we feel it creep  
Betwixt our Neck and Shoulders, 'twill invade  
Our Throat anon; the weary Lyon ſaid,  
Now come from Hunting, ſtretch'd in a cool ſhade.

Peace, and we'll catch a Mouſe; his word is kept,  
His great paw ſeiz'd the ſtagler as he crept.  
Who trembling thus begun, King of the grove, (*Jove*  
Whom when thou thunder'ſt Beasts more fear than  
Let no ſmall crime thy high diſpleaſure move.

Hither I ſtray'd by chance; think not, great Sir,  
I came to pick a hole in Royal Fur,  
Nor with the Wolf and Fox did I contrive  
'Gainſt you, nor queſtion'd your Prerogative:  
If ſo, then juſtly me of life deprive.

Should I relate for what great A& my Name  
Through *Micean* Realms reſounded is by Fame,  
It would too much my modeſty invade;  
But when at ſtake Life is and Fortune laid,  
To ſpeak bold Truths, why ſhould I be afraid?

*Pyrrhus* who now is through the World renown'd,  
The Roman Souldier no *Barbarian* found.

In compleat Steel he ſaw their Armies ſhine.  
Full Squadrons ſtand exacter than a Line,  
Beyond the (*a*) *Cinean* Ta&ticks Diſcipline.

Mountains



(a) *Cineas* was a Commander under *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus*, who writ a Book of Military affairs. *Cicero* in his Epistles, *Summum me Duceum litera tua reddiderunt. Plautus* *nesciebam te tam primum esse rei militaris. Pyrrhi te liberos & Cineas vidisse testis esse. Thy Letters have made me an excellent Commander. I knew not thou wert so expert in military affairs. Now I see thou hast read the Works of Pyrrhus and Cineas.*

Mountains of flesh, he mighty Land-Wholes brought,  
That Towr's supported with arm'd Souldiers fraught:  
Supposing by the Castle-carriers Might,  
To break the brazen Ranks, and to affright  
African Squadrons with th' unusual fight.

(b) So *Eliar* tells the story of the overthrow of King *Pyrrhus* his Elephants, and the loss of his Army thereby, though *Plutarch* mentions them not. However it is generally observ'd, by the Physiologists, that Elephants are affrighted at the Gruntings of Swine.

But the great Warriour fail'd in this design,  
The subtle Roman Herds of filthy (b) Swine  
On th' Elephants drove: straight at their dismal Cry  
Citadels clash, rang'd Castles routed fly,  
And Towr's unfadled in their Ruine lye.

Yet one maintain'd the Field against all odds;  
For which his King him with new Honour loads:  
And to Paternal Scutcheons, charg'd before  
With Sable Castles, in a field of Ore  
Canton'd in Gules, he adds an Argent Boar.

This mighty Elephant I in dead of night,  
With these smal arms, though sharp, challeng'd to fight,  
And said; Your Castle and your Guard are gone,  
On equal terms encounter me alone.  
*True Valour best is without Witnesses shown.*

(c) That Elephants worship the Moon, was a common tradition among the Ancients. So *Pliny* in his Natural History, l. 8, *Imò vero (quædam in Homine rara) probitas, prudentia, æquitas, religio quosque fidem, Solique ac Luna venerant, &c.* The Elephants embrace too honesty, prudence and equity (rare qualities to be found in men;) and wicth have in religious reverence the stars and planets and worship the Sun and Moon. Writers there be who report thus much of them; That when the New Moon begins to appear fresh and bright, they come down by herds to a certain River in the Deserts of *Mauritania*, where having purified and sprinkled themselves over with water, and adored the Planet, they return into the Woods again. The fable is delivered by *Eliar* in the History of Animals, l. 3.

Strange! from a Moufe this Mountain trembling ran,  
And Prayers in vain to the high (c) Moon began:  
But when in Clouds she hid her silver Wain,  
I through his Trunk, like Lightning pierc'd his brain,  
And till the Dawn triumphed o're the slain.

But now my Fortune's chang'd; I captive lye  
Imploring quarter from your Majesty:  
Make me your friend; to Sentence not proceed;  
If fickle Chance should frown, (which *Jove* forbid)  
The Lyon of my Aid may stand in need.

This

This said, the King admiring that a Moufe  
Should such a Monster's mighty Soul unhouse,  
Seizing the *Piamater* of his Brain,  
And there with Death and fullen darkness reign:  
Signs his dismissè, then seeks Repose again.

Soon as to th'Eaſt tall Shades began to creep,  
The Lyon roſe, and ſhakes off drowſie ſleep:  
Feaſts for his pregnant Queen muſt now be fought,  
In Fields remote; far fetch'd, as dear was bought,  
The roring King in a ſtrong Net is caught.

Laid by a ſubtile Sun-burnt *African*;  
While he his great ſtrength uſ'd, and ſtrove in vain,  
Twisted grates gnawing of his Hempen Cage,  
The *Micean* heard th' indulgent Lyon rage,  
And grateful ſtreight to free him did engage.

Fiſt hunts out buſily to find the Cord  
Which cloſ'd the Snare, which found, as with a Sword,  
His teeth (before well on an old Cheefe ſet)  
Cleers all the Meſhes of the tangling Net.  
When thus the Lyon ſpake at freedom ſet:

Kings be to Subjects mild; and when you move  
In higheſt Spheres, with Mercy purchaſe Love.  
From private Grudges oft great Princes have  
Midſt Triumphs met with an untimely grave: (ſave  
And Swains have power ſometimes their Lords to

## MORAL.

*Mercy makes Princes Gods; but mildeſt Thrones  
Are often ſhook with huge Rebellions:  
Small Help may bring great Aid, and better far  
Is Policy than Strength in Peace or War.*

F

F A B.

Mountains of flesh, he mighty Land-Whales brought,  
That Tow'r's supported with arm'd Souldiers fraught:  
Supposing by the Castle-carriers Might,  
To break the brazen Ranks, and to affright  
*Anfonian* Squadrons with th' unusual fight.

(b) So *Elian* tells the story of the overthrow of King *Pyrrhus* his Elephants, and the loss of his Army thereby, though *Plutarch* mentions them not. However it is generally observ'd, by the physiologists, that Elephants are affrighted at the Gruntings of Swine.

But the great Warriour fail'd in this design,  
The subtle *Roman* Herds of filthy (b) Swine  
On th' *Elephants* drove: straight at their dismal Cry  
Citadels clafh, rang'd Castles routed fly,  
And Tow'r's unfadled in their Ruine lye.

Yet one maintain'd the Field against all odds;  
For which his King him with new Honour loads:  
And to Paternal Scutcheons, charg'd before  
With Sable Castles, in a field of Ore  
Canton'd in Gules, he adds an Argent Boar.

This mighty Elephant I in dead of night,  
With these smal arms, though sharp, challeng'd to fight,  
And said; Your Castle and your Guard are gone,  
On equal terms encounter me alone.  
*True Valour best is without Weapons shown.*

(c) That Elephants worship the Moon, was a common tradition among the Ancients. So *Pliny* in his Natural History, l. 8. *Imo vero (quam in Homine rara) probitas, prudentia, æquitas, religio quoque fiderum, Salisque ac Luna veneratio, &c.* The Elephants embrace too honesty, prudence and equity (rare qualities to be found in men) and withal have in religious reverence the Stars and Planets and worship the Sun and Moon. Writers there be who report thus much of them; That when the New Moon begins to appear fresh and bright, they come down by herds to a certain River in the Deserts of *Mauritania*, where having purified and sprinkled themselves over with water, and adored the Planet, they return into the Woods again. The same is delivered by *Elian* in the History of Animals, l. 3.

Strange! from a Moufe this Mountain trembling ran,  
And Prayers in vain to the high (c) Moon began:  
But when in Clouds she hid her silver Wain,  
I through his Trunk, like Lightning pierc'd his brain,  
And till the Dawn triumphed o're the slain.

But now my Fortune's chang'd; I captive lye  
Imploring quarter from your Majesty:  
Make me your friend; to Sentence not proceed;  
If fickle Chance should frown, (which *Jove* forbid.)  
The Lyon of my Aid may stand in need.

This

This said, the King admiring that a Moufe  
Should such a Monster's mighty Soul unhouse,  
Seizing the *Piamater* of his Brain,  
And there with Death and fullen darkness reign:  
Signs his dismissè, then seeks Repose again.

Soon as to th' East tall Shades began to creep,  
The Lyon rose, and shakes off drowsie sleep:  
Feasts for his pregnant Queen must now be sought,  
In Fields remote; far fetch'd, as dear was bought,  
The roring King in a strong Net is caught.

Laid by a subtle Sun-burnt *African*;  
While he his great strength us'd, and strove in vain,  
Twisted grates gnawing of his Hempo Cage,  
The *Micean* heard th' indulgent Lyon rage,  
And grateful streight to free him did engage.

First hunts out busily to find the Cord  
Which clos'd the Snare, which found, as with a Sword  
His teeth (before well on an old Cheese set)  
Cleers all the Meshes of the tangling Net.  
When thus the Lyon spake at freedom set:

Kings be to Subjects mild; and when you move  
In highest Spheres, with Mercy purchase Love.  
From private Grudges oft great Princes have  
Midst Triumphs met with an untimely grave: (save  
And Swains have power sometimes their Lords to

### MORAL.

*Mercy makes Princes Gods; but mildest Thrones  
Are often shook with huge Rebellions:  
Small Help may bring great Aid, and better far  
Is Policy than Strength in Peace or War.*

F

F A B.

## F A B. X.

*Of the same Lyon and Mousè.*

**T**hen to the Mousè he spake, though Kings  
requite  
Their Saviors oft with Steel, or Aconite;  
Yet I, Magnanimous *Micean*, since I'm free,  
And had this great Deliverance from thee,  
Shall (if our Kingdoms have it) Grateful be.  
I know the *Frogians*, now a Popular State,  
By various Chance of War, and long Debate,  
Have driv'n your race to fenced Towns, and Tow'rs,  
Where cruel *Tybert*, in Nights dismal Hours,  
Many a harmless *Moufcorite* devours.

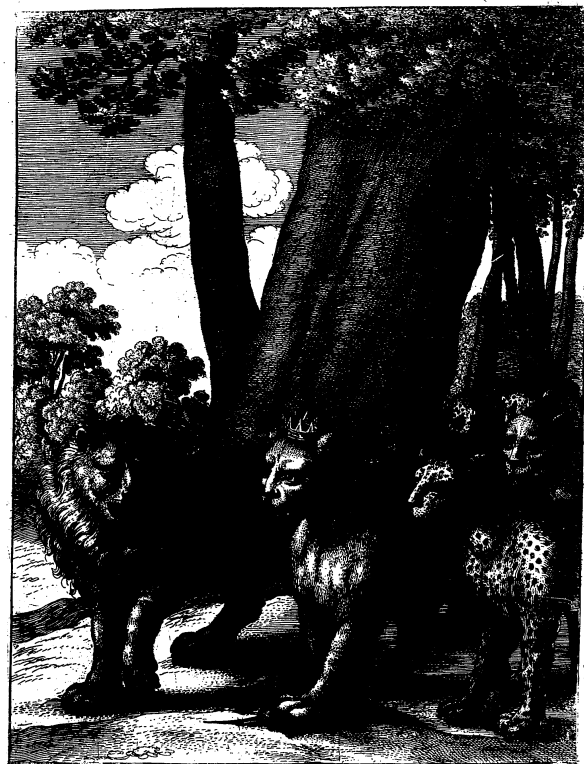
(\*) The Cat.

But noble *Catus* boasts his Stock from Us,  
For of our Species is Majestick *Pufs*.  
I'll use my Pow'r firm Peace from him to gain,  
And by the *Eagle's* means from *Jove* obtain  
A Stork, that shall o'r Croaking *Frogians* reign.

But more than this, by that Cœlestial Sign  
(Which gilds the Corn, purples the plumper Vine)  
The Lyon call'd, by wise Astronomers,  
What's mine is thine; Ask then: In Peace and Wars  
Be also one of our Prime Councillors.

Th'ambitious Mousè who chuseth still the Best,  
For where his Phang Tooth hath a Seal impress'd,

If



If purest Bread, rich Cheefe, or mellow Fruit,  
That the whole Table eats without dispute;  
To great Kings, Tafter is this little Brute;

Encourag'd by the Lyon, thus reply'd;  
Then let the Royal Virgin be my Bride.  
Nor wonder at my Sute; though I am small,  
My Mother was a <sup>(a)</sup> Mountain, full as tall  
As high Olympus, Jove's huge Council-Hall.

(a) See Fable the 8.

Great was the Expectation at my Birth;  
When flying <sup>(b)</sup> Fame divulg'd our Mother Earth  
Swell'd with a Son, should give Heaven fresh alarms.  
What e'r my Limbs, me no less Soul informs,  
Than bold Briareus with the hundred arms.

(b) Virgil hath left us an admirable description of Fame, *Æneid.* 1.

*Fama malum quo non aliud velocius  
nullum  
Mobilitate viget, viri/que acquirit e-  
undo, &c.*

Fame far out-strips all mischief in her  
course,  
Which grows by motion; gains, by  
flying, force;  
Kept under first by fear, soon after  
throws;  
Stalking on Earth, her head amongst  
the Clouds;  
Vex'd by the Gods, th' All-parent  
Earth brought forth  
This Sister, last of the Gigantick birth.  
The huge foul Monster swiftly goes  
and flies,  
So many Plumes, as many watching  
Eyes  
Lurk underneath; and, what more  
strange appears,  
So many Tongues, loud Mouths, and  
Lifting Ears.

The troubled King then to the Micean said;  
Son, dar'st thou venture on the Horrid Maid?  
See where she comes: attended from our Court,  
Pards, Leopards, Panthers, round about resort,  
Neer, her Delight, two wanton Jackals sport.

The Lyon then aside his Daughter took,  
And to prepare sweet Love, thus kindly spoke;  
From whom I Life and Freedom have, behold:  
Amongst our Kings his Name shall be enrol'd,  
One wife in Counsel, and in Battle bold.

Then take this Jewel, honour him as Lord,  
And in thy Bosome warmest seats afford.  
She then advancing with Majestick Gate,  
Looking too high to view so low a Mate,  
Trode on him unawares, and slew him streight.

Then said the Lyon weeping o'r his Friend ;  
*Great are the woes unequal Beds attend.*  
Therefore I judge thou art more happy dead  
Than those lye tortur'd in a scornful Bed,  
Where Vultures on their bleeding Hearts are fed.

## MORAL.

*Who dare a Combat with the Devil try,  
Are often vanquish'd by a Lady's eye :  
Those that from Schools and hot Disputings come,  
Are at a Woman's presence stricken dumb.*

## F A B. XI.

*Of the Boar and the Ass.*

**T**He *Ass* preferr'd from toil, and tedious roads;  
 Labours no more now under packs and loads:  
 That Goddess blind  
 To *Asses* kind,

Gave him Trapings and a Golden Saddle;  
 With the Horse he prances, with the Ape he modes,  
 And spends his time in fiddle fadle.

His once short Main is powder'd, curl'd, and dri'd;  
 He wears Heart-breakers too with Ribands tide;

No more he brayes,  
 But loudly neighs  
 Love Verses, Madrigals and Fancies  
 To some she-*Ass* his Mistress; by her side  
 No Hobby-horse more proudly dances.

The Warlike *Boar* who never knew to yield,  
 Who oft with Blood, and Foam, had dy'd the field,  
 Though round beset  
 And in the Net

Would break through Hounds, like tamer Cattel,  
 Charge Horse, and Man, Spear, Sword and Shield,  
 This beast th' *Ass* challengeth to battel.

Sir! I have heard a Souldier's Horse well shod,  
 His Arms, his Sword, and Pistol, are his god;  
 And you I know  
 Have seen the Foe,

By your Buff-jerkin, and your Bristles:  
 'Tis like the paths of Honour you have trod,  
 Where Roses do not grow, but Thistles.

Fortune





Fortune hath courted me, and I court Fame ;  
 And though the Arms we use are not the same,  
     The golden *Aſs*  
     Will try a *Paiſ*

With your *Boarſhip* in a Duel ;  
 'Tis true I ne'r was try'd by wild or tame,  
 Yet Honour I eſteem a Jewel.

The Warlike *Boar* viewing the *Aſs* ſo brave,  
 Perceiving yet in him more Fool than Knave ;  
     Though ſudden rage  
     Bids him engage,

Yet with an *Aſs* he ſcorns to meddle ,  
 As Merchants trafficking through th'azure Wave  
 To deal with thoſe bear packs and peddle.

But to the high-fed beaſt the *Boar* thus ſpoke ;  
 Thou art not worth my Anger, nor a Stroke,  
     But I'll not ſtick  
     To give you a kick,

But for a Combat chooſe a Brother ;  
 And there with equal Arms your ſelves provoke ;  
 One *Aſs* muſt always beat another.

#### MORAL.

*Let valiant Men themſelves from Cowards bleſs,  
 Left Fortune favouring Fools grant them Succeſs :  
 Who deal with ſuch, oft conſcious Shame diſarms,  
 While hope of Honour the faint-hearted warms.*

F A B.

## F A B. XII.

*Of the Frogs desiring a King.*

**S**ince (\*) good *Frogmoreton Jove* thou didst translate  
 How have we suffer'd turn'd into a State ?  
 In several Interests we divided are ;  
 Small Hope is left well grounded Peace to obtain ,  
 Unless again

Thou hear our Pray'r

Great King of Kings, and we for Kings declare.

That Supreme Power may on the People be  
 Settled, 'tis true ; but who that day shall see ?  
 Men, Beasts, and Birds, nay Bees, their King obey.  
 When wealthy Regions factious Counsels steer,

Destruction's neer.

Thus Night and Day,

Grant us a King, a King, the Frogs did pray.

*Jove* hears, and smiles at their vain Sute ; but when  
 The great Affairs he saw of Gods and Men  
 Vex'd with their Clamoring, down a Block he threw ;  
 With a huge Frigor circling Billows roll

From Pole to Pole :

The People flew,

And far from such a thund'ring Prince withdrew.

At last all calm and silent, in great State  
 On silver Billows he enthroned fate,  
 Admir'd and reverenc'd by every Frog ;  
 His Brow like Fate, without or Frown or Smile,

Struck Fear a while ;

Then all the Bog

Proclaim their King, and cry *Jove* save King Log.

But

(\*) *Phædrus* will have this Fable to have been made by *Æsop*, upon occasion of *Pisistratus* his seizing of the Fort of *Aticus*, and taking the Supreme Power into his own hands, as Tyrant. Neither is the account of time repugnant ; for *Æsop* was contemporary with the seven Wise men, and consequently with *Salam*, who oppos'd *Pisistratus* in that design.



But when they saw he floated up and down,  
 Unactive to establish his new Crown;  
 Some of the greatest of them without Dread  
 Draw nearer to him; now both Old and Young  
 About him throng,

On's Crown they tread,  
 At last they play at Leap-Frog o'r his Head.

Sreight they proclaim a Fast, and all repair  
 To vex Heaven's King again with tedious Pray'r,  
 This Stock, this Wooden Idol to remove;  
 Send them an active Prince, a Monarch stout,

To lead them out,  
 One that did love,

New Realms to Conquer, and his Old Improve.

(b) That *Sisyx* had the honour to have the gods to swear by it, we learn from *Hesiod*, in his *Genealogy of the gods*.

*Ἡμεῖς δὲ τῶν θεῶν ὁρκισμένους ἀνέστημεν*  
*Ἀδελφεὺς ἰνδοῦρος δὲ δὲς παλαιὸς* 'O-  
*δυσσεύς, &c.*

In that great day when high *Jove* sum-  
 mon'd all  
 The immortal Gods to his Olympick  
 Hall,

And said, whatever God would in  
 his Right

Resolve against the *Titanis* to fight,  
 He would reward, and unto them re-  
 store

The several Honours they enjoy'd  
 before:

And those of meaner rank, in *Saturn's*  
 Reign

Should more especial dignities obtain.  
*Sisyx* with her sons then first did mount  
 the Skies

Observing her dear Fathers grave  
 advice;

Whom *Jove* to honour'd and rewar-  
 ded there

Thac all the Gods by her must only  
 swear.

(c) The application of this Fable by  
*Æsop* to the *Athenians* (as *Phædrus*  
 will have it) is this;

— *Ves quoque, O Cives, ait*  
*Hoc sustinete, majus ne veniat malum.*

To you, O Citizens, bear this, he said,  
 Lest you a greater mischief do invade.

That he was wholly averse from  
 Cruelty, is evident from those exam-  
 ples alleged by *Valerius Maximus*,  
*lib. 5. c. 1. Seneca de Ira, lib. 13. Eu-*  
*phorini in Iliad. 2. and others.*

*Jove* grants their Sute, o'r them a *Stork* he puts,

Streight through the Fens the dreadful Long-shank

Devouring Subjects with a greedy Maw. (struts,

Again the *Frogians* with a doleful Croak

Heaven's King invoke,

He would withdraw

*This cruel Prince that made his Will a Law.*

Then th'angry God in Thunder answered these;

To change your Government great *Jove* did please,

And you I gave a peaceful Sovereign:

Since he dislik'd you, by the <sup>(1)</sup> Stygian Lake

A Vow I make,

The *Stork* shall reign,

And you for evermore repent in vain.

#### MORAL.

No <sup>(1)</sup> Government can th'unsettled Vulgar please,

Whom Change delights, think Quiet a disease.

Now Anarchy and Armies they maintain,

And wearied, are for King and Lords again.

## F A B. XIII.

*Of the Frog and the Ox.*

**F**ROM the Hydropick Kingdoms of the Bog,  
Up to a verdant Mead,  
With green Plush Carpets spread,  
Comes a proud *Frog* ;  
Who once did tread  
Upon the Head

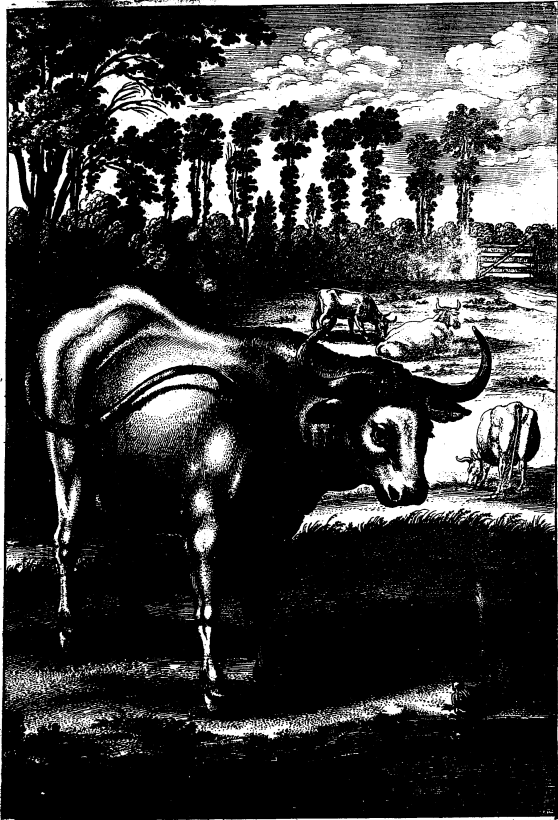
Of his own gracious Sovereign, mild King *Log*.  
Whom fat with mighty Spoyl  
Of the rich Wooden Isle  
The *Stork* perfu'd, the new Malignant flies,  
And now in shady Grass in safety lies.

Amongst the bellowing Herds, and bleating Flocks,  
This *Frog* by chance espies  
Of a prodigious size  
A stall-fed Ox ,  
Such Chines and Thighs  
Good stomachs prize,  
And Bones with Marrow big as hollow Okes ;  
Wide was his spreading Horn  
As Evening from the Morn :  
When thus the *Frog*, in length not half a Span,  
Stuff'd up with Envy, and Self-love, began.

I, who once greatest of our Nation seem'd ;  
Now standing by this Clown,  
Whose flesh might Feast a Town,  
Am unesteem'd,  
And up and down  
Hop 'thout Renown ;

G

Though



the Ox and the Frog.

Though no such Bull-calf my dear Mother teem'd ;  
 With Wind my Sides and Back  
 I'll swell untill they crack ;  
 Fancy shall help, a Revelation now  
 Bids me be great, as th' of-spring of the Cow.

Thus having said, on his Design he falls ;  
 And both with Wind and Pride  
 He swells his Back and Side ;  
 To his Son then calls :  
 And said, My Hide  
 Now grows as wide

(a) Did he having obtain'd of Ierbas  
 so much Ground as an Ox's Hide  
 would compass, did cut the Hide into  
 so many small pieces as inclosed twenty  
 two furlongs, on which he built the  
 City Carthage, mentioned by Virgil,  
*Æneid. 1.*

*Devenire locus ubi nunc ingruvia cervinis  
 Mœnia, surgentibusq; nova Carthagini  
 vis arcem,  
 Mercenique solum, saci de nomine  
 Byrsam,  
 Taurino quantum possent circumdare  
 tergo.*

They found those parts where now  
 huge Walls, and new  
 Towns of aspiring Carthage thou  
 maist view,  
 Call'd Byrsa from the Bargain ; so  
 much ground  
 Bought as a Bull's Hide could encom-  
 pass round.

(b) This Story is related by Homer,  
*Iliad. 7.*

*ἄνθρωπος αὐτῷ μὲν πρῶτος, τῷ θεῷ δὲ  
 δεύτερος, &c.*

Thus having done ; to Banquet they  
 repair,  
 All of the Royal Treatment had their  
 share :

But Agamemnon as a favouring sign,  
 Before great Ajax set the luscious Chine.

As that in Thongs once measur'd (a) Carthage Walls.  
 Nor on a longer Chine  
 Did valiant Ajax dine,

When him the (b) Grecian General did invite  
 Unfoyl'd by Hector in a single fight.

Then spake his Son : Father you strive in vain.  
 To me you not appear  
 So big as his crop'd Ear ;  
 Ah, do not strain,  
 The Wind I fear  
 Your fides will tear ;

And though your Soul may a new Body gain,  
 A Father I shall lack ;  
 Should you bear on your back,  
 A Castle, and inspire an Elephant,  
 The Mouse your deadly Foe you shall not want.

Thus the wife Son to his fond Father spoke,  
 While he did strive in vain  
 Four Winds to entertain  
 In one small Nook :

Regions

Regions where Rain  
 And Hail remain

Must in his Bosom be, as Prisoners took ;  
 At last he grew as full  
 As Toads live in a Scull,  
 When at a mighty Rupture enters Death,  
 And Air confin'd, now flies with vital Breath.

Then spake the Son, over his gasping Sire,  
 Hadst thou contented been  
 With this thy little Inn,  
 Not aiming higher,  
 Here thou hadst seen  
 Good dayes agen,

But thou like Icarus didst too much aspire,  
 On thy King's Neck haft trod,  
 Now th'Oxe th' Egyptian God  
 Strov't to be like : So the proud Angels fell ;  
 And though in Heaven, not knew when they were well.

## MORAL.

To strive what seems impossible to get,  
 A Supererogation is of Wit,  
 Not Folly now, when every day we see  
 What men thought once impossible to be.

G 2

FAB.

## F A B. XIV.

*Of the Wolf and the Lamb.*

**I**T fortun'd the fierce *Wolf* and tender *Lamb*,  
Vex'd with high noon, and *Phœbus* scorching flame  
To quench their Thirst, to one cool River came.

To whom the *Wolf*, betwixt his Draughts, with slow  
Yet rancorous speech, thus spake; How dar'ft thou blow  
My Drink, and with thy feet up Gravel throw ?

Son of a rotten Sire ; How durst thou (Slave  
To cruel Man, who with thy fleece doth save  
Himself from cold) foul this cleer silver Wave ?

The *Lamb* astonish'd, struck with sudden Fear,  
To see his Glowing Eyes, and Bristly hair,  
Said ; Sir be patient, and your Anger spare.

I humbly crave your pardon, that so neer,  
And at one time with you I water here ;  
Yet under Favour, still your stream is cleer.

I am beneath, Sir, if you please to note,  
And from your Mouth to mine the waters float ;  
It passeth yours, before it touch my Throat.

The fell *Wolf* grin'd, his Eyes like Fire-brands glow ;  
Oh curst Race ! he said, to mine a Foe,  
Still plotting harmless *Wolves* to overthrow ;

Thy Father, Mother, Sacrilegious *Lamb*,  
And all thy bleating Kindred, from the Dam  
Stile themselves Guiltless, but I Guilty am ;

And



And none dare fay you in *Wolves* Habit come,  
And tear dead Bodies from the New-built Tomb,  
And poor *Wolves* then for your offences doom.

*Dogs*, once our brethren, curfed Curs, you lead  
Against our Race ; Who now will hear us plead ?  
When you'r the caufe of all the Blood is shed.

Now by our King <sup>(\*)</sup> *Lycaon's* Crown I swear,  
So wrong'd by that rebellious *Jupiter*,  
Affronted thus, no longer I'll forbear.

Thus having said, at the poor *Lamb* he flies,  
His cruel Teeth a purple River dies,  
Whilst warm Blood spurtles in his face and eyes.

(\*) *Lycaon* was King of *Arcadia*, whom *Jupiter* transform'd into a Wolf, because he inhumanly entertained him with the flesh of a stranger. The Fable is thus recounted by *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis*, in the person of *Jupiter*;

*Nocte gravem somno nec opinis perdetur  
moris  
Me parat, hac illi placet experientia  
veri.*

In dead of night, when all was whist  
and still

Me dire *Lycaon* purpoſeth to kill,  
Nor with ſo foul an enterpriſe content,

An Hoſtage murders from *Moleſta*  
ſent ;

Part of his fever'd ſcarce-dead limbs  
he boyls,

Another part on hisſing Embers  
broils ;

This ſet before me, I the Houſe ore-  
turn'd

With vengeful flames which round a-  
bout him burn'd.

He frighted, to the ſilent Deſart flies,  
There howls, and ſpeech with'ſoſt en-  
deavour tries.

His ſelf like jaws ſtill grin : more than  
for food

He ſlaughters Beaſts, and yet delights  
in Blood.

His Arms to Thighs, his Cloaths to  
Brittles chang'd,

A Wolf, not much from his fiſt form  
eſtrang'd ;

So hoary hair'd, his looks ſo full of  
rape,

So fiery ey'd, ſo terrible his ſtroke.

Which Fable was devi'd to deter  
Men from Impiety, Treachery, and  
inhospitallity.

### MORAL.

*They that have Power to do, may, when they will,  
Pick Quarrels, and, pretending Juſtice, kill.  
Who hunt for Blood and Spoil, need not invent  
New Crimes, but lay their own on th'innocent.*

FAB.

## F A B. XV.

## Of the Wolf and the Crane.

**B**Ut while the *Wolf* devour'd the innocent *Lamb*  
Raising her voice and eyes to Heaven, the *Dam*  
Implor'd revenge: *Pan* from the Shepherds coat

To (\*) *Menalus* heard, and fix'd a Bone in's Throat.

He wonders what obstructs; who *Warder* stood,

Stopping to old a thorough-fare of Blood.

What shall he do? or where now find a Cure?

Great was the Danger, nor could he endure

The pain; while he o'r Hill and Dale did pass

To Native Realms, where his own Surgeon was.

When on a rising Bank hard by, he spy'd

*Bellin* the Ram: He could but be deny'd;

And though his Teeth blush'd with the purple Gore

Of his dear Son, slain neer his Mother's door,

Yet would he try; in some Mischances, Foes

Will, with our Friends, commiserate our Woes.

Upon this score he went, and thus bespoke

The King, and horned Father of the Flock.

Sir, may your Wives be numerous, and bear

Twins alwaies, and be pregnant Twice a Year;

And may your beauteous Son, who on yon Bank

Confer'd with me, where we together Drank,

Be Golden-fleece'd, and when his Horns grow Large,

T'a thousand Yews a Husband's Love discharge.

'Tis true, our Nations long at odds have been;

Yet why should Publick Jars raise Private Spleen?

Let there, my Lord, no Personal difference be;

Or strive we, let us strive in Courtesie.

Favours may purchase Love, Love Peace may win,

Quarrels may end, since once they did Begin.

Suspecting

(\*) *Menalus* is a high Mountain in *Arcadia*, consecrated to *Pan*, the Guardian of shepherds, abounding with all sorts of Beasts, mentioned by *Ovid*.

*Menala tranjeram latebris horrenda ferarum.*  
*Et cum Cyllene gelidi pineta Lycæi.*

I past den-dreadful *Menalus* confines,  
*Cyllene*, cold *Lycæus* clad with Pines.

Suspecting Plots, his Bell wife *Beline* rung,  
When troops of Rams to guard his person throng.

Then said; Your business Sir? Be brief, and know,  
It must be lawfull that I grant a Foe.

When with dejected Look thus *Isgrim* spake;

A Bone sticks cross my Throat, some pity take,

And draw it forth; and when the silver Moon

Makes low-brow'd Night faintly resemble Noon,

The Goddess I'll beseech, you never may

Want Grass in Summer, nor in Winter Hay,

No Floods in Autumn, no destructive Cold

Send Scabs, nor Rots depopulate your Fold.

And She will hearken to our Pious Race.

Of when She frowns, and notes of (b) Tinkling-Brafs

Cannot recall, nor colour her pale Lips,

Our Cries have Rescu'd from a dark Eclipse.

Then *Beline* said; Impudent *Wolf* be gone;

Who knows, but late thou hast some Murder done,

And this a Judgment due to thy desert?

On pain of Death, our Quarters leave, depart.

Thus to the shaggy Goat, he did complain,

To the swift Deer, and the dull Ox in vain;

They all refuse and say, no punishment

On Ravening *Wolves* can be unjustly sent.

When stalking through the Marsh he meets the *Crane*  
(Low-Country People know no God but gain)

To whom the *Wolf* thrice Congeeing began:

May your plump Phalanx pass the Ocean,

To Southern Regions safe, and landing there,

May all the (c) *Pygmie* Kingdoms shake with Fear.

*Ἦνεν ὅτε ἀναβύβοντο ὅταν ἡσυχία ᾖ.*  
*Ἄν' ἴσεν ἅνθρωπος πύγμας ἐν ἀθροῦσι τοῖς*  
*ἡσυχίᾳ τοῖς ἡσυχίᾳ τοῖς ἡσυχίᾳ τοῖς*  
*ἡσυχίᾳ τοῖς ἡσυχίᾳ τοῖς ἡσυχίᾳ τοῖς*

So clamouring *Cranes* on wings expanded march  
Through unpart'd Regions of Heavens glittering Arch.

To warmer Margents of the Southern Main

Where the Plum'd Squadrons on the *Pygmies* set,

And with great slaughter up their quarters beat.

And gain'd credit among the most judicious of those that followed him: For *Aristotle* in his History of Animals vindicates it as a truth, and far from fiction; and a Roman Legate, in his Embassy into *Ethiopia*, avowed that he saw the *Pygmies* inhabiting the Mountains of that Country.

And

(b) The vulgar people among the Antients being ignorant of the natural causes of the Eclipses of the Moon, believ'd that the fustled at that time under the power of Magical charms, which they thought was remedied by the tinkling of Brasse, and ringing of Bells, found of Trumpets, and the like: of which we have a memorable story in *Tacitus*, speaking of the sedition of the *Pannonian* Legions against *Tiberius* the Emperor.

*Nactem minorem & in scelus erupturam fortissimè. Nam Luna clarescente subito visis languiscent. Admiles, rationis ignaros, omnia prædictum accipit, ac suis laboribus deflectionem Sideris effusim, præter e jus effusa qua pergerent si fulgor & claritudo Dea rediretur. Igitur aris fons, tabernum circumdantem concentu streperet, &c.*

Chance quieted the night that threatened Sedition: for in a clear night the Moon was seen to languish. The Souldiers being ignorant of the reason of it, thought it to be an Omen of their present design, and the darkness of the Planet they lik'd to their troubles, and its fulgour and clearness to their success. Wherefore by the tinkling of Brasse, the found of Trumpets & Cannets they made a noise, and according as that appear'd more splendid or obscure, to rejoice or mourn. And when that light was hinder'd, by the intervening clouds, and they thought the Moon to be involved in darkness (as mens minds once struck, incline to superstition) they complain that their eternal misery is pre-sigified, and that the Gods did abominate their undertaking.

Nay, *Plutarch* in the life of *Pericles* saies, that the *Athenians* were so superstitious in this particular, that they burnt them alive who pretended to give a natural reason of the Eclipse of the Moon. This superstition continued some Centuries of years, even amongst the Christians, as appears from the Homilies of *Maximus Taurinensis*.

(c) The *Crane* desert *Thrace* in Winter, declining the piercing cold of that Climate, when making their rendezvous first at *Hebrus*, a River of that Country, they make toward *Ethiopia*, a warmer Region, and Southern parts of *Egypt*, where they encounter the *Pygmies*, the Inhabitants of those Countries. This was first deliver'd by *Homer*, *Iliad*, 3.



And may you Conqueror o'r the Dwarfish Ranks,  
 Triumph on *Strymon*, or on *Hebrus* banks.  
 But to your Friend be kind, and draw a Bone  
 Sticks in his Throat, ungrateful I'm to none,  
 Then I'll a Trout present thee sweet and good,  
 Cleans'd in a silver Stream, and free from Mud.  
 If that not satisfy, most noble *Crane*,  
 To please thy Pallat this whole Fen I'll drain.

He undertakes the Cure, nor pluck'd he off  
 With his long Bill, but *Igrim's* well, and cough'd.  
 The Bird demands his Pay: The *Wolf* at that  
 With a fowr Smile reply'd; Sir *Crane* for what?  
 For plucking out a Bone are thy Demands?  
 Thou might'st have stretch'd, fool, on these yellow Sands  
 Vent'ring thy long Bill in my Throat, thy Head  
 I freely gave; Thank me thou art not dead.  
 Or come and draw another out, though loth  
 I shall reward thee nobly then for both.  
 When to himself, the griev'd *Crane* mourning said;  
*Great Favours thus are by th'ungratefull paid.*

## MORAL.

*So Marchants, having scap'd a dangerous Sea,  
 Mocks to their Saimts, for promis'd Offerings, pay:  
 But some more impious, having touch'd dry Land,  
 Think they perform, to let their Statues stand.*

## F A B. XVI.

*Of the Husband-man and the Serpent.*

**VV** Hen a cold Storm confirm'd the trem-  
bling Bogs,  
And drove to Warmer springs the  
naked Frogs;

With's Prong on's back a simple Farmer

Boldly goes

Through Frost and Snows,

Ice on's Beard, Fire in's Nose,

A freeze Jerkin all his Armour ;

To feed Sheep, and Cattel fodder.

Where by chance he found

Frozen to the ground

Stretch'd at length a dying Adder.

The cruel Serpent under Death's arrest,

Strange, but the Fable hath sufficient Test,

He takes, and in his Bosom lodges,

Where at night

His Delight

His dear Wife he'll invite,

And home again in haste he trudges.

The Viper as a precious Jewel

Streight he laid in Moss,

Putting sticks across,

Busling out to fetch more Fuel.

Fresh warmth gave Resurrection to the Fiend,

And from the Dead the Devil did ascend,

His vital Spirits returning ;

He now grown hot,

Fresh Poison got,

Contriving streight a damned Plot,

With Rage and Malice burning.

H

He



He uncoils his speckled Cable  
 And prepares by Arms  
 To seize all the Farms  
 Of him that was so Hospitable.  
 And with Injustice thus he tax'd the Gods ;  
 Gives *Love* to silly Swains such warm Abodes,  
 When subtle Serpents must lye sterving ?  
 Who else will dain,  
 But this dull Swain,  
 To take us up and ease our Pain,  
 What ever our deserving ?  
 But leaves us gasping in a Furrow ;  
 Or with a Staff,  
 When we are half  
 Dead, kill, and so concludes our Sorrow.  
 I'll scorse my Windy lodging for this Grange ;  
 Nor is it Robbery to make a Change,  
 A Cool House for a Warmer ;  
 Him I'll assign  
 What e'r is mine,  
 In open Field to Sup and Dine ,  
 And here I'll play the Farmer.  
 I'll take the Charge of Sheep and Cattel,  
 And when there's need  
 On them I'll feed.  
 This said, he straight prepares for Battel.  
 His nerry back, and his voluminous Train,  
 Are both drawn up to Charge one fingle Swain ,  
 His Eyes like *Ætna* flaming,  
 His Sting he whets,  
 His Scales he sets,  
 Now up and down the Room he jets :  
 With Hisses War proclaiming :

He

He, Stools and Tables, Forms imbraces,  
 Wreathing about,  
 Now in, now out,  
 And takes Possession of all places.  
 Mean while the Rustick had with sounding Strokes  
 Whole Elms disrob'd, and naked left tall Oaks,  
 To bring the Snake home store of Fuel :  
 Little the good  
 Man understood  
 Whom he sav'd would seek his blood,  
 And with the Devil to have a Duel.  
 But when he came into the Entry,  
 It made him quake  
 To see the Snake  
 Stand, like an ugly Souldier, Centry.  
 Not staying to plead the goodness of his Cause,  
 Arm'd with a Stake, up the bold Shepherd draws,  
 To save his House and Dwelling ;  
 Well he knows,  
 He must oppose :  
 Though Fire and Poyson arm your Foes,  
 At first Charge them Rebelling.  
 A Horse and Arms the Knight could brag on,  
 This with a Stake  
 Assaults the Snake  
 Swoln with Fury to a Dragon.  
 Long time the Fight was equally maintain'd ;  
 The Shepherd now, and now the Serpent, gain'd ;  
 Chance gave the Swain the better :  
 When with a Stroke  
 Three Ribs he broke,  
 And Words with Blows thus mixing spoke ;  
 H 2 Sir,

Sir, still I am your Debtor ;  
 I tender thus my Houfe and Cattle.  
 The Serpent flies,  
 And Quarter cries,  
 And once more dying quits the Battle.

Spawn of th'old Dragon, Worm, Ingrateful Wretch,  
 (Then lights a Blow which made his long fides stretch,)

What do you cry *Peccavi* ?  
 Unworthy Soul  
 Think'ft thou a Hole  
 Will shelter like a Worm or Mole  
 And from my fury fave thee ?  
 I'll fign your Leaf firft on your foulder ;  
 Next take this fowfe,  
 And then my Houfe ;  
 Now go, and be a good Free-holder.

With what he meant for Fire, a knotty Stake,  
 He warms the Serpent's fides until they ake,  
 Then on his Breast he tramples :  
 His purple Head  
 Wax'd pale as Lead  
 His golden fcales with Blood were red ;  
 Live now (he faid ) among Examples,  
 While this tough Cudgel lafts I'll bang thee ;  
 I to my grief  
 Have fav'd a Thief  
 That would have been the firft to hang me.

### MORAL.

*Ungrateful men are Marſhal'd in three Ranks,  
 This not returns, the Second gives no Thanks.  
 Evil the laſt, for Good repayer, and this  
 Of all Hell's Monſters the moſt Horrid is.*

## F A B. XVII.

*Of the Sick Kite and his Mother.*

**T**He *Kite* first Steerage taught to Mariners,  
 By which strange Lands they found, and unknown Stars,  
 And took from Seas Imaginary Bars.  
 They saw when Heaven was cleer  
 His Plumy Rudder steer  
 Starboord and Larboord, plying here, now there.

These Saylers having a good Voyage made,  
 Neer *Kiijb* Seats rich Vessels did unlade,  
 And to that Prince a Royal Banquet made :  
 Him with fat Offerings fed,  
 With Oyl, Wine, White and Red ;  
 Which Surfeit a Malignant Fever bred.

And now, who long by Rapine and by Stealth ;  
 Had heap'd up Riches, lost his former Health,  
 More worth to Mortals than all worldly Wealth :  
 In his well-feather'd Nest  
 The sick bird takes no Rest,  
 When to his Mother he himself confest ;

Mother, you know, and I now to my grief,  
 That I have liv'd a most notorious Thief,  
 Robbing for Pleasure oftner than Relief.  
 I once from th'Altar stole  
 With Flesh a-kindled Cole,  
 Which burnt my Nest high as the lofty Pole.

Such are my sins, no God I dare implore,  
 Left they should know I live, and punish more :  
 You for your Son may Pray, as heretofore.

Let



Let Heaven but grant me Health,  
 I'll give the Church my Wealth,  
 And Orders take, repenting former Stealth.

Then to her Son the Mother made reply ;  
 Ah my Dear Bird, couldst thou but once-more fly,  
 And cut with fanning wings the ample Sky,

Wert hungry once agen,  
 Thou'lt rob the Lyon's Den,  
 Spoyl th'Eagles Nest, and Pillage Gods and Men.

## MORAL.

*A Golden Robe in Winter is too cold,  
 Too hot in Summer is a Beard of Gold:  
 Church-Robbers thus cram impious Coffers still,  
 And Greedy Men count Sacriledge God's Will.*

## FAB. XVIII.

*Of the Old Hound and his Master.*

**O**ld Dog 'tis thou must doe it come away ;  
 Within a Thicket near  
 Is lodg'd a gallant Dear,  
 We must not, friend, neglect so brave a Prey.  
 Kill'd, thou and I will Feast,  
 To Morrow and to Day,  
 Upon the slaughter'd Beast ;  
 Then come, I say.

Remember once a Conquerour thou wert,  
 And seizing didst pull down a mighty Hart,  
 When the King's swiftest Dogs thou didst out-strip.  
 This said, the Hunts-man let his old *Hound* slip.

The row'd Deer flies for life, the *Dog* to kill,  
 Through Lawns, o'r Hills and Dales,  
 So swift the nimble Gales  
 Seem in their faces, turn which way they will.  
 Ready to pinch, *Kilbuck*  
 With Air his Mouth did fill ;  
 At last the Deer he took,  
 Yet was deluded still :

His Phangs grown old, now fail ; and what vext more,  
 He crost a Proverb, says, *Old Dogs bite sore*.  
 Then stripes resound upon his panting side,  
 Who while his Master beat him, loud thus cry'd ;

Ingrateful Lord, once I did save thy life,  
 When thou by thy own *Hounds*  
 Wer't chac'd through neighbouring grounds,  
 Transform'd like to (\*) *Ætæon* by thy Wife.

You



(\*) Whilst *Diana*, accompanied by her Nymphs, batt'd her self in the Valley of *Gargathia*, *Ætæon* by chance came thither and beheld them naked, whom the angry Goddess, lest he should divulge what he had unfortunately beheld, transform'd into a horned Deer, and was slain by his own Dogs ; which *Ovid* thus describes,

*Dumque ibi perlinis solis Titania  
 Nymphæ,  
 Ecce nepos Cadmæ illarum parte Lab-  
 rum  
 Per nemus ignotum non certis passibus  
 errans  
 Pervenit in lucum, &c.*

Whilst here *Titania* batt'd (as was her guise)  
 Lo *Cadmus* Nephew, tir'd with exercise,  
 And wandering through the Woods, approach'd this Grove  
 With fatal steps, so Destiny him drove !  
 Ent'ring the Cave with skipping springs bedew'd ;  
 The Nymphs all naked, when a Man they view'd,  
 Clap'd their resounding Breasts, and fill'd the Wood  
 With sudden shrieks, like Ivory pale they flood  
 About their Goddess ; but she, far more tall,  
 By head and shoulders, over-top them all.  
 Now tell, the fates, th' hast seen me disarray'd,  
 Tell if thou canst, I give thee leave, This said,  
 She to his Neck and Ears new length imparts,  
 T'his Brow the Antlers of long-living Harts :  
 His legs and feet with arms and hands supply'd,  
 And clost'd his Body in a Spotted Hide, &c.

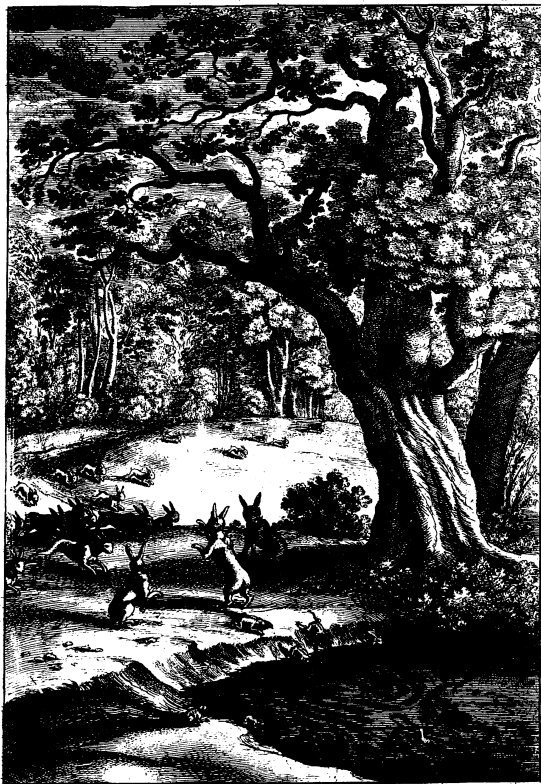
This is the Fable, the ground whereof was, the Hound in the Canicular daies being possess'd with fury through the power of the Moon that is *Diana*, worried their Master, which fate, as *Scaliger* reports, befall many Hunters of *Corsica* in his time.

You a Horn'd Monster, Sir,  
 I knew, and vent'ring life  
 Beat off the leading Cur;  
 But these Rewards are rife;  
 Thus Masters former Services forget;  
 This no new way to pay old Servants Debt.  
 Ah me poor Wretch! And must the Proverb hold?  
*A Serving Creature is a Beggar Old.*

## MORAL.

*Servants beware, oft is but little space  
 Betwixt Preferment and the Loss of Place.  
 Ladies are fickle, and fantastick Lords  
 Would see New faces waiting at their Boards.*





THE HARES AND FROGS.

29

## FAB. XIX.

*Of the Hares and Frogs.*

(wood resounds,  
 Hile a huge Tempest through the  
 The frighted *Hares*  
 Prick up their ears,

Supposing loud-mouth'd gusts, shril Horns & Hounds,  
 And leave their native Seats, and ancient Bounds ;  
 Wing'd with vain fear, th'out-strip the thundring wind  
 Not one durst make a halt, or look behind.

A Stream th' incounter, swoln up to the brim,  
 Which a full Cloud  
 Had made so loud

As ranting *Auster* ; this they dare not swim,  
 Viewing the hollow Wave it look'd so grim.  
 Nor durst the valiant *Hares* once backward look ;  
 The Devil's behind, the Devil is in the Brook.

One of the gravest, here did Courage take,  
 When he did spy  
 The Frogians fly

At their Approach, and did their Camps forsake  
 To shelter in the bosome of the Lake :  
 Then bids them stand and make the Front the Rear ;  
 Vain is the *Frog's*, as vain may be our Fear.

All do as he commanded, not one stirs ;  
 When soon they find  
 Threats empty Wind,

Which did not hurt, but discompose, their Furs.  
 Then thus he said ; There is from barking Curs  
 No danger ; We are swift, and strong, all parts  
 We have, that make good Souldiers up, but Hearts.

I

Fortune

*Fortune assists the Bold, and he that dares,  
Though but a Swain,  
May Scepters gain,  
But whom cold Blood beleaguers with base Fears,  
That start at every Sound, like timorous Hares,  
At Court not thrive, nor in the Martial Lists,  
Nor Venus in Love's Conduct them assists.*

## MORAL.

*Strange are effects of Fear, Danger to shun  
On grim Death's sternest Visages we run:  
Fear in a Night will blast the Conqueror's Bays,  
And from stern'd Cities mighty Armies raise.*

FAB.

F A B. XX.

Of the Doves and Hawks.

**L**ong had the *Doves* a happy Peace enjoy'd,  
Broaching no quarrel with their neighbour nati-  
Nor stirr'd up civil strife, with plenty cloy'd (ons  
Than Love the *Pigeons* had no other Passions ;

They have no (\*) Gall,  
Nor know at all

Dissention, nor stern *Mars* his angry Mood,  
Nor pleasure tak'n in Rapine nor in Blood.

But they *Diana* slighted, nor prepare  
For *Pallas* Offerings, nor great *Juno's* Diety,  
To *Venus* and her Son, is all their Pray'r ;  
These Powers offended highly with th'impicity,

Did *Mars* intreat,  
Now in a heat,

Since more *Adonis*, *Venus* did delight ,  
To raise 'gainst gentle *Doves* the cruel *Kite*.

Mov'd by the Gods, the *Kitish* Prince proclaims  
War 'gainst the *Turtles*, and their wealthy Regions ;  
Far more than Honour, Booty him inflames,  
And from the North he musters feather'd Legions ;

The War grows hot ,  
The *Turtles* not

Inur'd to Battels, Camps, and fierce Alarms,  
Many strong Houses lose by force of Arms.

They call a Councel, and consult of Aid ;  
They know the *Hawk* more valiant is, and stronger ;  
Would he take Pay, they need not be dismay'd,  
His Pounces sharper be, his Wing is longer :



(\*) It was the general opinion of the Ancients, that there was no Gall in Pigeons, because they found not the Vessel in which the Gall is contain'd, on the Liver, as in other Animals; whence they were made the Symbol and Hieroglyphick of Love, kindness and mildness: But this is sufficiently refuted by *Galen*, and the latter Anatomists.

The *Hawkes* desire  
 But Souldiers Hire,  
 Their Purse shall only for the *Pigeons* fight,  
 And they are certain to defeat the *Kite*.

The *Hawkes* are muster'd, and the War renews,  
 Soon they regain their Houses, Forts, and Castles:  
 As soon the *Pigeon* their Assistance rues:  
 For those they hir'd, and were the *Turtles* Vassals,  
 Seiz'd them for Pay,  
 And day by day  
 Their Bowels rend, and tender bodies plume,  
 And, more than *Kites*, the *Dovish* Race consume.

## MORAL.

Effeminate Nations to long Peace inclin'd,  
 Are by Auxiliaries ill secur'd:  
 Who e'er prove Victors, they shall be the Prize;  
 But best your Friend knows where the Money lies.

FAB.

## F A B. XXI.

*Of the Dog and Thief.*

**B**ough wough, Who's there? Bough wough, Who's  
that dare break

Into my Master's House? first stand, then speak,  
Or else I'll have you by the Throat; ne'r start  
You Sir, I'll know your Business e'r we part.  
Thus in the *Cynick* Language, loud and brief,  
A true *Dog* bark'd, discovering a *Thief*.

When softly thus Night's pilfering Minion said,  
This sacred silence, and the holy shade  
Of Night, dear friend, disturb not: I am sent  
(Because thy Master keeps a stricter Lent  
Than wiser Mortals) with a Sop to thee  
From (\*) *Cerberus*, at such fond Piety  
From triple Jaws exclaiming, he bids Eat.  
*Wife Sees, who Nature serve, forsake no Meat.*

Then take this Morfel and lye down to Rest,  
Let not Fleas thee, nor others thou molest.  
When thus the faithful *Dog* reply'd agen:  
Hast thou thy Habitation among Men,  
And know'st not me? Hast thou not heard how I  
Six Winter-dayes, and stormy nights did lye  
Watching my Murder'd Lord? His bleeding Head  
Three Spring-Tydes wash'd on a cold Ofier bed;  
At last with extream Hunger overcame,  
I to this House, through the broad River swam;  
Where well recruited with warm Viands, then  
From Hospitable boards, and living Men,  
I crost rough Mountains with a silver Head,  
To wait in open Mansions of the Dead.  
At last they following me with swifter Oars,  
Where by the Smell were found polluted shores,

They



(\*) *Cerberus* is the Door-keeper of Hell, feign'd by the Poets to have three Heads, representing that triple-natured Devil that haunts the Air, Earth, and Water. So *Virgil* describes him, *Eneid.* 6.

*Cerberus hac ingens latratu rigua tri-  
fauci  
Personat, adverso recubans immanis in  
antro.  
Cui vates horrore videns jam colla co-  
lubris,  
Adelle separatam, &c.*

Stretch'd on his Kennel monstrous  
*Cerberus*, round  
From triple Jaws makes all these  
Realms resound,  
But when the Priestess on his Neck  
espied  
The serpents bristle, the a morfel,  
fy'd  
With Drugs and Honey, cast; he  
furious straight  
With three devouring Mouths the  
drowie bait.

They made a search, and e'r I took my place,  
Kiss'd his pale Lips, or lick'd his woful Face,  
My person they secur'd; then him interr'd,  
And I for Faithfulness was thus Preferr'd.

Nay, more than that: 'Twas I the Murderer found,  
And with my Forces first beleagu'r'd round;  
Loud Volleys spent with Foam, with Tooth and Nail  
Fell in on's Quarters, all parts did assail,  
No Man durst rate me off, no not the Frown  
Of my dread Lord, untill I pluck'd him down;  
And he cry'd out, 'Twas I thy Master slew;  
Then fiercer *Dogs* upon him, *Sergeants*, flew:  
And think'st thou I'll be treacherous for a Cruft?  
*Dogs are than Men, more Faithful to their Trust.*

(b) The *Romans* had not only Tutelary Gods for their Cities and towns, but peculiar Gods for every particular Household, which they call'd *Lares* and *Penates*; to whom they attributed the Protection of the House and Family, so *Plautus*.

*Ne qui miretur qui sum, paucis elo-  
quar;  
Ego Lar sum familiaris, ex hac fa-  
milis;  
Quis exuviam me aspexit, hanc  
damnum  
Jam multos annos est cum possideo &  
colo.*

Let any should admire who I may be,  
Know I the *Lar* am of this Family;  
I many years from whence you see me  
come,  
Dwell and possession held of every  
Room.

Not our (b) *Penates* keep a stricter Watch  
Over these Seats, than I, such Rogues to catch. (awake.  
*Erre, erre, bough wough, Thieves, thieves, with speed*  
He frighted flies, the trusty *Dog* then spake;

But what he said, is dangerous now to tell:  
What Tortures *Cerberus* told him were in Hell  
For Servants that are False: But they that sold  
Their Country, or their native King for Gold;  
To them Judge *Minos* deepest Seats allots,  
Where molten Gold they quaff in Iron pots,  
And when their Blood with burning Liquor fries,  
They get on Snakes, the Worm which never dyes.

### MORAL.

*Servants that Centinels to Princes are,  
When close Conspirers, Plotting Civil War,  
Do send them Gold, if they prove Faithful, then,  
They are the Best, if False, the Worst of Men.*

F A B.

F A B L E. XXII.

*Of the Wolf and Carved Head.*

**V** V As it *Alecto* in that Impious Age  
Stirr'd up the People's Rage?  
When Dedicated Temples they did

And What no Prophet did præfage, (spoyl,  
With *Heroes* broken Statues strew'd the Ile,  
And horrid Rudness did Religion stile;

This trod

Upon the Image of his God,

And that bold Souldier storms  
Heaven's Queen, and breaks the Marble in her arms:

Then Man

Began,

Seeing Vengeance slow fall from unwilling Sky,

To question Truth, and Sacred Writ deny:

Not fearing Hell, nor hop'd for Heav'n when they dy.

'Mongst Legs, and Arms, and Bulks of Men and Gods,

Which lay in mighty Loads,

The Sacrilegious *Wolf*, who preys by Night,

In Sacred and Prophane Aboads,

Came, and with Eys casting malignant Light,

Through gloomy Shades espy'd this joyful Sight;

And thought

Some Battel had been fought,

Or fatal (\*) *Vespers* had, with blown-out Lights,

Mix'd bloody Butcheries with Sacred Rites.

Where best

To feast,

And be with Blood and humane Slaughter fed,

He mus'd a while, then with much Purple red,

Painted to life, he saw a decollated Head.

The



(\*) The *Sicilian Vespers* when all the *French* in that Island were murder'd by the Inhabitants.

The bloody Neck inviting; streight he seiz'd  
 What little pleas'd;  
 And in obdurate Oke his teeth engag'd;  
 Which not his Hunger well appeas'd,  
 Nor thirsty Jaws with crimson draughts aswag'd:  
 Who while his broken Phang extreemly rag'd,  
 Thus said,  
 Beauty hath Wit betray'd,  
 All is not Gold that glitters, and a foul  
 Cabinet oft includes the fairest Soul:  
 They're wife  
 Whose eyes  
 With deep inspection on the inside look,  
 Regarding not the gilding of the Book;  
 But they are fools with Idol stocks, & stones are took.

## MORAL.

*A comely Carriage, Youth, and beauteous Form,  
 Take proudest Hearts, and enter without Storm:  
 But when they find their List of Vertues short,  
 As suddenly they are expell'd the Fort.*



## F A B. XXIII.

*Of the Lyon grown Old.*

Come all, Come all, take your Revenges full,  
My Cousin Horſe, the Boar, the Bear, and  
Bull ;

Come all you Free-born beaſts, and now no more  
Tremble to hear the cruel *Lyon* Rore ;  
The Forreſt now is ours, that Tyrant which  
So long proud Scepters ſwai'd, in yonder Ditch  
Lyes bed-rid, brays the Aſſe ; Then come each one  
And give him ample Retribution.

And I'll redeem my Reputation loſt :  
The *Lyon* now ſhall know unto his coſt,  
The *Aſſ* is no ſuch Daſtard, nor ſo Dull ;  
Then come, Come all, and take Revenges full.

This ſaid, the Vulgar ruſh, both wild and tame,  
Where the Old *Lyon* lay, Weak, Sick, and Lame :  
His Crown they ſeize, upon his Scepter tread,  
And pull his Royal Ermine o'r his Head.

When round his Eyes the Dying Monarch caſt,  
And as he view'd them, Groaning, ſpake his laſt ;  
I did not well, when I had Strength and Power,  
So many loving Subjects to Devour ,  
Whoſe Friends take Juſt revenge : But where are they  
Who drank with me their blood, and ſhar'd the Prey,  
To Guard my Perſon from their cruel Rage ?  
Some my dim ſight preſents, who now engage  
With greater Malice : Ah ! for which good deed  
Friends, do you tear my ſides ? You make me bleed ?  
'Twas no well-grounded Policy of State  
By Arbitrary Power to purchaſe Hate ;

K

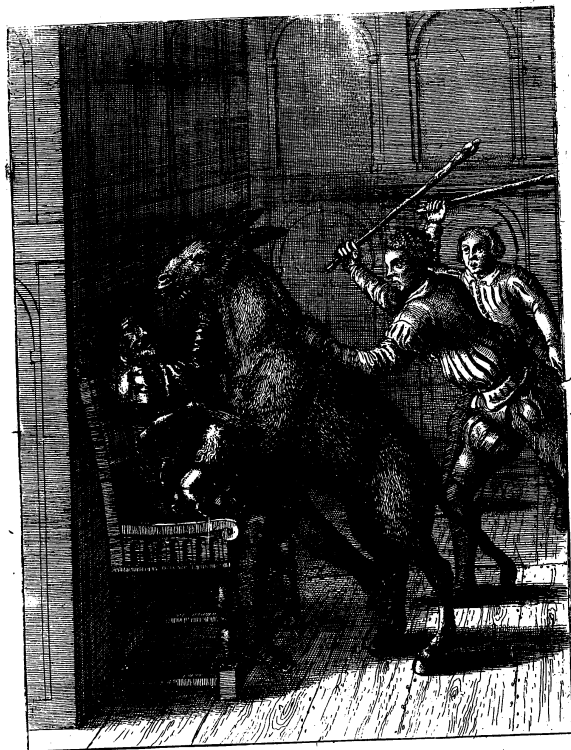
But

But I did worse, in choos'ing such False Friends,  
That joyn with Foes, having obtain'd their Ends.

**MORAL.**

*When Kings are weak, then active Subjects strive  
To raise their Power above Prerogative :  
Both Friends and Foes conspire with Time and Fates,  
Oft to reduce proud Kingdoms into States.*

FAB.



24

F A B. XXIV.

*Of the Dog and the Ass.*

**V**V Hy how now Rogue, why Rascal,  
hast thou got  
Thy breakfast yet, speak Sirrah; hast  
thou not?

Your whining and colloging will not serve,  
Thy fat sides, Villain, say thou dost not serve,  
The Master said to's *Dog*; then strokes his Head,  
And claps his back, and neck: The Cur well-bred  
With fawning posture first plaies with his Knee,  
Then leaps up to his breast, next who but he,  
His Master's Lap's his Cushion, where at ease  
He lyes, and torments the tormenting Fleas.

This put the fullen *Ass* in woful dumps,  
Who his deep Judgment for a Reason pumps  
Why he should toyl, and eat the bread of Care;  
And th' idle *Dog* like his rich Master fare.  
Then with a sigh he said;

Have I with Patience, and Pack-saddles, broke  
My Heart and Sides, my back so many a stroke  
Endur'd, to make my greedy Master Rich?  
When his proud Steed lay fairting in a Ditch,  
And cry'd no more he'd be a Pack-Horse made:  
I took the burthen from the pamp'rd Jade,  
And bore it stoutly through a tedious Rode.  
And yet this Whelp, this Cringing *A-la-mode*  
With Bells, and Collar, Hair in th' Island guise,  
Feeds with his Lord, and on soft Couches lyes.  
And why? because he'll sport, and fawn, and cog,  
He knows no other Duty of a *Dog*.

This keeps no Sheep, nor takes foul Swine by th' ear,  
Ne'r barks at Thieves, nor playes at Bull or Bear,

K 2

But

But a meer Foisting-Hound ; well, now I see,  
 Not alwayes Strength, nor Wit, nor Industry  
 Gains Fortune's Smile; too oft in Princes Courts  
 Great Favourites rise by Jests and idle Sports  
 And Complements : If so, there's none surpasses  
 For Complement your Complemental *Asses*.  
 I am resolv'd their Dog-ships, Ape-ships all  
 This day to imitate, fall what may fall.

This said, the *Ass* pricks his notorious Ear,  
 And like a Hobby-horse, or dancing Bear,  
 Begins to move, now like a Spaniel plaies,  
 But still his own Voyce frights him when he brays.  
 Then to his Master boldly he drew neer,  
 At last charg'd him with a full Career :  
 Then rising up, takes with a rough imbrace,  
 About the Neck, offers to lick his Face,  
 And with foul Hoofs wanders all o'r his Breast.  
 With wonder then and suddain fear oppress'd,  
 Th' affrighted Master calls aloud for aid ;  
 Then *Assinego* for his folly paid :  
 Who, while his bones Swains made with beating fore,  
 Did thus his Fortune patiently deplore ;  
 My *Genius*, and my Person I mistake;  
 Not every Block a *Mercury* will make ;  
 Foul ways, and heavy Burthens better suit  
 With Rustick *Asses*, than the Ivory Lute.

*All things besit not all, and Imitation  
 Is for the Ape, more than the Ass in Fashion.*

## MORAL.

*Of airy Jesters, and phantastick Drolls :  
 Take more than Wise, Learn'd, or Industrious Souls :  
 A Handsome Mien, a Varnish'd Out-side, can  
 More than the golden Linings of a Man.*

## F A B. XXV.

*Of the Husband-man and Snake.*

**T**Here dwelt a Learned Serpent neer a Grove,  
Whom Fortune did not love. (wife,  
She gave him want, whom Nature had made  
And Industry had taught all Sciences.

He knew each walk in Heaven's great board of Chæf  
Where Games not end in many thousand years:  
Could golden Hieroglyphicks all express  
Which fill the Volume of nine mighty Spheres:  
He could the Muſters of Heaven's Army tell,  
And when Stars ruling Seasons, roſe, and fell.

There was a Shepherd, who by his advice  
Grew Wealthy in a trice.

His thousands wandering on *Sicilian Hills*.

Twice every day a milky River fills

His ſnowy Pails; His numbers not decreaſe:

When from the Sky ſome dire Contagion falls, (meſ  
When Herds and Flocks ſcarce make up *Death* one  
*Thiſſion* raging in full Coats and Stalls.

This Swain invites the Snake his Houſe to grace,  
And live with him, the (\*) *Genius* of the place.

He that the wiſeſt Charmer would not hear

Gave to this Ruſtick ear,

Reſolv'd to leave ſad Hunger, Cold, and Care,

For Roofs, where Joy, and Warmth, and Plenty were.

Nor long he ſojourn'd, when th'ill natur'd Swain,

Vex'd that he could not fell a ſtubborn Oke,

With the ſame Hatchet would his Gheſt have ſlain,

And raging charg'd him with a mighty Stroke;

Hardly



(\*) Snakes were generally the Enſign of a place conſecrated to the Gods, as may be conjectur'd from the Verſe of *Perſius Satyr 1.*

*Pingue dant angues; putri, ſacer eſt locus, extra*

*Meſius* but eſpecially to the Temples built over the Tombs of Heroes: of which *Plutarch* in the liſe of *Agis* gives this reaſon, *ὅτι τὸ ἀνδραγαθὸν οὐκ ἔστιν ἀνθρώπων ἀλλὰ θεῶν ἐκείνων ἐκείνων οὐκ ἔστιν ἀνθρώπων ἀλλὰ θεῶν ἐκείνων ἐκείνων*. Human bodies, after the muſtelle of their marrow is compacted, produce Serpents: which the Ancients obſerving, of all animals did eſpecially appropriate them to the Heroes. The ſame Author reports, that a Serpent was taken about the dead body of *Cleomenes*, and *Paulus Aemilius* writes that one was found in the tomb of *Charles Martel*, where there was nothing but the Corps to produce it: And *Pliny* affirms that he hath heard of many.

Hardly with Life the wounded Serpent fled  
To his own seats, and frighted hides his Head.

*Those whom we Wrong, we Hate*: What Arts the stern  
Rustick before did learn  
From the wise Serpent, now seem'd poor, and cheap:  
Who Winds and Stars observe, not Sow, nor Reap.  
Him Industry, and Fortune happy made;  
But not long after Udders full wax dry,  
A Chaffie Ear shoots from a wither'd Blade;  
His Corn is blasted, Sheep and Cattel dy.  
Suppliant he stands then at the Serpent's dore,  
And thus desires his Company once more.

Wife as thy self, than Doves more innocent,  
The Injury I repent;  
And though 'tis Justice, since thy Head did feel  
My cruel Axe, that thou shouldst bruise my Heel;  
Yet pardon me, and once more I entreat,  
That thou wouldst bleese my little House again.  
Then spoke the Serpent from his low-roof'd seat,  
Though the Wound's whole, the Memory I retain;  
Yet I'll forgive the Wrong, but never more  
While thou a Hatchet hast, come in thy Dore.

### MORAL.

*What Pleasure hath full Boards, when o'r our Head,  
A ponderous Sword hangs on a twisted Thread?  
Fly dangerous Company, when Choler burns,  
Of Princely Cbeer to Bloody Banquets turns.*

## F A B. XXVI.

*Of the Fox and the Crane.*

Noble Sir *Crane*, I tarried at my Gate,  
 You, and your Victory to congratulate.  
 I heard the Battel was both sharp and long;  
 The <sup>(\*)</sup> *Pygmies* are a Nation fierce and strong.  
 Be pleas'd good Sir to light,  
 And take a Bait with me, 'tis long to night;  
 Thus did the *Fox* the mounted *Crane* invite.

(\*) Of the *Cranes* and *Pygmies*,  
 see Note on Fable 15.

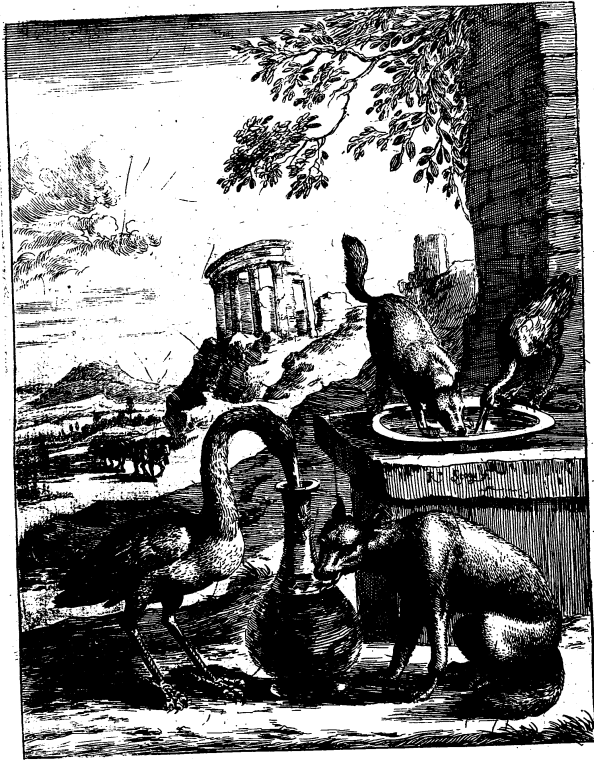
The *Crane* not doubted but the *Fox* could gibe,  
 As well as any of his subtle Tribe.  
 But the sharp Air amongst *Riphean* Rocks,  
 Where nothing was but Hunger, Cold, and Knocks,  
 Provok'd his Appetite;  
 Besides, a savoury Steam did him invite,  
 And his long Nose now stood in his own light.

At last *Fox-Hall* they enter, where they found  
 A Table in a Broathy Deluge drown'd:  
 Broath must not cool; This piddles with his bill,  
 While young Sir *Reynard* did whole Rivers swill,  
 Licks up the *Mediterrane*,  
 Drinks misty Bays, then guzzles up the Main,  
 Till the Boards *Weinfot* face appears again.

When to himself the vex'd *Crane* said; Did I  
 That Giant *Pygmie* kill twelve inches high,  
 When breaking of our Eggs a Sea he made?  
 Him, spitted on this Bill, with Wings displaid  
 I carried o'r the Rocks:

And shall this long-tail'd Cur, this Fox-furr'd *Fox*  
 Abuse me? Must my shoulders bear his Mocks?

It



It must not be. This said, he wipes his Bill,  
As if that he had banqueted his fill,  
And Reynard then invites, with many thanks,  
To taste a Dish brought from *Caister's* Banks,

The *Fox* consents, nor did  
Believe the *Crane* to any thing would bid  
His Worship, unless *Veal*, or *Lamb*, or *Kid*.

Th'appointed hour is kept, and as he with'd  
Choice Cates he found, but in *Glas* *Viols* dish'd.

(*b*) *Tantalus*, a friend of the Gods, admitted to their counsels, was cast down into Hell for revealing of them, where he hungers and thirsts in the midst of Plenty.

Kal pho Tántalos eléthēn xēnos dōpē  
Eggon,  
'Eccō ēi Nēphrōi, ē ē pōtōnōnō pōtōnō  
xēnos ē dōpē, &c.

—Next *Tantalus* I spy'd  
Suffering a horrid torment, standing in  
A pleasant River close up to his Chin,  
Who thirstily, oft as he desir'd to drink,  
Dry sands appear, and swelling billows  
shrink  
Beneath his feet, forc'd by some angry  
God;  
About his Head, Trees which rich  
Fruit did load,  
Pears, Apples, Figs, and Olives in a  
throng  
Their various kinds in dangling Clus-  
ters hung;  
Oft as th'old man strove one of them  
to catch  
A Wind conceal'd, or blew out of his  
reach.

Whom *Ovid* follows lib. 4. *Meta-  
morphos*.

—*tibi Tantalus nulla  
Dependuntur aquae, quaeque imminent  
effugit umbra.*

From *Tantalus* deceitful water slips,  
And catch'd at fruit avoids his touch-  
ed lips.

By which the Antients signified  
how fatal a thing it was to discover  
the secrets of Princes.

This diving with his Beak sweet Morfels picks,  
With watry Jaws dry *Glas* Sir *Reynard* licks:

Then said; I have deserv'd  
With (*b*) *Tantalizing* Banquets to be sterv'd,  
And am with Tricks for Tricks most justly serv'd.

### MORAL.

The most ingenious Scoffs, and bitter'st Taunts,  
Are best Revenged with the like Affronts:  
But many times from them such Rancor breeds,  
That he that Laugh'd at first, soon after Bleeds.



F A B. XXVII.

Of the File and the Viper.

**VV** As't ill-advifing Hunger did perfwade,  
Or Anger, that fond *Viper* to invade  
A horrid *File*, which had an iron husk

Scorn'd the Sharks tooth, def'd the wild Boars tusk :

It had a skin fo hard and rough,

As that Infernal coat of Buff

The *Luciferian* General had on

In the first grand Rebellion :

Which no Cœleftial arm

Could harm,

Or pierce,

But His, who guids the Stars, and Rules the Univerfe.

But Anger gave the caufe he fo miftook ;

He knew the fweating Artift was no Cook,

Who with this *File* that day had polished

The Snakes which Periwig the (\*) *Gorgon's* Head,

And had fil'd down the fpeckled Mail,

Which fhining arm'd th'old Dragon's Tail :

He thought thofe Snakes alive had been ,

And ftrange Tortures he had feen.

Since on the Man he could not light

To bite,

He glides

Raging with venom'd tooth, to pierce ftrong *Iron-fides*.

The fecure *File*, whilft he did gnaw and bite,

Smiling lay ftill ; at length it laugh'd out-right ;

Finding his Foe no Elftidge weapons had ,

To murder Horfe-shoes, and devour a Gad.

L

Then

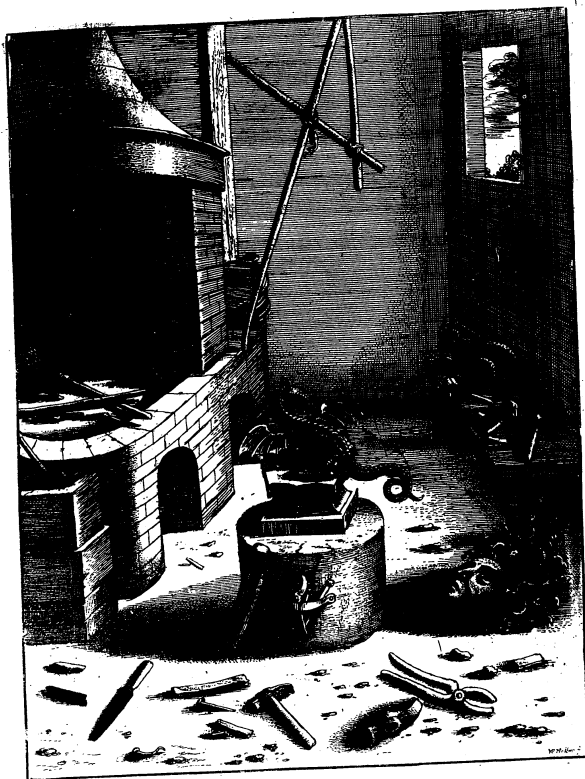
(\*) We cannot better describe the *Gorgon's* head than in the words of *Sidonius Apollinaris*, *Epithalam.*

*Gorgo tenet pectus medium, factura videt  
Et truncata moras, nitet infansufa-  
terbum  
Effigies, vivitque animâ premente ve-  
llofas.  
Alta cerearum spinis caput asperat  
atram  
Congeries, &c.*

The *Gorgon's* head, which guards her  
bosom, would  
Change thee to flate shouldst thou  
it behold.

The treacherous face shines proudly,  
and though dead,  
Lies beaury keep : Snakes matted  
round her head,  
In fpeckled Curles volatminoufly  
weeatch,  
And bring trefles direly hilling  
breath.

It was the head of *Medusa* cut off  
by *Perfeus* while she was afleep, and  
was carried afterwards in the midft of  
*Minerva's* fhield, according to the  
defcription of it by *Homar* and  
*Virgil*.



Then thus began ; Desist for shame.  
 Thou hurtst not me , I'm still the same :  
 When thou begin'st a War, not only know  
 Thy own, but Forces of the Foe :  
 Thou seest I lye upon my back,  
 And crack  
 Thy Gums :  
*He is not wise with his own Strength himself o'comes.*

## MORAL.

*Fools that with Spleen and Fury are possest,  
 Not mind their own, nor publick Interest :  
 Some, vex'd abroad, on their Domesticks fall ;  
 Or bruise their knuckles on a senseless Wall.*

F A B.

## F A B. XXVIII.

*Of the Hart.*

**T**He *Hart* beholding in a Fountain clear  
 His stately Crest,  
 With Antlers drest,  
 Admiring said, I am a gallant Dear.  
 How many in the Park like me appear ?  
 Where is the Beast that can,  
 Or the Cornuted Man,  
 Shew such a Horny Forrest on his Head ?  
 Nor could that mighty Stag,  
 Arms like these Weapons brag,  
 Which with the famous Clubman combated,  
 Nor were *Athlons* branches fairer spread.  
 But his Supporters did stir up his Gall ;  
 'Mongst all the ranks  
 Of Spindle-shanks,  
 None were so little, none had Legs so small.  
 Both God and Nature he unjust did call,  
 To mount him like the *Crane*,  
 On four Limbs less than twain.  
 Such spiny Shins ne'r went in any Road ;  
 Those usher Dames boast half,  
 His Legs had ne'r a calf ;  
 He wonders that on Stilts he durst abroad ;  
 And why four Sticks bore such a gallant Load ?  
 Thus while he descanted on every part,  
 The Wood rebounds  
 With Horns and Hounds ;  
 Like to a *Scythian* Shaft, or *Indian* Dart,  
 Or Clouds with Tempest driven, flies the *Hart* :

L 2

Those

Those Legs he so much scorns  
 Did save him, but his Horns  
 Entangled 'mongst thick boughs made him a Prey,  
 Who spake with weeping Eys;  
 Poor Friends I did despise,  
 Who me from Dogs and Hunters did convey:  
*But Pride, vain Pride, did the Proud Hart betray.*

## MORAL.

*Too much we value Beauty, Wit, and Arts,  
 Since oft great Men are ruin'd by their Parts:  
 Some with small Learning, and a slender Lift  
 Of Vertues, Frowns of fickle Chance resist.*



## F A B. XXIX.

*Of Birds and Beasts.*

**A** Difference 'twixt Birds and Beasts arose,  
 But how, no Story shows ;  
 Traditions tell, that Beasts  
 In Trees would build their Nests ;  
 Others, that Birds did Forrest Lands enclose :  
 But hot Debate at last did come to Blows.

Both Feather'd, and Four-footed not delay  
 To muster and array ;  
 And as the Nations use,  
 Their Generals they choose :  
 The Eagle must the Winged Legions sway,  
 The Lion, in great bodies, Beasts obey.

Poets and Painters added to their force ;  
 The Feather'd *Griphon* and the Winged *Horse* ;  
 Than those no other dare  
 'Tempt Castles in the Air ,  
 Nor through untraced Sky to bend their Course,  
 Among steep Rocks the Eagles Nest to force.

The *Bat* observing that the Bestial Power  
 Encreased every hour,  
 How Lyons, Wolves, Bears, and Boars,  
 Dogs, and Horses, fill'd the shores,  
 Enough ten Flying Armies to devour,  
 Straight he revolts, and yields his Airy Tower.

Both sides engage, there was a mighty Fight ,  
 From Morning untill Night ;

Beasts

Beasts well maintain their place,  
 Birds charge them in the Face :  
 The *Eagle* by advantages of Height,  
 Both Salvage and Domestick put to Flight.

The Treacherous *Bat* was in the battel took :  
 All hate the Traytor's Look,

He never must display,  
 Again his Wings by Day,  
 But hated, live in some foul dusty Nook,  
 'Cause he his Country in Distress forsook.

## MORAL.

Wise Men are Valiant, and of Honest Minds ;  
 Treacherous subtle, and explore all Winds :  
 Or King or State their Ruin they'l endure,  
 May they from Sequestration be secure.

## F A B. XXX.

## Of the Jay and Peacocks.



**VV** Ho hath not heard of that most cruel  
Fight,  
When by the Eagles Beasts were put  
to flight?

When, from Supplies fell in at setting Sun  
Of Harpies, Furies, and sad birds of Night,  
Tygres like Steers, like Sheep bold Lyons run:  
Then first on birds and beasts Men to the height  
Did feast themselves, and they who often prey'd  
On slaughter'd Armies, now a Prey are made.

'Mongst other Chances of that dreadfull day,  
A wing of Peacocks was discomfited:  
Their valiant Leader 'mongst the foremost lay,  
His Angel-plumes dy'd with his own blood red.  
This had a Page, a proud and foolish Jay,  
Whom from an Egge, he in his Nest had bred:  
This strips his Lord, and boldly then assumes  
His Train of <sup>(\*)</sup> Argus Eys, and gaudy Plumes.

When to the Eagles Court the proud Jay got,  
And like a Turkey-Cock struts up and down,  
Sueing to draw in <sup>(b)</sup> Juno's Chariot,  
As if those gaudy Feathers were his own:  
With Love fair Pea-Hens here he follows hot,  
Keeps company with Noble birds, or none:  
Among the Wits, and Braveries did fit,  
And would be (strange) a Bravery and a Wit.

His tongue condemn'd to everlasting prate,  
Boasting his Beauty, Wealth, and better Notes,  
Brought

<sup>(\*)</sup> Argus was feigned to be a man with an hundred eyes, to whose custody Juno delivered Io transform'd into a Cow; who, by the Command of Jupiter, being cast into a dead sleep, was slain by Mercury. This Fable is at large related by Ovid in the first of his *Metamorphosis*.

*Dumce Arestorix servandum tradidit Argos.  
Crastum Iovisibus cinctum caput Argus habebat, &c.*

Until she Io gave to Argus guard  
A hundred eyes his Heads large circuit star'd;  
Whereof, by turns, at once two only sleep;  
The other watch'd and fill their stations kept.  
Which way so'er he stands he Io spies,  
So, behind him, was before his eyes, &c.

The Moral of this Fable is thus expressed by *Pontanus*,

*Argentinum Calum est, vigilans lammis flamma  
Elberta, & vario labentia sidera monach.*

Argus is Heaven, æthereal fire his eyes,  
That wake by turns, and Stars that see and rise.  
These sparkle on the brow of staid night,  
But when Apollo tears his glorious light,  
They vanquish'd by so great a splendor die,  
And buried in obscure Olympus lie.

<sup>(b)</sup> That the Chariot of Juno was drawn by Peacocks appears from many of the *Roman Medals*, whence it is called *ales Junonia*.

*Explicat atque suas ales Junonia pennas.*

The Poets feigned that Juno converted the eyes of Argus, after he was slain by Mercury, in her Peacocks Train, *Ovid. l. 1. Metam.*

*Excipit his, volucrisque sua Satur.  
Mia pennis  
Collucet, et gemmis candam stellasque implet.*

Yet that those Starry jewels might remain,  
Bright Juno fix'd them in her Peacocks Train.

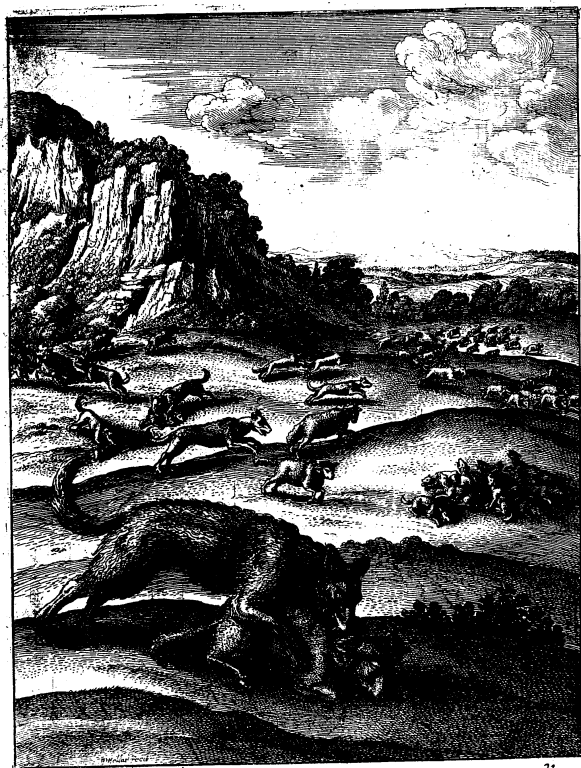
Brought on him first Suspicion, after Hate :  
*(Peacocks, though Angels plumes, have Devils throats)*  
 At last they strip him, as he chattering fate,  
 Of his fairy Feathers, and his gaudy Coats ;  
 Naked and banish'd from the Court of Birds,  
 He to a doleful Note compos'd these words ;

I stand the true Example of vain Pride ,  
 Since I the *Jayish* Nation did despise,  
 Not only noble Birds will me deride,  
 But I shall be a scorn to Jacks and Pies :  
 Not *Tyrian* Robes can Birth and breeding hide,  
*Let their own Fortune still content the Wise,*  
 And let all those that climb above their place ,  
 Strip'd be like me, and suffer such disgrace.

## MORAL.

*Whether Ambition, Vertue be , or Vice ?  
 Hath rais'd great Disputations 'mong the Nice :  
 Who by unseen gradations reach a Crown ,  
 Heroes are stil'd, but Traytors tumbling down.*

FAB.



31

F A B. XXXI.

*Of the Wolves and Sheep.*

**T**He *Wolves* and *Sheep*, great Nations both,  
and strong,  
Had long  
A mighty War maintain'd:  
Great slaughter oft there was of old and young,  
With various Chance, yet none the better gain'd.  
Finding their Strength decay'd, their Treasure drain'd,  
With one consent Commissioners are choic'd,  
That might so great a Difference compose,  
And joyn in lasting Leagues such antient Foes.

Long they not fate, when they conclude a Peace:  
On these

Few Articles they streight agreed;  
The *Wolves* should give their Whelps up Hostages,  
The *Sheep* their Dogs, their stout *Molossian* breed,  
And then they might in Fields at pleasure feed;  
The *Wolvisb* bands should sally forth no more  
From Wood nor Hill; no *Wolf* come near the dore:  
To this horn'd <sup>(a)</sup> *Beline*, and fierce <sup>(b)</sup> *Igrim* swore.

(a) The Ram.  
(b) The Wolf.

And now on pleasant Plains themselves the *Sheep*  
Do keep;

No Dog of War to guard the Cote;  
All seem secure; they eat, and drink, and sleep:  
When the young *Wolves* extend a Hungry throat,  
Wanting their Dams, and raise a dismal Note.

M

*Wolves*



*Wolves cry, The Peace is broke, and like a shower  
Fell in their Quarters, and whole Flocks devour.  
Neither to Friend nor Foe give up your Power.*

**MORAL.**

*Not Hostages, though Sons, the Foe can Bind,  
If they an evident advantage find:  
Let Mothers Weep, Dy Children, suffer Friends,  
Th' Ambitious, values nothing but his Ends.*

## F A B. XXXII.

*Of the Wolf and the Fox.*

**T**Hat Night what slaughter did the Fields im-  
brew,  
When from the Woods, and Hills the *Wol-*  
*vish* Crew,

Pretending Rescue of their curst Brood,  
Howling the Peace was broke,  
Fell on the guiltless Flock,  
And satisfied their Ravening Jaws with Blood !  
They who a Solemn League and Cov'nant swore,  
But one short day before,  
Then slew *Ram Beline* at the Shepherd's Dore,  
And with him Slaughter'd many thousands more.

Among these was one whom *Wolves* themselves did call,  
For Rapine, *Plunder-Master-General*;  
This having stuff, in that great Massacre,  
His Den with Fattest Sheep,  
Resolves a Feast to keep,  
And sit in State alone like King's to fare :  
When with Self-kindness struck, he thus began ;  
I Fear nor Dog nor Man ;  
I scorn the Swain, and Sheep-Protector *Pan* ;  
Soul, take thy Rest, do they the worst they can.

A Crafty *Fox*, who strict account did keep  
Of those well-fed, and Golden-fleeced Sheep  
He, by the Horns, that night to's Den had drawn,  
Two days and long nights waits,  
Expecting open Gates ;  
When with the Greedy Worm his bowels gnawn,  
M 2 Aloud



Aloud he calls? Ho! Colonel, How d'ye fare?  
 Be pleas'd to take the Air;  
 And since the *Wolfish* Army Conquerors are,  
 Keep not within, nor Spirits wait with Care.

The *Wolf* perceiv'd the *Fox* desir'd to Feast,  
 And in his absence make himself a Guest;  
 When with a heavy Groan he thus returns;  
 Ah dearest Cousin, I  
 Am Sick, am like to dy;  
 In a hot Feaver all my body burns.  
 In that nights Service I, provok'd with Zeal  
 To serve the Common-weal,  
 After much Toyl, would needs stand Centinel,  
 Where I took Cold, which did my Blood Congeal.

In my stopp'd Veins rules adventitious Heat;  
 Swift doth my Pulse like an Alarum beat;  
 My Throat so dry, that Seas of *Sheepish* Blood,  
 Which still did use to cure  
 The *Wolfish* Calenture.

Commix'd with Humane gore, will do no good.  
 Desire not to come in; Cousin, I fear

'Tis dangerous; Spots appear:  
 My short Breath tells me my Departure's near;  
 Ah! that I had some Zealous Pastor here.

Thin Hunger now gives place to swelling Rage;  
 Thirst to Revenge, spurs *Reynard* to engage  
 With Mortal Foes: Who straight thus calls a Swain;  
 Ho! Shepherd, come away,  
 Make this a Holy-day;  
 The *Wolf*, by whom such loss you did sustain,

I'll

I'll bring you to; be pleas'd to Fancy then  
 Me, with his Goods and Den,  
 And cleer my Score of Lamb, Kid, Goose, and Hen;  
 The Shepherd grants, and calls his Dogs and Men.

Mean while the *Wolf* did sit at joyful Feasts;  
 When at his Gates he heard no welcome Guests,  
 Repeated Surfeits oft make Courage fail.

Up starts his brisly Hair,  
 His fiery Eyes now stare,  
 And Cowering 'twixt his Legs he claps his Tail.  
 But out he must, and venture to the Field;  
 No quarter Shepherds yield:  
 His pamper'd Belly made him leaden heel'd,  
 That e'r he ran six score, the *Wolf* was kill'd.

This done, the Man sets on his Dogs again,  
 And *Reynard* seiz'd; who dying did complain;  
 I the sad Emblem-am of Rancorous Spight.

The foolish *Fox* repin'd,  
 Because the *Wolf* had din'd  
 So well alone, and would not him invite.  
 Thieves falling out, thus True Men get their own.  
 His Head must go to Town,  
 My Skin must face some wealthy Burgers Gown:  
 Thus Avarice hath the *Wolf* and *Fox* o'r-thrown.

## MORAL.

When Conquerours, rich with spoil, scorn Men and Gods  
 Chance unexpected, shakes Revenging Rods.  
 Are Common Foes destroy'd? th' unequal Share  
 From Complices will raise a second War.

F A B.

## F A B. XXXIII.

*Of the Fly and the Ant.*

**W**Hen the hot Dog-star, joyn'd with  
*Phæbus* Beams,  
 Drank broad-back'd Floods to nar-  
 row-shoulder'd Streams,

From the King's Palace comes the silken *Fly*,  
 And cuts with Sarcenet Wings the Sultry Sky;  
 From whence he saw black bands of Labouring *Ants*  
 (Mindful of Winter, and approaching Wants)  
 March through straight paths, on many shoulders born,  
 View'd a great Convoy guard one Grain of Corn.

Then to himself he said; 'Tis wond'rous strange  
*Ants* thus should toyl, to fill some petty Grange,  
 When those in Courts, and Cities, with less pain,  
 Oft in an hour get more than Rusticks gain  
 In their whole Life: Clownstoyl for Cloath and Milk  
 While Courtiers Feast, and flant in Gold and Silk,  
 Purchas'd in Kid-skin Gloves a thousand wayes;  
*None e'r by Sweat did a great Fortune raise.*  
 Then to a Labouring *Ant* the *Fly* did call,  
 And makes Comparisons odious unto all.

What art thou Wretch, to me? worm, thou dost creep  
 And liv'st in Caves, while I my Palace keep  
 In Princes Courts, and when the World is *May*,  
 About their Sun-reflecting Tow'rs I play:  
 Among Heavens Feather'd Quiristers I have flown,  
 And to Cœlestial Musick was the Drone.  
 Thou Water drink'st, and eat'st the Bread of Care,  
 And when your Squadrons plunder, thou dost share  
 Perhaps one grain of Wheat, gain'd with more Toyl,  
 Than some get Kingdoms, and subdue an Isle.



THE FLY AND THE ANT.

I from the Margents of the Golden bowl  
 Drink Liquor that revives the saddest Soul,  
 Frees Prisoners, cures the stripes of cruel Rods,  
 Makes Peasants Princes, and makes Princes Gods.  
 On gilded Ceilings my Heels upward, I,  
 O'r my broad Shoulders looking down, espy  
 Feasts for a Mighty Man, and full Cups plac't :  
 At pleasure all those Delicates I tast.

*Phæbus* my Father was, me he begot  
 When his Steeds fainting fell into a trot  
 In the high Solstice ; Then my Brother *Fly*  
 Dy'd by Ambition in a Prince's Eye :  
 In his Vast Kingdoms he no place could find  
 But that to rest in, equal to his mind.

Why should I boast that Sad, yet happy Fate  
 Of my dear Cousin, the Renowned *Gnat*,  
 Who with his Trumpet sav'd a sleeping Swain  
 From the Snake's Tooth, yet for the Fact was slain ?  
 But soon th'ungrateful Shepherd did Repent,  
 And built him an Eternal Monument ;  
 Whose Epitaph the (•) Prince of Poets made.  
 And the first Stone with polish'd Verses laid.

(•) *Virgil*.

Then spake the *Ant* ; Sir *Fly*, I in a Cave  
 Not Golden Beds, nor Ivory Tables have ;  
 Yet I contented live, though under Ground,  
 When thou dost wander like a Vagabond ;  
 And where thou sojournest, those high Aboads  
 Are none of thine ; Thou hast no Household-Gods ;  
 But when a Tempest comes, and *Fortune's* Frown  
 Tumbles thy King, as other Princes, down,  
 Then in vast Circles may the Hungry *Fly*  
 Round empty Halls, and keep his parch'd Trunk dry ;  
 There shall the Spider subtle Meshes spread,  
 And having seiz'd thee, feast upon thy Head.

And

And while she changes Poison for sweet Blood,  
Thou dying shalt in vain thy King and God  
Great *Belshazzar* implore, who minds not thee,  
Nor pitying will those mighty Slaughters see  
That Emperor makes, when he so many dayes  
To kill *Flys*, off all other business lays.

That thou art *Phœbus* Of-spring thou mai'st pride,  
But say, What art thou by the Mothers side?  
From Excrement, or Putrefaction sprung,  
Foul Ordure brought thee forth, or Madam *Dung*.

Though I inhabit Caves and narrow Cells,  
Yet mighty Kingdoms, and great Common-weals,  
Following examples of th'industrious *Ant*,  
Rise to their height; *VVho Labour shall not want*.

Thou that of Idleness and Impertinence  
The Embleme art, go, seek a safe Defence,  
In the great Shambles, from the Butcher's Flap,  
That kills whole Hundreds like a Thunder-clap.  
Go drown thy self in Snuffs of Drowsie Ale,  
Or leave the World, a Straw thrust through thy Tail.  
Compare with me? Know, that the Noble *Ant*,  
With *(b)* *Myrmidons*, did once a Kingdom plant.

*(b)* *Æacus* in honour of his Mother *Ægina*, having appropriated her name to the Island where he Reign'd, *Æacus* her rival, theret much incens'd, sent a lamentable Pestilence, wherewith the Inhabitants were all destroy'd, except the Royal Family: wherupon *Æacus*, spying a multitude of *Ants* at the root of an Oak, desires as many Men from *Jupiter* to supply the number of those whom the pestilence had devour'd: who dreams in the night that the *Ants* were turn'd into Men, which in the morning proved true. *Ovid* relates the Fable at large.

Forth went I, and beheld the Men  
which late  
My dream presented: such in every  
state  
I saw, and knew them. They salute  
their King,  
I've prais'd, a party to the Town I  
bring;  
I leave to the rest the empty fields,  
and call  
Them *Myrmidons* of their Original.

This Fable was invented from the Inhabitants of that Island, who to avoid the incursions of their neighbours, dwelt in obscure Caves under the Earth like pismires, who being afterwards exercised in martial discipline by *Æacus*, and persuaded to inhabit in Cities, they were feign'd to have been of pismires converted into men.

### MORAL.

Short life and merry, give me Ease, this crys,  
*VVhile that with Sweat and Care his Marrow drys:*  
These are Extremes; upon the Medium fix;  
Study, and Toyl, with Recreation mix.



34

## F A B. XXXIV.

*Of the Fox and Ape.*

**T**He French Ape gives the Fox of Spain *Bon jour*  
Three Congees, and *Tres humble Servitude* :  
Then thus begins ; In *France* we not indure

To see long Cloaks, all there

Go in the shortest Wear,

But your large Fashion is the Statelier sure.

*Pardonne moy*, as we are all too short,  
In Curtail'd Garments, *A la modes* o'th' Court,  
So with th' other Extreme, yours Sir, doth fort.  
Be pleas'd to wear your Fur  
A little shorter, Sir ;

'Twill be as grave, and suit well with your Port.

*Seignour*, I know your Taylor is not here,  
My *Apebip's* Workman, quickly with his Shear  
Shall cut you shorter, and my Self will wear  
The remnant of your Train,  
Conformable to *Spain* :

And then *Don Diegoes* both we shall appear.

*Si Senmor*, said the Fox, we *Dons* of *Spain*  
Are constant to our Fashion, such a Train  
My Father's Father wore ; and to be plain,  
This Long Wear I will keep,  
Though it the Kennel sweep:

Rather than give an Inch to *Monsieur Vain*.

## M O R A L.

Heaven to each Nation several Genius gave ;  
The French too Airy, Spaniards seem too Grave :  
City, the Country ; Courtiers both despise ;  
Civil, and Rude, most their own Manners prize.

N

F A B.

## F A B. XXXV.

## Of the Horse and the Ass.

**H**E was a Fole o' th' Winds, or of the Breed  
Which *Circes* stole, got by a Heavenly Steed.  
Broad was his Back, his Belly short, a large  
And dimpled Breast, the Office to discharge  
Of swelling Lungs: His Fet-locks clean, a Hoof  
'Gainst stony Roads, and Rocky Mountains, proof.  
Eys full, quick Ears, fire when the Trumpets sound  
From's Noftrils flies; nor stands on any Ground.  
His Colour Dapple-grey, his Skin more sleek  
Than *Venus* bosom, or plump *Bacchus* Check:  
On's Breast a Feather, on his Crown a Star:  
Such *Alexander*, or the God of War  
Did use to ride; bearing down all before  
Their White Feet Strawberry'd with Crimson Gore.  
His flowing Main, and bushy Tail was ty'd  
With Ribands, baffled Rain-bows in their pride:  
His Bridle, Saddle, all you could behold,  
His Cloth, and Stirrups, nay, his Shoes, were Gold.

This at *Olympus*, when the Prize he won,  
Broke fiery (a) *Æthon's* breath that drew the Sun,  
Strain'd the neer Pinion of the Northern Wind,  
And far left all Competitors behind.

This proud of many Victories, at a Pals  
In his *Grand-paw* did meet a laden *Ass*;  
To whom he said; Thou Son of a dull Sire,  
Stand up, or else I'll trample thee in th' Mire.  
Thou shalt lye gasping here beneath thy Load,  
Curst by all those thou hindrest in the Road.  
The silly beast not daring in his face  
To look, nor answer, suddainly gave place,

Who

(a) The Chariot of the Sun was drawn by four Horses, *Æthon*, *Pyros*, *Phlegon* and *Eous*, whose names signify only Light and Heat, of which the Sun is the fountain. *Ovid Metam. lib. 2.*

*Inter cæ volucres Pyrois, Eous, & Æthon,  
Solis equi, quatuorq; Phlegon luminis arax  
Flammis iris implet, pedibusq; regula pulsant.*

Mean while the Sun's swift Horses, hot  
*Pyros*,  
Light *Æthon*, fiery *Phlegon*, bright  
*Eous*,  
Neighing aloud inflame the Air with heat,  
And with their thundering hoofs the  
Barriers beat.





Who, while the Clock struck Twelve, did run a Mile,  
And shakes with thund'ring Hoofs the rotten Soil.

And now the day was come, the hour drew on,  
When seven Steeds, swift as those drew *Phæton*,  
Were match'd to run for a huge Golden Bowl;  
Which, crown'd with Wine, must glad his Master's Soul  
That wins the Cup. *Duple* so well was known  
On his side all would Bet, but 'gainst him, none.  
To the first Post they came, *Jockies* were weigh'd,  
Great Cracks on each side were, and Wagers laid.  
The Signal's given, at once seven Champions start,  
Now Spur, now Switch, Hank, Loose, no little Art  
Their Riders shew: Low as their *Horses* Ear  
Bending their Heads, they break resisting Air.  
The Earth with Hoofs, the Skies with Clamours rore,  
While Voices tumbled Eccho on the shore.

But as Swift *Duple* far did all out-strip,  
Ah dire Mischance! he strain'd and shot his Hip;  
Thus shaken out, he and his Rider droop,  
While in a dusty Cloud on goes the Troop.

Here our sad Tale begins; this Steed unfit  
To run the Race, or with a burnish'd Bit  
To bear his wealthy Lord with Proud short Steps,  
Disgrace for all his former Service reaps:  
They take from him his Trappings, Silk, and Gold,  
And to a cruel Car-man he is sold,  
Labour'd all Day, and fed at Night with Grains,  
He Dreams of Loads, steep Hills, and narrow Lanes.  
With's Cart at's Back, weary and ill-Arraid  
The *Ass* esp'd him, and thus vapouring Brail'd:

Sir, I'm mistaken, if I did not meet  
Your Horse-ship lately in this winding Street,  
But you'r much alter'd in a little time,  
You'r Lean, and Poor, then Fat, and in your Prime;

Where's all the gallant Furniture you had ?  
 How Rustily you look in Leather clad ?  
 Nor your soft Neck bends proudly in a Trot ,  
 With Ladies in a *Belgick* Chariot ,  
 Bounding on Velvet Beds ; nor I discern  
 No golden Scutcheons, on your gilded Stern ;  
 Your Wheels not thunder, nor your Axes flame ;  
 This is a Cart ; you draw as if you'r lame.

Thus are proud Mortals paid, and *They that know*  
*No Mean in Bliss, shall have no Mean of Woe ;*  
 And this shall be the greatest Gall to Pride,  
 Whom they scorn'd rich, grown poor, shall them deride.

### MORAL.

*Let no Prosperity move Arrogance ;  
 Like April are the fickle Brooms of Chance :  
 But when she most seems for thee , then provide  
 With Caution to allay o'r-swelling Pride.*



## F A B. XXXVI.

*Of the Husband-man and the Wood.*

**N**EER a vast Commons, was a mighty Grove,  
 Protected by the <sup>(a)</sup> *Hama-dryades*,  
 Which then had Mansion in those long-liv'd  
 Trees;  
 There flourish'd <sup>(b)</sup> *Esculus* the Delight of *Jove*,  
 And *Phæbus* <sup>(c)</sup> Love;

And there were Plants had Sense, and some could Feed,  
 And fruitful Palms did Male and Female breed;  
 Wool-bearing Stocks grew there, and some of old  
 Whose Leaves were Spangles, and the Branches Gold;

In aged Trees  
 Industrious Bees,  
 Built Fortresses,  
 And did their Waxen Kingdoms frame,  
 And some, they fame, (came,  
 From whose Hard Womb Man's Knotty Of-spring

This wealthy Grove, the Royal *Cedar* grac'd,  
 Whose Head was fix'd among the wandering Stars,  
 Above loud Meteors and Elements Wars,  
 His Root in th' *Adamantine* Centre fast;

This all surpass  
 Crown'd *Libanus*, about him *Elmy* Peers,  
*Asb*, *Fir*, and *Pine*, had flourish'd many years,  
 By him protect'd both from Heat and Cold.  
 Eternal Plants, at least ten Ages old,  
 All of one mind,  
 Their strength conjoin'd,  
 And scorn'd the Wind;

(a) The Antients invented peculiar Gods for their Mountains, Rivers, and Groves, &c. as appears in *Homer's Hymn to Venus*.

Ἡ τῆς Νυμφῶν, ἡ τ' ἄλυσαν καὶ ἐν-  
 ἡ Νυμφῶν ἀνὰ καὶ ὑπὸ τῶν δέν-  
 τρων,  
 Καὶ σπυγὲς πομπῶν, ἡ βίαναι ποικί-  
 λη.

The last of which were called *Dryades* or *Hamadryades*; and these were believ'd to live and die with the Trees in their protection, according to *Apollonius*.

He suffer'd for his Sire who durst pro-  
 voke  
 The *Dryades*, by cutting down their  
 Oaks.  
 The Nymph full of petition'd him with  
 tears,  
 To spare her Tree of equal birth and  
 years:  
 Since both their lives did flourish in  
 that bole,  
 But no intreats could his rash youth  
 control;  
 Who hew'd it down. The Nymph reveng'd  
 her Fall,  
 To him and to his Issue tragical.

(b) *Pliny* in his *Natural History*;  
 lib. 12. c. 1. *Arborum genera Numi-  
 nibus suis dicata perpetuo servantur*;  
 ut *Jovi Esculus*; *Apollini Laurus*;  
*Minervæ Olea*, *Veneri Myrtus*; *Hercu-  
 li Populus*. The Ceremony of dedi-  
 cating this and that kind of Tree to se-  
 veral Gods was always observed; for  
 the *Esculus* is consecrated to *Jupiter*;  
 the *Laural* to *Apollo*, the *Olive-tree* to  
*Minerva*, the *Myrtle* to *Venus*, and  
 the *Poplar* to *Hercules*.

(c) The *Laural*.

Here

Here highly honour'd stood the sacred *Oke*,  
Whom Swains Invoke,  
Which Oracles, like that of *(\*) Dodon*, spoke.

(\*) At *Dodona* in *Epirus*, was the most ancient and famous Oracle of *Jupiter*. The story of it is thus related by *Herodotus*, the antientest of the Greek Historians, who seems to have been inquisitive after the original of it. The Priests of *Jupiter*, at *Thebes* a City in *Egypt*, told me that the *Phœnicians* had stolen away formerly two of their priestesses, & sold one of them into *Libya*, the other into *Greece*, which Women first Continued, as they understood Oracles in those places. But the priestesses at *Dodona* say, that there flew two black Pigeons from *Thebes* of *Egypt*, the one into *Libya*, the other to them, which lighting on an *Oak*, said with a humane voice, That there ought to be an Oracle off *Jupiter* there. They, supposing it to be a divine command, gave'd one to be built there. The rest of the *Dodonæans* agreed with them in their relation. My opinion of them, says *Hesiodus*, is this; If it be true that the *Phœnicians* carried away these two holy Women, and sold one of them into *Libya*, the other into *Hellas*, it seems to me that this woman was sold to the *Thesprotians*, in the Country now called *Hellas*, before *Pelops*, where during her Slavery she consecrated the place near a neighbouring *Oak*, in being probable that she having been consecrated to *Jupiter* in *EGYPT* would retain the memory of him here. Now these Women were called by the *Dodonæans* *Hamadryades* Pigeons, because using an unknown Language, they seemed to talk like Birds; but that this story a while spoke with a humane voice, because she by conversation had learnt the Greek Tongue; when they say the Pigeon was black, they signify that the Woman was an *EGYPTIAN*. The Oracle at *Thebes* in *Egypt*, and that in *Dodona*, are very like one another.

But in the neighbouring Commons dwelt a Swain

That to his Hatchet long did want a Heft;

Which only was the Royal *Cedar's* Gift:

When to the under Cops (that did complain  
Their Sovereign

A Tyrant was) he su'd, they promis'd Aid:

No *Helve* of *Brier* or *Thorn*, was ever made.

Some Rotten-hearted *Elms*, and Wooden Peers,

Run with the Stream, spur'd up by Hopes or Fears;

*Avarice*, *Pride*,

Make others fide;

Hoping more wide,

Some mighty Trees remov'd, they in their stead

Branches might spread

From Sea to Sea, and raise to Heaven their Head.

Then to the *Cedar* he his Suite presents,

About whom round his whispering Counsel grows;

Hot they debate, some side, and some oppose;

When, but unwilling, the forc'd King consents,

And soon repents:

Arm'd by his Gift, Trees fall in Ranks, and Files,

Friends, Foes, in Stacks to Heaven the Rustick piles;

Then hollow *Pines* first cut with Sails unfurl'd

Lines, that, like Nets, are drawn about the World;

Great Trees and small

Together fall,

He Ruins all:

But first the Grove told Oracles expires,

And all their Quires,

Enough t' have made twelve *Cæsars* Funeral Fires.

At

At last the Shepherd standing on a Hill,

Beheld the Havock his own Hands had made,

And with a deep fetcht sigh, thus weeping said;

Where is the Malt, and Akorns that did fill

My bristly Cattel still?

Ill-gotten Wealth, ah me! is ill employ'd,

And I am poorer the whole *Wood* destroy'd.

Where shall my Kids browse? How shall I maintain

My board with Nuts, and blushing Fruit again?

Thus *Avarice* brings

People, and Kings,

Their Ruinings.

Thus Grants of Princes have themselves brought low,

And oft O'r-throw

Them, by their fall on whom they did bestow.

### MORAL.

Who Weapons put into a Mad-Man's Hands;

May be the first the Error understands:

But Kings, that Subjects with their Sword intrust,

If they do Suffer, seems not much unjust.

F A B.

## F A B. XXXVII.

*Of the Hart and Oxen.*

**A**H me! poor *Hart*, ah! Whither shalt thou fly,  
 A pack of cruel Hounds in a full Cry  
 Are at thy heels, on the bold Hunts-men rush;  
 In Woods there is no Safety, every Bush  
 My Horns will tangle in: ah! where's the Stream  
 Whose Waves commiserating would from them  
 To further Shores in Safety me convey,  
 Where I at last my weary Limbs might lay?

Thus the chas'd *Deer* his woful Chance bemoans  
 To Hills and Dales, deaf Trees and senseless Stones;  
 When his own Fate, by ill advice, did call  
 Him to seek Refuge, at the *Oxen's* Stall.

To whom he said; Ah! for Acquaintance sake,  
 Since we in one Park dwelt, some Pity take,  
 Receive me in; a thousand ways you may  
 Save this poor Life; I'll hide in yonder Hay.  
 When one repli'd, He might in Safety ly  
 There till the Men, and cruel Dogs pass by;  
 But if their Master or his Man came in,  
 The Danger greater was, should he be seen.  
 Keep Counsel, Sirs, and I will venture here:  
 Under the Cock, at All-hid plays the *Deer*.

When a dull Servant enter'd, one that did  
 Not half the Work his carefull Master bid,  
 Returning when the Beasts were serv'd with Hay.  
 Then flatt'ring Hope did the glad *Hart* betray.

But an Experienc'd *Ox*, whom *Livie* made:  
 Once speak before, to him rejoicing, said;  
 Unhappy Friend, thou hast small cause to vant;  
 Wert thou as mighty as an Elephant,

Stood



Stood where I stand, a Cattle on thy back,  
 This Clown had left thee feeding at the Rack.  
 This is a Clod heavier than Earth ; such Souls,  
 Were all Heaven Sun, would see no more than Moles :  
 But when our Master enters, I advise  
 That close thou ly, for he hath *Argus* Eys ;  
 To scape from him, that is a work, a Task,  
 Would all the Shifts of subtle (\*) *Proteus* ask.

Scarce said, but in the busy Master came,  
 And first his Servant's Negligence did blame,  
 Gathers the Offalls, did the Litter spread,  
 The Labouring Yoke-mates with his own hands fed ;  
 Here, there, he pries, and searcheth every part,  
 Three Fathome under Hay he finds the *Hart*.  
 Glad of the Prize, aloud for Aid he calls,  
 Streight on the *Deer*, a Troop of Rusticks falls ;  
 No hope of Quarter, he with weeping Eys  
 Chief Mourner was, at his own Obsequies.

(\*) *Proteus* was King of the *Egyptians* about the time of the *Trojan War* ; feign'd to have chang'd himself into sundry forms, now seeming a Beast, now a Tree, now Fire. *Ovid Metamorph. l. 8.*

*Sunt quibus in plures jus est transire figuras :  
 Ut tibi complexi terram maris intola Protea, &c.*

Others have power themselves at will to change,  
 As thou blue *Proteus*, that in Seas dost range.  
 Who now a Man, a *Lion* now appears,  
 Now a fell Boar, a Serpent's shape now bears ;  
 A Bull with threatening Horns now seem'd to be,  
 Now like a Stone, now like a spreading Tree ;  
 And sometimes like a gentle River flows,  
 Sometimes like fire, averle to water, shows.

Which he attain'd, it seems, by his conversation with the Magicians of *Egypt*, of whose strange performances of that nature the Scriptures make mention. But *Diodorus Siculus* saies, that the Kings of that Countrey wore sometimes the shapes of *Lions*, *Bulls*, and *Dragons* on their heads, as marks of Regality ; sometimes *Trees*, *Fire*, and the like, which was the original of this *Grecian Fable*.

### MORAL.

When urgent Dangers press, 'tis hard to shun ;  
 Stern Fortune loves to end as she begun :  
 On Fear, and Hast, bad Counsell still attends ;  
 Let none seek Refuge from unable Friends.

## F A B. XXXVIII.

*Of the Lyon that was Sick,*

**T**Hrough all the Forrest was a Rumor spread,  
The King the *Lyon's* Sick, some report Dead.  
No sooner was it trumpeted by Fame,

But Wild and Tame,  
From all parts came,  
With Countenances sad,  
Though inly glad ;

A mighty Throng at the Court Gates appear :

But flie Sir *Reynard* was not there.

To whom the King thus with a Porcupin's Quill  
Writ on a Leaf; Dear Cousin, I am ill,  
And your Advice now want to make my Will.

If you suspect ( but Fear is causless, Sir )

Danger at Court, alas ! I cannot stir ;

The holy *Wolf* here teacheth Heaven's Commands,

*Grim Malkin* stands,

Wringing her Hands,

The Lamb and Tygre sit

Both at my Feet ;

But none of these can Comfort Us, like you.

You shall not, Friend, your coming rue,

Ah ! let me see thee e'r my Eys do fail ;

You oft have help'd me, oft your Wisdom's Tail

Made on the ground my Parliament Robes to trail.

To whom the subtle *Fox* repli'd again,

That he to Heaven would pray, his Sovereign

May former Health recover, and once more

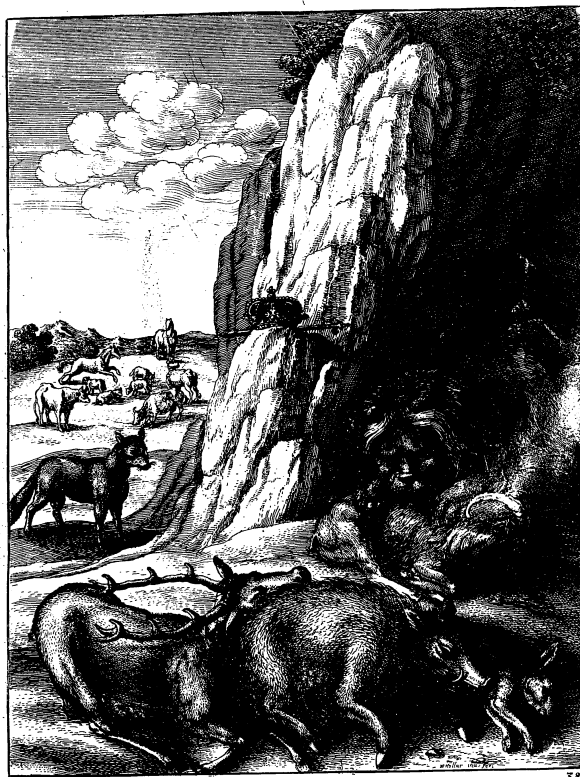
From Shore to Shore

Be heard to Rôre,

And with his Voice to make

The Forrest shake :

But



But to obey his Will must be deny'd,  
Because he many Tracks espi'd  
Of Visitants repair'd to's Royal Den;  
But saw no Print of those return'd agen.  
His Majesty must pardon him till then.

## MORAL.

*Not too much Credence to Kings Letters give;  
In Flowry Eloquence black Serpents live:  
Confer th' ambiguous Words, and wary read,  
For I'll advance, that's I'll take off thy Head.*

O 2

F A B.



## F A B. XXXIX.

*Of Cupid and Death.*

**C**upid too careful of his Mothers task  
 Roving all day did wound a thousand Hearts  
 With Golden or with Leaden pointed Darts;  
 At night his sport pursuing to a Mask,  
 Where he his Quiver empties and supplies  
 Again from beauteous Ladies Eyes,  
 While they in comely Motion act their parts;  
 What Nymphs are these, some whisper? others ask  
 What Goddesses now appears? and as the admire,  
 Active and fierce Desire  
 Seven couples shoots at once with mutual Fire,  
 And e'r Nights Wheels could the Meridian cut,  
 There thousands more the God to torture put.

The same Day *Death* had at a cruel Fight  
 As busy been, and mighty Slaughter made,  
 She and blind Chance on both sides double plaid;  
 Then the grim Angel visits Towns by night.  
 Now weary, and grown late, *Death* could not well  
 Reach th' Adamantine Gates of Hell,  
 VVhere Plague, VVar, Famine, her Companions laid  
 On Iron Couches, trembling Ghosts affright;  
 Nor could blind *Cupid* (\*) *Paphos* find, so dark

The Sky was grown, no spark  
 In all Heaven's Face to give the Boy a Mark:  
 At one Inn therefore two great Furies lay,  
 Till Sleep *Death's* elder Brother doth obey.

(\*) A City in the Island of *Cyprus*,  
 consecrated to *Venus*, whence she  
 was call'd *Paphia*.



Nor *Death* long rests her weary Bones, but wakes ;  
 Not clearing well her Eys which were two Coals  
 That cast Malignant Beams from gloomy Hoals ;  
 She *Cupid's* Quiver for her own mistakes,  
 And hungry out she flies to Countrys far,  
 To breakfast at a Masacre.

Nor long the Boy from torturing Lovers Souls  
 Cessation made, but out with speed he makes,  
 And storms with deadly Arrows Myrtle Groves,  
 Where perch'd his Mother's Doves,  
 Where cunning Lovers use to find their Loves ;  
 There while the Youth did *Cyprian Vigils* keep  
 Death seals their Eys up in Eternal sleep.

Then through the World a mighty Change appears,  
 When the curl'd Youth, whom Love & Beauty lead  
 Under pale Ensigns muster with the dead,  
 Sad Verse and Garlands fix'd to Virgin Beers ;  
 While in a Dance up the long bed-rid leaps,  
 And Beldams mince with wanton steps,  
 And their pale Cheeks with borrow'd blushes spread  
 False Lillies trenches fill plow'd up with years ;  
 Whom *Death* had mark'd for suddain Funeralls  
 Now for the Viol calls,  
 And old remembring, makes new Madrigals.  
 This hath a Son, that hath a Daughter dead,  
 And their House clear'd, the lusty Parents Wed.

But while this Tragi-Comedy was plaid  
 Of Error long, a Youth more happy saw  
 When to his Ear the God did aiming draw  
 A Shaft at him, and thus to *Cupid* pray'd ;  
 O hold thy Arrow tipp'd with Charnel Bone,  
 And shoot me with a Golden one,

Thy

Thy Darts are wing'd with Death, 'gainst Natures  
See in the Groves what slaughter thou hast made. (Law;  
Must the World end? Must all our Youth be slain?

Must feeble Age again  
Recruit the los? Then let the Gods ordain  
That Winter Marrying with North-Winds be bound  
To make, with sharp Frosts, pregnant barren ground.

Admonish'd thus, he looks about, and spi'd  
Old Men and Matrons Dancing in a Ring,  
And joyful *Pæans* to Love's Mother sing;  
While arm in arm sad youthful Lovers dy'd.  
Streight the Mischance *Cupid* to *Death* makes known,

Requiring to return his own;  
But *Death* in various Conquests taking Pride,  
Reserv'd some feather'd with the Sparrows Wing,  
And left him others dipt i'th' *Stygian* Lake.

From whence rose the Mistake,  
That when sweet love Virgins and Youth should make  
It proves sad Wills; and Old folks one Leg have  
In Wanton Sheets, the other in the Grave.

## MORAL.

*Age burns with Love, while Youth cold Ague shakes;  
And Nature oft her Principles mistakes:  
So suffers Youth in Ages cold embrace,  
As Living Men to Dead bound face to face.*

## F A B. XL.

*The Parliament of Birds.*

VV Hen *Jove* by impious Arms had Heaven possess'd,  
And old King *Saturn* setting in the West

Finish'd the Golden Days, a Silver Morn,  
Pale with the Crimes success, did Earth adorn,  
And gave its Name unto the second Age.  
Then Skies first thund' red, Seas with Tempests rage,  
Four Seasons part the Year, Men Sow, and Plant,  
(The Golden Times nor Labour knew nor Want)  
Then Toyl found Ease by Art, Art by Deceits,  
Then Civil War turn'd Kingdoms into States,  
(For petty Kings Rul'd first ) then *Birds* and *Beasts*  
Did with Republicks private Interests  
Begin to build ; *Eagles* were vanquish'd then,  
And Lyons worsted lost their Royal Den.

*The Silver Age.*

The Birds reduc'd thus to a Popular State,  
Their King and Lords of prey ejected, fate  
A frequent *Parliament* in th' antient Wood,  
There Acting daily for the Nations Good,  
When thus the *Swallow* rising from the flock,  
To Master Speaker, the grave *Parrot*, spoke.

Great things for us, Sir, Providence hath done,  
And we have through a World of Dangers run,  
The *Eagle* and the gentle *Falcon* are  
Destroy'd or Sequester'd by happy War ;  
The *Kite's* Peers, and *Bussard* Lords are flown,  
Who fate with us till we could sit alone :  
Like worthy Patriots since, your special Care  
Hath settled our *Militia* in the Air.

All



All Monarch-hating *Storks* and *Cranes*, who march  
Like Sons of Thunder, through Heavens Crystal-arch,  
When Tumult calls, to beat those *Wigeons* down,  
That vainly flock to re-advance the Crown.

Of Maritim business, let our Sea-fowl tell,  
Who now as far beneath, as 'tis to Hell,  
Th' *Antipodes* dive, to fetch home Gold and Spice  
From *Phœnix*, and the *Bird of Paradise*;  
Whom Thunder-eating Fire-Drakes safe convey  
From Royal *Harpyes*, that pickeer at Sea.  
War is far off remov'd, and almost done;  
And we now sporting in the golden Sun  
Prune, and re-gild our Wings; while on hard Coasts,  
Wedded to Famine, and eternal Frosts,  
The *Eagle* rigid Discipline digests,  
Drove from his *Godwins* to the *Byers* Nests.

We fear no flying Nation, should the King  
Plum'd *Griffons*, and his winged-Horses bring,  
Of now scorn'd (\*) *Pegasus*, the baffled Sons,  
So oft chas'd round our vast Dominions.

(\*) A winged Horse, feign'd to have  
rise out of the blood of *Atalanta* slain  
by *Pelops*, *Ovid* l. 4.

*Dumque gravi somnus colubris ipsam-  
que tenet,  
Eripisse caput collo, primumque fuga-  
tem  
Pegasus, & fratrem matris de sangui-  
ne natos.*

How her head he from off her shoul-  
ders took  
E'r heavy sleep her Snakes and her  
foot took.  
Then told of *Pegasus* and of his bro-  
ther,  
Sprung from the blood of their new  
slaughter'd mother.

By which Fable the Poets expres-  
sed that Fame which flies through the  
mouths of men, and celebrates victo-  
rious virtue.

But a new Danger, with a dire Ostent,  
(You Gods avert it from this *Parliament*)  
Begins to threaten. *Line* unthought upon

Now shades it self and to a Wood is grown,  
Luxurious Branches shooting to the Sky.  
This, this, behold! is the great Enemy:  
Man will make Nets of this, where he'll no fewer

Than thousand silly Birds at once secure:  
Under the Tyranny of twisted Cords  
Oft *Lybian* Lyons grone; those Forrest Lords  
Wild Bulls, and Boars, make all the Wood rebound:  
When they are taken in this Linnen Pound.  
Fetter'd in these, how loud storm salvage Bears?  
And took *Hyena's* weep with unfeign'd Tears.

This

This Branch and Root must up, or else your State  
(Which Forein *Eagles* now congratulate)  
Will be short-liv'd; down, down with't to the ground,  
Nor let its Place or Name be ever found:  
Enact with speed, your Time, your Strength employ  
To Ruin that, which else will you Destroy.

The *Swallow* for his Wisdom much renown'd,  
Since he the Art of Architecture found,  
Whose well-built Nests incircle scarce a Span,  
Are yet but coldly pattern'd out by Man;  
Whose Cement smiles at Time, and th' Elements Rage,  
Strengthen'd with Storms, and more confirm'd by Age,  
Had now prevail'd, and his great Eloquence,  
So sympathizing with the Houses sense,  
Persuaded streight an host of *Geese* and *Cranes*  
Should Plunder and depopulate those Plains.  
But that the *Linnet* (private Interest much,  
Since Linseed was his Food, this *Bird* did touch,)  
Arising said, Most honour'd House of *Birds*,  
The *Swallow* hath, in well-composed words  
And handsome Language, drest up scar-*Crow* doubts  
Of some *Priapus*, or a Thing-of-Clowts,  
Such as Plum'd Forragers fright from Corn and Fruits,  
And well with his complaining Nature suits,  
Sure I believe e'r since the World began,  
This Line hath grown; or wild, or sow'd by Man;  
Yet ne'r employ'd our Nation to betray:  
(\*) But these times find new Arts out every day,  
Lime-twigs are lately known, and Hair and Hooks  
Which Scaley people draw from Crystal Brooks.

(\*) The *Shilly* Age.

But grant all this, will Man his Cordage pin  
To the high Poles, and spread his Linnen gin

P

Or

O'r Heaven's broad Face like Geometrick Lines.  
To catch Stars wandering through twelve spangled Signs  
Then, if hot *Phæbus* burn it not at Noon,  
How shall our gifted *Wood-cocks* reach the Moon,  
Whonow from Churches Lunatick have brought  
Revelations, both for Life and Doctrine taught.

Or over Earth's broad Surface will he spread  
This new Device, and with entangling Thread  
Where e'r we light engage our heedless Foot?  
If so, then grub it up both Branch and Root.

The worst that can, over some little patch  
Of Earth; this Yarn Deceitful Man will watch,  
And with some Bait the hovering Foe entice:  
Then let them suffer for their Avarice.

But the Chief Point I most insist upon,  
Too much we have incens'd already Man;  
Libidinous *Doves* and *Sparrows*, (most unjust,)  
Plunder his Wheat to heighten filthy Lust:  
And wicked *Geese*, *Storks*, and insulting *Cranes*,  
Spoyl their own Quarters, midst his Golden Plains.

But Humane Forces if you long to know,  
And aggravating wrong would raise a Foe;  
Must your Power; your Strength consider first,  
And the Malignants in your Bowels nurs't,  
Ready to rise at all times, when so e'r  
Or *Bird*, or *Beast*; or *Devils*, or *Men* appear.

Unsettled, no such War you can maintain,  
Unless the Common Foe you home again  
With joy invite, unanimous joyn in One;  
But e'r I see that fatal Union,  
And under cruel *Eagles* Ensigns goe,  
Let me descend to unclean *Birds* below,

Brief,

Brief, 'tis impossible to joyn agen,  
Who Gods and Friends despise, tremble at Men.  
To Heaven, the harmless Vegetive let grow,  
And Man incense not, he's a dangerous Foe.

May our good Angels those Cœlestial *Birds*,  
Who skreeking *Eagles* drove with flaming Swords  
From this warm *Paradise*, our State defend,  
'Gainst all dire Fowl, from *Stygian* floods ascend.

This said, th' House thunders with discording Notes  
This for the *Swallow*, that, the *Linner* Votes;  
The major still the weaker part, decry  
The *Swallows* Counsel, bearing to the Sky  
The *Linner's* Wisdom and high Eloquence;  
This House by Reason was not rul'd, but Sense.  
They act, that Line shall to perfection grow,  
And make it Treason to call Man a Foe.

Soon fiery *Sirius*, joyn'd with *Phæbus* Raies,  
Faint Heats encreased, with decreasing daies:  
When *Ceres* golden locks each where were thorn,  
And Line in safety to dry Houses born.  
Then said the *Swallow*, fearing future Fates,  
Whom Jove will Ruin, be Infatuated;  
And straight to Man he flies, and makes a Peace,  
The Articles they sign'd in brief were these:  
He grants him Chimneys for his stately Nest,  
For which his Song must calm Man's troubled Breast.

Mean while fine Threads are Spun of hatchel'd Flax,  
And nothing for the Expedition lacks:  
The VVar grows hot; Fowlers both night and day,  
By their Commission thousands take and slay.  
Here in vast Fields, Nets colour'd like the Corn  
Do Execution Evening and Morn;  
Their Dogs and Stalking-Horses, many fright  
Into the Snare, and Lowbels dreadful light;

P 2

*Eagles*

*Eagles and Hawks* Auxiliaries they imploy,  
And treacherous Fowl their dearest Friends decoy.

Thus soon this rising State was overthrown,  
And Man e'r since did rule the Earth alone.  
When this sad Ditty filer'd o'r with Age  
A Captive *Stare* sung in his woful Cage;  
When Civil War hath brought great Nations low,  
Destruction comes oft with a Foreign Foe.

MORAL.

*In perverse Counsel best Advice is scorn'd,  
The worst, with Art and handsome words adorn'd,  
Enacted is; But private Interest blinds  
The Wise, and betraies the Noblest, Minds.*

## F A B. XLI.

*Of the Rustick and Hercules.*

O Thou that didst so many Monsters kill,  
And of twelve (\*) Labours didst none ill,  
Help, if it be thy will.

O thou that forc'd fire-spitting *Cacus* Den,

And got'st thy Cattel then,

Though mine I ne'r could have agen.

*Alcides*, thou that art the strongest God,

Help with thy long Arms out, and Shoulders broad,

My Wheels, which stick up to the Nave in Mire :

Ah ! 'tis a mighty Load,

Help, I desire,

Or here I will expire.

In a deep Traçt his Cart being lodg'd thus pray'd

A lazy Swain to *Hercules* for Aid.

When thus the Deity in a mighty Crack

Of Thunder to the *Rustick* spake,

Then lying on his back ;

Fool, whip thy pamper'd Horses up the Hill,

Thy Shoulder lay to th' Wheel ,

And there use all thy Strength and Skill :

Not only me whom now thou dost Invoke,

But then expect a God at every Spoke

To thy assistance, who offended be ,

When they implor'd shall look

From Heaven, and see

A heavy Clown like thee.

(\*) The Labours of *Hercules* were the Argument in which all the Ancient Poets did insinuate, briefly enumerated by *Ovid* thus, speaking in the person of *Hercules*.

*Ergo ego sudantem peregrino Templo  
crucore  
Bultrum domui ? sive que alimenta pa-  
travi  
Anteo crispui ? nec me passivus Iberi  
Forma triplex, nec forma triplex tua,  
Cerberus, movit  
Vajne manus, validis pressissis cornua  
Tauri ?  
Vestrum opus Elys habet, vestrum Scym-  
phalides unda,  
Partheniamque nemus, &c.*

— Have I this gain'd  
For slain *Bustris*, who *Jove's* Temple  
stain'd  
With Strangers blood, That from the  
Earth Earth-bred  
*Anteus* held ? whom *Geryon's* triple  
head,  
Nor thine, *o Cerberus*, could once dis-  
may ?  
These hands, these made the *Cretan*  
Bull obey.  
Your labours *Elys* ; smooth *Stympha-*  
*lian* floods  
Concels with praises, and *Parthenian*  
woods.  
You got the Golden Belt of *Thermi-*  
*don*,  
And Apples from the sleep-less *Dra-*  
*gon* won.  
Nor Cloud-born *Centaurs* , nor  
th' *Arcadian* Bore  
Could me resist, nor *Hydra* with her  
fiore  
Of frightful heads, which by their  
lois encens'd,

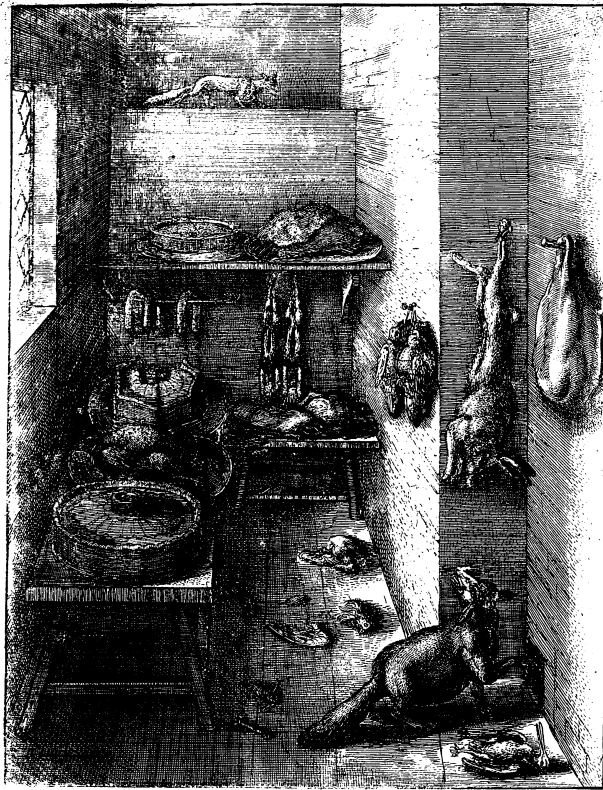


We help the active, though they wicked are ;  
*The Gods ne'r did, nor will, bear Idle Prayer.*

## MORAL.

*Under the Tropicks more refined Souls  
Cherish old Piety : but neer the Poles  
Men follow War, Sail, Bargain, Sow, and Reap,  
And no Religion love, but what is Cheap.*

## FAB. XLII.

*Of the Fox and Weeße.*

**V**With Fasting long, *Reynard* was grown  
the Type

Of Seven years Famin,  
Inforc'd with Hunger, which so much did gripe  
His Clem'd and empty Tripe,  
At last he came in  
To a full Larder, through a straiter hole,  
Than ever Body past, or scarce a Soul.

When he had stuff'd his Panier like a Sack  
With store of Forrage,  
Until his Belly's Hoops, his Ribs, did crack,  
Streight he resolveth to go back  
With all his Carriage,  
By the same Pass he enter'd, nor did think  
His sides might larger grow, or the hole shrink.

At last the streights of the long narrow Lane  
And low-roof'd Entry  
He came to, but a passage fought in vain;  
The Fox repuls'd was fain,  
There to stand Centry:

Seven times the rocky Pass with Teeth and Claws  
He strives to open, and as oft did pause.  
Then Conscience pricks, a Melancholy Fear  
Shews all his Slaughters,

Sad *Partlet* following of a woful Beer,  
Where lay bold *Chanticleer*  
And his three Daughters;

Then jetting Turkeys with blew snouts he spy'd,  
And White-fleec'd Lambs, which he in Scarlet dy'd.  
Like

*The Hen.*

(a) *Hydra* was a Serpent of the Lake of *Lerna*, in the Country of the *Argives*, which was said to have many heads; wherof one being cut off, two rose in the room more terrible than the former: afterwards by *Hercules* destroy'd; Which Fable relates to that place which by the eruptions of its waters annoyed the neighbouring Cities, when one being stopp'd many arose in the room: whose noysome and infectious waters were dryed up by the extraordinary heat of the Sun, signified by *Hercules* according to *Macrobius*.

(b) *The Hare*.

Like (a) *Hydra's*, hissing Geese extend their necks,  
And threaten Ganders;  
At's Eys the Crow, took with his Pizle, pecks;  
(b) *Keyward's* pale Ghost with squeaks  
About him wanders:

That some suppose the *Fox* this day did dine  
On melancholy Dishes, wanting Wine.

Then spake the jeering *Weefle* from the Wall;  
Sir *Fox* I know you'r crafty,  
But you have made a Prison of your Hall,  
Nor can you scape at all,  
Or look for safety,  
Untill you be as thin, as when  
You enter'd, then you may return agen.

Then said the *Fox*; Hunger did ill perfwade,  
Yet those are sterving  
Oft through a Wall of Stone a Breach have made,  
And I may now be paid  
My just deserving.

But thou that in such danger jeer'st the *Fox*,  
Like Fortune may reward thee for thy Mocks:  
Revenge draws nigh, beware the Cat; I can  
But be uncas'd, and bravely dy by Man.

### MORAL.

Heaven's Joies we sell for Broath; rather than want  
With Death and Hell confign a Covenant.  
Greedy of Spoyl, with Violence and Deceit  
We daily act, considering no Retreat.

## F A B. XLIII.

*Of the Hawk and the Cuckow.*

**U**Nworthy Bird, base *Cuckow*, thou that art  
 Large as my self in every part,  
 Strength, length, and colour of thy Wing,  
 Mine much resembling;  
 Whose narrow Soul, whose no, or little Heart,  
 Will to thy board  
 Afford  
 Nothing but Worms of Putrefaction bred;  
 Which of the Noblest Mortals are abhorr'd,  
 Since they must turn to such when they are dead;  
 Mount, gorge thy self with some delicious Bird;  
 Be wise,  
 Such Banquets leave for Daws, and silly Pies.  
 Thus the bold *Hawk* the *Cuckow* did advise.

Who not long after taken in the Field,  
 Having a harmless Pidgeon kill'd.  
 Was in a most unlucky hour  
 Hung from a lofty Tow'r;  
 To teach all those, who blood of Innocents spill'd.  
 The *Cuckow* saw,  
 By Law,  
 The Murtherefs suffer'd; when these Notes she sung;  
 Better with Worms to fill my hungry Maw,  
 Then betwixt Heaven and Earth by th' heels be Hung,  
 And a Cold Bird ly in my Stomach Raw.

Q

Had



Had I

Thy Counfel took, and forrag'd through the Sky,  
There had I hang'd with thee for Company.

MORAL.

*Some without Conscience plunder, spoyl and kill,  
As if for Bloody Banquets were no Bill:  
But Vengeance Spring-tides bath, as well as Neap,  
When Malefactors short from Ladders leap.*

F A B.

## FAB. XLIV.

*Of the Bear and the Bees.*

**B** Ruine the Bear receiving a flight Wound  
 From a too waspish Bee,  
 Joyful to raise a War on any ground,  
 (It was their Wealth had done the injury)

Did now propound,  
 And to himself decree,

Nè'r to return, till he had overthrow'n  
 Twelve Waxed Cities of that Nation,  
 And seiz'd their Hony-treasure as his own:

This being resolv'd, he to the Garden goes,  
 Where stood the stately Hives,  
 One, after one, the Barbarous overthrow's,  
 And many Citizens of Life deprives:

A few survives,  
 Who in a Body close;

For your everted Towr's, your slaughter'd Race;  
 For your great Losses, and your high Disgrace,  
 Fix all your venom'd Weapons in his Face.

This said, the Trumpet sounds, the Vulgar rage,  
 And all at once in mighty War engage.

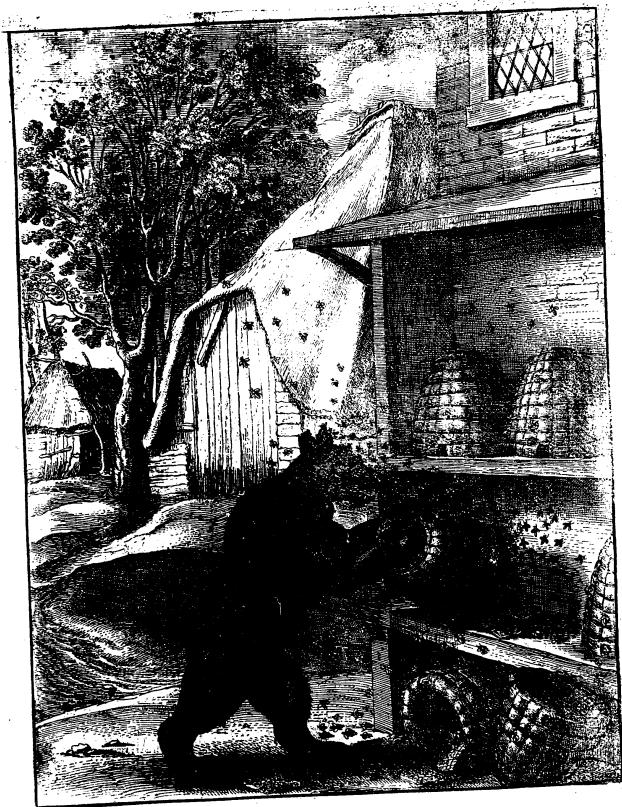
Now Bruine's ugly Visage did not freeze,  
 Nor his foul hands want Gloves;  
 The monstrous Bear you could not see for Bees;  
 No Bacon Gamon was so stuck with Cloves:

Who Hony loves  
 Not with sharp Sawce agrees.

Ore-power'd by multitude, and almost slain,  
 He draws his shatter'd Forces off again;

Q. 2

Theri



Then said ; I better had endur'd the pain  
Of one sharp Sting, than thus to suffer all ;  
Making a Private Quarrel National.

(c) The insolence of the *Perſian* Emperour, here alluded to, in his Expedition againſt *Greece*, we ſhall deliver in the words of *Herodotus*, who liv'd though but a child, at the ſame time. From *Abydos* to the oppoſite Continent, is a Streight of only ſeven Furlongs over ; which when *Xerxes* had cauſ'd a Bridge to be laid, a violent Tempeſt on a ſudden deſtroj'd it ; which when he heard, highly incens'd, he commanded that they ſhould inflict three hundred ſtripes on the *Helſpont*, and drop a couple of Chains into the bottom of it ; Charging them to ſay theſe impious and barbarous words. *O Bitter and Salt Water, thy Maſter inflits this Punishment on thee, becauſe thou haſt injur'd him, being not provok'd by any precedent Wrong. King Xerxes ſhall paſs over thee whether thou wilt or no.* Thus he commanded them to puniſh the Sea, and to ſtrike off the Heads of the Overſeers of the Work.

### MORAL.

*Great Kings, that petty Princes did deſpiſe ;  
Have oft by War's Experience grown Wiſe :  
Who 'a' whip'd the Sea, and threatn'd Floods to Chain,  
Brought back for Millions but a ſlender Train.*

F A B.

## F A B. XLV.

*Of the Hart and Horse.*

**L**ong was the War betwixt the *Hart* and *Horse*  
Fought with like Courage, Chance, and equal  
Force;

Until a fatal day

Gave signal Victory to the *Hart* : the *Steed*

Must now no more in pleasant Valleys feed,

Nor verdant Commons sway,

The *Hart* who now o'r all did Domineer,

This conquering *Stag*,

Slights like a *Nag*,

The vanquish'd *Horse*, which did no more appear.

In want, exil'd, driven from Native Shores,

The *Horse* in Cities Humane aid implores;

To get his Realms again.

Let *Man* now manage him and his affair,

Since he not knows what his own forces are.

Thus sues he for the Rein;

For sweet Revenge he will indure the Bit,

Let him o'r-throw

His cruel Foe,

And let his haughty Rider heavy fit.

He takes the Bridle o'r his yielding Head.

With *Man* and Arms the *Horse* is furnished,

And for the Battel neighs.

But when the *Hart* two Hostile Faces saw

And such a *Centaur* to encounter draw,

He stood a while at gaze.

At



At last known Valour up he rows'd again,  
 More hopes by fight  
 ' There was, than flight;  
 What's won by Arms, by Force he must maintain.

Then to the Battel did the *Hart* advance;  
 The *Horse* a *Man* brings, with a mighty Lance  
 Longer than th' others Crest:  
 The manner of the Fight is chang'd, he feels  
 No more the *Horses* hoof, and ill-aim'd heels;  
 They Charge now breast to breast.  
 Two to one odds 'gainst *Hercules*; the *Hart*,  
 Though strong and stout,  
 Could not hold out,  
 But flies, and must from Conquer'd Realms depart.

Nor longer could the *Horse* his joy contain,  
 But with loud Neighs, and an erected Main,  
 Triumpheth after Fight;  
 When to the Souldier mounted on his back,  
 Feeling him heavy now, the Beast thus spake;  
 Be pleas'd good Sir to light.  
 Since you restor'd to me my Father's Seat,  
 And got the Day,  
 Receive your Pay,  
 And to your City joyfully retreat.

Then said the *Man*; This Saddle which you wear  
 Cost more than all the Lands we conquer'd here,  
 Beside this burnish'd Bit,  
 Your self, and all you have, too little are  
 To clear m' engagements in this mighty War;  
 Till that's paid, here I'll sit:

And

And since against your Foe I aided you,  
 Can you deny  
 Me like Supply?  
 Come, and with me my Enemy subdue.

Then sigh'd the *Horse*, and to the *Man* reply'd;  
 I feel thy cruel Rowels gall my side,  
 And now I am thy Slave;  
 But thank thy self for this, thou foolish Beast,  
 That for Revenge to Foreign Interest  
 Thy self and Kingdom gave.  
 'Mongst Rocky Mountains I had better dwelt,  
 And fed on Thorns,  
 Gor'd by th' *Hart's* Horns,  
 Than wicked *Man's* hard Servitude have felt.

### MORAL.

Some injur'd Princes have, to be Reveng'd,  
 With their own Realms, the Christian World unbing'd,  
 On any terms, with any Nation deal:  
 Will Heaven not bear them? they'll to Hell appeal.

F A B.

## FAB. LXVI.

*Of the Satyr and Traveller.*

**V**Hen *Lucifer* the first Grand Rebel fell,  
With all his Winged Officers to Hell;  
Th' Almighty Conqueror thought not

That then

(fit

All should be quarter'd in the Brimstone Pit  
Prepared for bad Angels, and worse Men :  
But they, the vulgar Spirits did incense  
Against God's Counsel, with a fair pretense, (make,  
That thus Heaven's King they would more glorious  
Were sent by Thunder to the *Stygian Lake* :  
But such whose Crime was Error, he confines

To Caves,

And Graves,

And tender Gold to Guard in hollow Mines :

And some there be, that dare

Make their repair

To Etherial Air ;

These the rough Ocean rule, and others guide  
Wing'd Clouds, and on the backs of Tempests ride.

Such are those Spirits timorous people fright  
In horrid shapes, and play mad Pranks by night ;

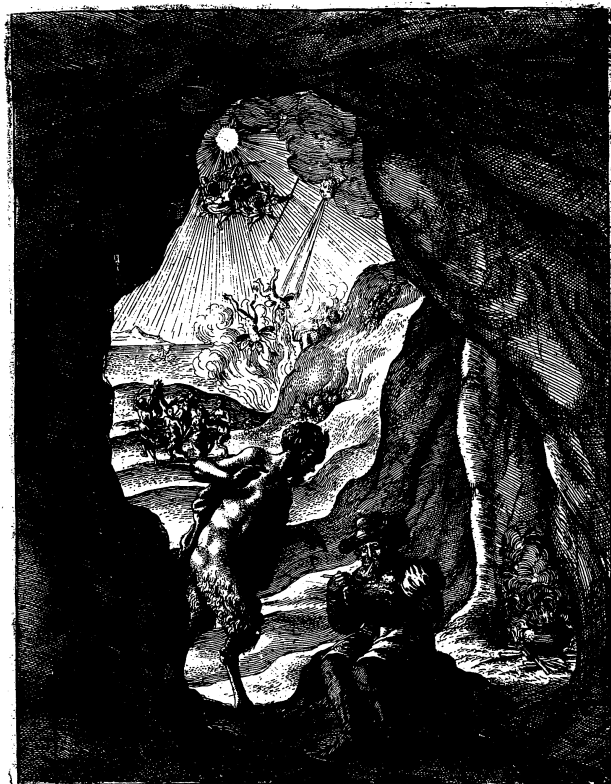
*Nymphs, Faries, Goblins, Satyrs, Fauns,*

Which haunt

Soft purling Streams, cool Shades, and silent Lawns,  
Begot on Mortals, Sires Immortal vaunt.

Of which our *Satyr* was, whose cloven Hoof,  
Rough Thighs, and crooked Horns, were ample proof;  
Who, by the Mothers side more gentle, gave  
To a cold *Traveller* shelter in his Cave,

Whom



Whom *Boreas* charg'd with a huge Drift of Snow.

The Man

Began

Having no Fire, his Fingers ends to blow.

Why thus he blew his Hands?

His Host demands,

And wondring stands:

Who then reply'd; My breath, my Fingers will

Streight unbenum, and warm, though ne'r so chill.

Soon the kind *Satyr* made a Fire, and got

Boyl'd Lentils, which he gave the Stranger, hot.

The Traveller begins to blow

His Broth,

Then ask'd the Rural Deity, Why so?

My Breath will cool't, he said: Then wondrous wroth

The staring *Satyr* answer'd; I that am

The Devil's Sister's Son, and to his Dam

As neer ally'd by my dear Mother, which

Is now a famous *Caledonian* Witch,

Dare not a Monster like to thee behold;

A Man

That can

With the same Lungs at once blow Hot and Cold.

Be gon, or else that Breath

Thou shalt bequeath

To me in Death.

A Sycophant, and a Backbiter too!

My Uncle himself had best beware of you.

#### MORAL.

*Who smile, and Stab; at once cleer, and attaint;*

*Like Pictures are, bere Devil, and there Saint:*

*But Fiends and Saints convertible be, for where*

*We spy a Devil, some say a Saint goes there.*

R

FAB.

## FAB. XLVII.

*Of the Rebellion of the Hands and Feet.*

**R** *Eason*, once King in Man, Depos'd and dead  
 The Purple Isle was rul'd without a Head :  
 The *Stomach* a devouring State swaid all ;  
 At which the *Hands* did burn, the *Feet* did gall :  
 Swift to shed Blood, and prone to Civil Stirs  
 These Members were, who now turn Levellers :  
 The vast Revenue of the little World  
 Is in the Exchequer of the Belly hurl'd ,  
 And Toyl on them impos'd by Eternal Laws ;  
 With a drawn Sword the *Hands* thus plead the Cause ;  
 Free-born as you, here we demand our Right ;

*Reason* being vanquish'd, the proud Appetite

In *Microcosmus* must no Tyrant be,

The idle Paunch shall work as well as we.

The *Stomach* promis'd, and so gain'd our loves,  
 Our King Dethron'd, we should in Kid-skin Gloves

Grow soft again, and free from Corns, the *Feet*

In Cordovant at leisure walk the Street,

Who now toyl more than when that Monarch swaid :

Then we did works of Wonder, then we made

*Egyptian* Pyramids, *Mansolus* Tomb,

Built the *Gran Caire*, great *Ninive*, and *Rome* ;

Heaven-threatening *Babell*, those sky-kissing Tov'rs,

Proud boast themselves, a mighty Work of ours ;

We ( *a* ) *Dædalus* Wing'd to fly from Spire to Spire,

And Thunder fram'd out-ranted *Jove's* loud Fire ;

These were our Work, vvhich are by Fame enroll'd ;

Novv we dress Meat, Change it some God to Gold.

Skies, Seas, we spread vvith Nets, vast Earth vvith Gins,

To banquet you, vvho feast Seven Deadly Sins.

Did

(a) *Dædalus* with his Son *Icarus* being imprisoned by *Minos*, and seeing no possibility of escape, either by Sea or Land, makes himself and his Son artificial wings, and saves himself by flight through the Air ; but his Son, having the cement of his wings melted by his too near approach to the Sun, dropt into the Sea from him called the *Icarian* Sea : The Moral of this Fable *Seneca* the Tragedian delivers thus :

*Male profectur magna mihi,  
 Felix alius magnæque volat ;  
 Me nulla vocis turba potestem, &c.*

Great heights, great downsals balance fill,  
 Be great and glorious they that will,  
 Let none for potent me adore,  
 May my small Bark coast by the shore  
 Unforc'd to sea by lofty Winds,  
 Calm Days proud Fortune never  
 Rides ;  
 But ships on high-wrought fens assails,  
 Whole Top falls swell with cloudy  
 gales.

The History contain'd in it is this : *Dædalus* imprison'd by *Minos* in the Labyrinth, escap'd by a wile, and put to sea in two small vessels ; the one guided by himself the other by his son *Icarus*, when by the help of their Sails, invented by *Dædalus*, they cut dvipe their porthers : Which because they were display'd like Wings, and carried with them so strange a celerity, they were feign'd to fly. But *Icarus* by hearing too great Sail, overfet his Bark, and perished in the Sea.



Did we for this form the bold Breast, and raise  
*Jove's* Image in the Heaven-advanced Face?

Where our sharp Nails a Rubrick pen'd in gore,  
 And curl'd roofs from King *Reason's* Palace tore?

For such rewards the *Feet* in cooling streams;  
 Sweating did rush; who by such Stratagems  
 Did at strange distance disaffect with pain  
 The *Head*, hurt *Reason*, and disturb the Brain.

In brief, or work, or fast, take up your Staff,  
 Gird thy Loyns, Belly, and leave Banquets off.  
 This said, the *Stomach* with sharp *Choler* stir'd  
 Cast forth such things, belching at every word;

Rebellious Members, you that be so far  
 From Peace, that rather 'mong your selves you'l War;  
 What Acts did you to those that we have done?  
 Who was it carried the great business on?

The Senses took, the Cinque-Ports of the Realm,  
 With a fair Shade, and a deluding Dream?  
 Was't you, or we? full with <sup>(\*)</sup> *Egyptian* Gods

(\*) *Garlick and Onions*

The Brainish Monarch drove from his Abodes,  
 Beat up all Quarters of the Heart by Night,  
 And did that Fort with its own trembling fright?  
 Who swell'd the Spleen? and made the Gall o'r-flow?

The *Feet* and *Hands*? who made the Liver glow,  
 Till all those Purple Atoms in the Blood  
 Which make the Soul, swom in a burning Flood.  
 From whence inflam'd, they seiz'd upon the Head,  
 And o'r the Face their blushing Ensigns spread?

All that you boast of since this War began,  
 Are but light Skirmishes with th' Outward Man;  
 Leave threatening, must we keep perpetual Lent?  
 The Members shall, as soon as we, repent.

Trembling with Rage, the *Feet* and *Hands* depart,  
 The *Stomach* swels, high goes th' incensed Heart.

Three days in Pockets clofeted the *Hands*  
 Refufe to put on Gloves, the vex'd *Foot* stands.  
 Mean while the *Stomach* was come down, and cries,  
 What once a hollow Tooth fcrv'd, would fuffice  
 The ftreighten'd Maw; one Bit, one Crum beftow :  
 But ftill the moody Members answer, No.

At laft an extreme feeblenefs they felt,  
 Saw all but Skin and their hard Bones to melt,  
 A pale Confumption Lording over all;  
 At which a Counfel the faint Brethren call;  
 The *Stomach* muft be fed, which now was fo  
 Contracted, that, like them, it answer'd, No.  
 At which pale Death her cold approaches made,  
 When to the dying *Feet* the weak *Hands* faid;  
 Brethren in evil, fince we did deny  
 The Belly Food, we muft together dy.  
 All that are Members in a Common-wealth,  
 Should, more than Private, aim at Publick Health :  
 The Rich the Poor, and Poor the Rich muft aid :  
*None can Protect themfelves with their own Shade.*  
*None for themfelves are born.* We brought in Food,  
 Which the kind *Stomach* did prepare for Blood,  
 The *Liver* gave it tincture, the great Vein  
 Sends it in thoufand feveral Streams again  
 To feed the parts, which there affimulates.  
*Concord builds high, when Difcord Ruins States.*  
 But the chief Caufe did our Deftruction bring,  
 Was, we Rebell'd 'gainft *Reafon* our true King.

### MORAL.

*Civil Commotions ftrongly carried on,*  
*Seldom bring Quiet when the War is done :*  
*Then thoufand Interests in ftrange fshapes appear,*  
*And through all wayes to certain Ruin steer.*

## FAB. XLVIII.

*Of the Horse and laden Ass.*

**D**ear Brother *Horse*, so heavy is my Load,  
 That my gall'd Back  
 Is like to crack,  
 Some pity take,  
 Or I shall perish in the Road;  
 For thy fair Sisters sake,  
 Who once did bear  
 To me a Son, a Mule, my hopeful Heir,  
 Assistance lend,  
 My Burthen share,  
 Or else a cruel end  
 Waits on thy Fellow-Servant, and thy Friend:  
 Here I must ly  
 And dy;  
 The tir'd *Ass* said to th' empty *Horse* went by.  
 Prick'd up with Pride and Provender, the *Horse*  
 Deni'd his aid;  
 Shall I, he said,  
 My own back lade,  
 And hurt my self, stirr'd up with fond Remorse?  
 My prudent Master laid  
 This on thee, who  
 Better than you or I knows what to do.  
 My Sister *Mare*  
 Was given to you,  
 Our Nobler Race to spare,  
 The *Ass* and *Mule* must all the burthens bear.  
 I must no Pack,  
 Nor Sack,  
 But my dear Master carry on my back.

This



This said, Heart-broke the *Ass* fell down and dy'd :  
 The Master streight  
 Laid all the Weight  
 On his proud Mate ;  
 And spread above the *Ass*'s hide.  
 Repenting, but too late,  
 The *Horse* then said ;  
 Thou wert accus'd did'st not thy Brother aid ,  
 Now on my back  
 Th' whole burthen's laid,  
 Such Mortals goodness lack ;  
 And Counsel, which their Friends distrest not aid :  
 Had I born part  
 The smart  
 Had been but small, which now must break My Heart.

## MORAL.

*People that under Tyrant Scepters live ,  
 Should each to other kind Assistance give :  
 The Rich, the Poor, still over-Tax'd should aid,  
 Lest on their Shoulders the whole Burthen's laid.*



## F A B. XLIX.

## Of the Fox and the Cock,

S OON as the Fox to *Pullein*-furnish'd Farms  
 Approaches made,  
 Though valiant, *Chanticleer* not trusting Arms  
 Nor Humane aid,  
 Ascends a Tree,  
 Where he  
 Stood safe from harms :  
 Loud was the Cackle at no false Alarms :  
 From ground  
 About him round  
 For safety all his feather'd Household flock.  
 When *Reynard* thus spake to the vvary *Cock* ;

O thou through all the World for Valour fam'd,  
 Hast thou not heard,  
 What our two Kings so lately have Proclaim'd ?  
 Both Beast and Bird  
 At Amity  
 Must be :  
 War vvhich inflam'd  
 Since *Adam's* Fall, all Creatures Wild and Tam'd  
 Must cease ;  
 In lasting Peace  
 The cruel *Lyon*, and the *Eagle* then  
 Will joyn their Force against more cruel Men.

The Sacrilegious *Wolf* in Graves must feed,  
 And Birds of Prey  
 With Humane slaughter must supply their need :  
 The *Popinjay*

Needs



Needs not to bauk  
 The Hawk,  
 The Lamb and Kid  
 'Mongst hungry Bears may in dark Forrests feed ;  
 At Feasts  
 Both Birds and Beasts  
 Begin to meet ; the Cat with Linnets plays,  
 And *Griffons* dine where tender *Heifers* graze.

Therefore, most Noble *Chanticleer*, descend ;  
 And though your Spurs,  
 Maintaining *Pullein* Quarters, once did rend  
 My tender Furs,  
 When Feathers I  
 Made fly,  
 I'm now your Friend ;  
 Unless we strive in Love let us contend  
 No more ;  
 Though *Reynard's* poor ,  
 He's faithful to his Trust, and boldly can  
 Affirm, *No Beast is half so False as Man.*

The *Cock* long weary of devastating War ,  
 And fierce Alarms,  
 Well knowing what Outrages committed are,  
 By Civil Arms ;  
 And how the Man  
 Had slain,  
 To mend his Fare,  
 His Off-spring, yet pretending Love and Care :  
 Right glad,  
 To him then said,  
 I meet your Love, Sir *Reynard*, and descend  
 To choose 'mongst Beasts, rather than Men, a Friend.

While

While the *Cock* spake, a pack of cruel Hounds  
 The *Fox* did hear ,  
 And saw them powdring down from Hilly grounds  
 After a Deer ;  
*Reynard* not stays,  
 Delays  
 Are dangerous found ,  
 But Earth's himself three Fathom under-ground.  
 At last  
 The Dogs being past,  
 All Danger o'r, again he did appear.  
 Then, to the *Fox* return'd, spake *Chanticleer* ;  
 Learned Sir *Reynard*, if the words be true  
 Which you have said,  
 Why did these Dogs the trembling Deer pursue ?  
 They should have staid ;  
 Like Enemies  
 From these  
 You also flew.  
 Then said the *Fox*, though I th' Agreement drew,  
 So late  
 This Act of State  
 Came forth, I fear , they th' Edit did not hear :  
 But I shall trounce them : Have they kill'd the Deer ?  
 The *Cock* reply'd, but I'll make good this Tree :  
 Is it now true ? then 'twill to morrow be.

## MORAL.

To what we like, we easie Credit give,  
 This makes us oft from Foes feign'd News believe :  
 Fame mighty Holds bath took, and storm'd alone,  
 And false Reports whole Armies overthrow.

S

FAB.

## F A B. L.

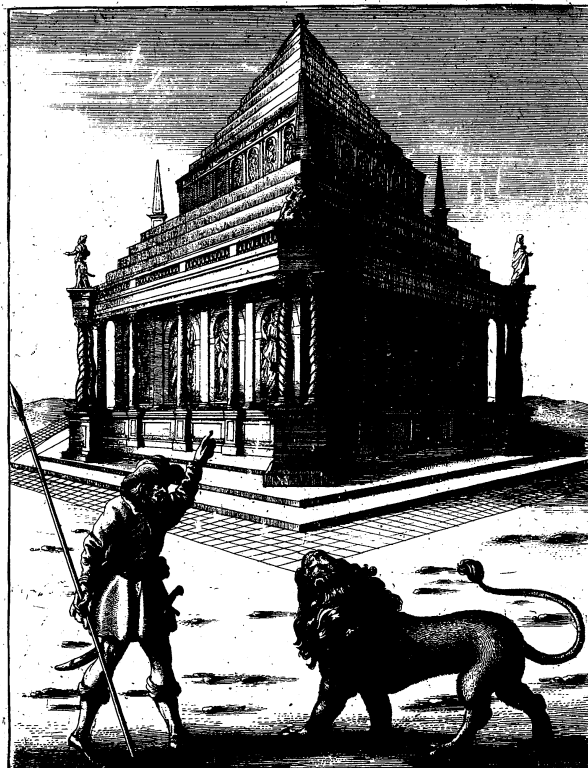
*Of the Lion and the Forester.*

VAST Forests and great Cities open'd, when  
 Betwixt Wild Beasts and Men  
 A long Cessation was ;  
 And it was then  
 That Citizens and Rusticks view'd the *Lion's Den*,  
 At his vast Courts amaz'd ;  
 Where now fat Bulls, Colts, and Tame *Asses* graz'd,  
 Through Defarts Travellers took the neereft way,  
 Where with their Spaniels wanton *Tygres* play,  
 Foxes 'mong Geefe, Wolves 'mong fat Weathers lay.

At Skinners Shops the Bear unmuzzel'd calls,  
 Cheapning on Furnish'd Stalls  
 His Friend or Cousin's Fur ;  
 In common Halls  
*Pantbers* behold themselves on stately Pedistalls.  
 And now no Yeoman Cur,  
 Nor Sergeant Mastive, Beasts indebted, stir ;  
 The Woods Inhabitants wander every where,  
 And bristly Boars walk safe, with untouch'd Ear ,  
 After the Proclamation they did hear.

When the Great *Lion* met a *Forester*,  
 With whom he oft in War  
 Had strove with various Chance.  
 This with a Spear  
 The *Lion* gall'd, that would his strong-spun ambush tear,  
 Then boldly up advance,  
 And with his Teeth in sunder bite the Lance.

To



To whom the *Lion* said ; Sir, you and I,  
Could ne'r decide our Strength by Victory,  
Let us dispute, and it by Logick try.

Then said the *Woodman*, Let us wave Dispute,  
Antiquity shall do't,  
Behold *Manfolus* Tomb,  
And then be mute

If the World's Wonder by Example thee confute ;  
There let us take our Doom.

This said, they to the Monument did come,  
Where streight he shew'd him by rare Artists made  
A *Lion's* head in a *Man's* bosome laid.  
This no sufficient proof, the *Lion* said.

Could we, as well as you, our Stories cut,  
We might, and justly, put  
Your lying Heads beneath  
Our Conquering Foot :

*From partial Pens, all Truth hath been for ever shut.*  
Where first I drew my breath,

I heard a *Cartbaginian* at his Death,  
The *Roman* Nation most perfidious call ;  
Crying out, by Treason they contriv'd the Fall  
Of them, and their great Captain *Hannibal*.

# MORAL.

*Through a grosse Medium by refracted Beams*  
*Historians Friends appear : Still in extreams*  
*The wrong end of the Perspective must shew*  
*In little, the great Actions of their Foe.*

## F A B. LI.

*Of the Lyon, the Forrester, and his Daughter.*

**W**hen they had view'd the wonder, and  
the strife  
Admir'd of Artifts working to the life;

Then drew the *Forrester's* fair Daughter neer,  
And whisper'd in her Swarthy Father's Ear.

The *Lyon* starts, and feels a sudden Wound,  
As when at firft his *Lyoness* he found,  
And made her pregnant in a shadie Wood,  
High with Man's flesh, and draughts of humane blood.  
To whom the *Woodman* said ; Sir, since the Sun  
Mounts our Meridian, half his business done,  
And your own Court so far, be pleas'd to share  
Part of what's mine, though mean, yet wholesome Fare,  
Oft Humane Princes in poor Lodges have  
Gladly repos'd, and low Roofs Honour gave.

The King the proffer takes ; to lowly Rooms,  
Yet daily visited with cleansing Brooms,  
The *Lyon* is convey'd, where he in State  
At a full board in antient Maple sate.  
Where, whom the Father never overcame,  
The Daughter did ; scorch'd with Love's cruel flame  
The *Lyon* burns, the Valiant, Strong, and Wife,  
Who Javelins did, Dogs, Men, and Nets despise,  
Trammels of bright Hair took, a slender Dart,  
Shot from a Virgins eye, transpierc'd his Heart.  
The Amorous *Lyon* lays his dreadful Javvs  
Novv in her Lap, gently vvith dangerous Pavv's  
Her fair Hand seifeth, shrinketh up his Nails :  
Fain vvould, but could not tell her vvhat he ails.

Then



Then staring in her face offers to rise  
 Ambitious of her Lip; She frighted flies;  
 Whom with a groan he draws by th' Garments back,  
 And troubled, to the trembling Virgin spake:  
 Sweet Creature fear not me; a Roman Slave,  
 Who cur'd my fester'd Foot, once in my Cave  
 I Feasted forty days, and when that I  
 Was Pris'ner took, and he condemn'd to Dye  
 In a sad Theatre, where Men sate, and laugh'd  
 To see how Beasts the blood of Wretches quaff'd,  
 I mock'd their expectation, and did grace  
 My trembling Surgeon with a dear imbrace.  
 The Story known, to him they Pardon gave,  
 And honouring me, sent to my Royal Cave.  
 Dear if you knew me, I not dreadful am;  
 How many Ladies have made Lyons tame?  
 My Grand-fires <sup>(\*)</sup> Berecynthia's Chariot drove,  
 Not by force coupled, but almighty Love.  
 We with your Smiles are rais'd, and when you frown  
 The greatest Monarch values not his Crown.  
 Then to her Father turning, thus he said,  
 Still holding in his armed Foot the Maid;  
 Lo! I, the King of Beasts, a Suiter stand,  
 And this thy Daughter for our Queen demand.  
 We need not tell you what our Interests are  
 In this great Forrest, and my Power in War  
 To you is known, but joyn'd with such a Bride,  
 Our Race deriving from the Father's side  
 Such active Spirits, Strength, and Valiant Hearts;  
 From her Womb taking Humane Form, and Arts;  
 How may we be advanc'd? where shall our Sons  
 Find limits for their vast Dominions?  
 The Sibyls Man-Lyon, still'd the wondrous Birth,  
 Must rule the Conquer'd Nations of the Earth.

(\*) That the Chariot of Berecynthia, or Cybele, the Mother of the Gods, was drawn by Lions, we find in the third of Virgil's *Æneids*;

*Hinc mater cultrix Cybele, Corybanti-  
 que ara  
 Idaeumque nemus: hinc fida silentia  
 sacris  
 Et iuncti currum Domina subiere le-  
 niti.*

*Corybantian* Sounds for *Cybel* be ordain'd,  
 And silent Rites in *Ida's* Grove maintain'd.  
 The Ladies Chariot is with Lions drawn,

by their heat and rapacity representing the Heavens, wherein the Air, in which the Earth, or *Cybele* is moved, is contained. *Ovid* feigns that *Hippomenes* and *Atalanta*, having polluted a sacred Grove with their unbecomable lusts, were by *Cybele* transform'd into Lions, and forc'd to draw her Chariot.

—*Turritaque mater  
 An Stygiâ fontes dubitavit mergere  
 undâ,  
 Pansa levis visa est. Ergo modo levis  
 fulva  
 Cella juba velant, &c.*

—*Cybel* crown'd  
 With Towers, had struck them to the Stygian found  
 But that she thought that punishment too small.  
 When yellow Mains on their smooth Shoulders fall;  
 Their Arms to Legs, their Fingers turn to Nails;  
 Their breasts of wondrous strength, their tufted tails  
 Whisk up the Dust, their looks are full of dread;  
 For speech they rore, the Woods become their bed.  
 These Lions fear'd by others, *Cybel* checks

The Wh curbing bits, and yokes their stubborn necks.

(\*) *Alexander the Great.*

The (\*) *Macedonian* was a Type of this,  
Who sent the Spoils of *Perſia* to *Greece*.  
Which to his Father was in Sleep Reveal'd,  
When his *Queens* Womb he with a *Lion* ſeal'd.

Then ſaid the *Man*; I know great Prince you are  
In Deſarts King, I know your Force in War,  
But all the Laws of Men and Gods forbid,  
That Humane Creatures ſhould with Salvage Wed.

The *Lion* then, ready to laſh his ſide,  
Rowling up Anger, with Grim looks reply'd;  
Did not a *Queen* Match with an ugly *Bear*?  
And in dark Caverns liv'd with him a year?  
Was not the pregnant Lady, he being ſlain,  
By Hunters brought to her own Courts again?  
Did not his Son prove a moſt Valiant King,  
And ſlew all thoſe were at the Murthering  
Of his Dear Father? *Orſon* was no Beaſt,  
Though like his Sire he had a Hairy Breſt.

Thus having ſaid, he cruel Weapons draws,  
Sharp Teeth appear, and Needle-pointed Claws.  
Now Wit aſſiſt; againſt the *Lion's* Rage  
Inflam'd with Love, what Madman would engage?  
Then ſaid the *Forreſter*, Great Sir, ſheath your Arms,  
If you vaſt Realms will joyn to humble Farms,  
My Daughter's yours, my Error I confeſſe:  
For many Salvage Beaſts in Marriages  
With Women have conjoin'd, the golden Aſs  
As fair a Lady hath as ever was;  
Maſtives and pious Virgins Wed ſo riſe,  
Ballads in Streets have ſung them Dog and Wife.  
Take, Sir, my Daughter to your Royal Seat:  
Yet one thing for the Damſel I entreat;  
For ſweet Love grant her this; See, how ſhe ſtands  
Trembling to view your Teeth, and Armed Hands!

Meet

Meet her with equal Arms, that Face to Face  
She may as boldly Charge with ſtriſt Imbrace:  
Then pare, and draw them out. The *Lion* ſaid;  
What e'r thou aſk'ſt, I freely give, O Maid;  
I will Deveſt my ſelf of all my Pow'r,  
And make my Teeth, and Claws, thy Virgin Dow'r.

No ſooner ſaid, but done: With bleeding Jaws  
On tender Feet he ſtands; the *Woodman* draws  
Then a bright Falchion hanging by his ſide,  
Which to the Hilts he in his Boſom dy'd.  
The *Lion's* ſlain, and the Ceſſation broke;  
When to the dying *King* the *Woodman* ſpoke;

*They that give up their Power to Foe or Friend,  
Let them for Love expect a Woeful End;  
They that undo themſelves to purchaſe Wives,  
Like Indians, part with Gold, for Beads and Knives.  
Love is a Child, and ſuch as Love obey,  
Like Kingdoms ſare, that Infant Scepters ſway.*

## MORAL.

*The Powder'd Gallant, and the Duſty Clown,  
The Horrid Souldier, and the Subtile Gown,  
Old, Young, Strong, Weak, Rich, Poor, both Fools and Wiſe  
Suffer, when they with frantick Love adviſe.*

F A B.

## F A B. LII.

*Of the Forrester, the Skinner, and a Bear.*

**T**He *Lion* slain, the greedy *Forrester*  
 Soon strips him of his Robe, and Royal Fur;  
 The Crown and Scepter, old Regalities  
 Of many former Princes, now are his;  
 He takes possession of the Palace, which  
 Trophies made Proud, and Spoils of Enemies, Rich:  
 Where at an Out-cry Pretious things are sold  
 At small Rates, dear to Potentates of old.  
 When the same Man that bought the *Lion's* Skin,  
 Thus to the Insulting Victor did begin;

Sir, since the Groves are yours, and you have won  
 Dark Haunts, impenetrable by the Sun,  
 The *Lion* dead; go, and th' ambitious *Bear*  
 Destroy who now aspires his Master's Chair.  
 A Heathen King sent to my Shop this Morn,  
 To have a *Libyan Bears*-skin to adorn  
 His spreading Shoulders with at Annual Feasts,  
 When barbarous Cups must raise his Salvage Guests.  
 Call forth thy Dogs, and a fresh War begin,  
 Then Gold receive for slaughter'd *Bruin's* Skin.  
 Then said the *Woodman*; Wilt thou buy? I'll sell  
 The Devil's Hide, and bring it thee from Hell,  
 For ready Money; come, and give me Coin,  
 And the *Bear's* Skin, though now he lives, is thine.  
 And thou shalt go along and see the Sport,  
 And how I'll rouse him from his shady Court:  
 I'll make him pay now for my slaughter'd Bees.  
 Here they strike hands, and Gold the Earnest is:

Then





Then in vast Woods to Hunt they both prepare.  
 The Valiant *Forsler* trusts his new-ground Spear,  
 The Citizen, more wary, takes a Tree,  
 Neer *Bruin's* Cave, where he might safely see.  
 The Dogs are streight sent in, such ranting Guest  
 So troubled *Bruin* newly gone to Rest,  
 That to the Tarriers he resigns his Cave;  
 At whose dire Gates the *Woodman* with a Glave  
 Did ready stand, thinking to give the blow  
 Should his Staff Crimson in the dying Foe;  
 When his Foot slip'd, his sure Hand fails, his Spear  
 Leaves him to Mercy of the Cruel Bear,  
 Fainting, or feigning, to the Ground he fell,  
 As one struck dead. Then with a hideous Yell  
 Came the Incensed, and arrested him  
 With his great Paw, to tear him Limb from Limb  
 Fully resolv'd; he brake the Peace, he slew  
 The King his Guest, and watch'd to kill him too.

But when he nuzling laid his Nose to ground,  
 And from his Mouth nor Lips no passage found  
 For vital Breath, nor saw his Breast and Sides  
 To Ebb and Flow with life-respiring Tides,  
 Scorning to wreak vain Anger on the Dead,  
 To Man more Cruel, he this Lecture read;  
 Let *Wolvish* Monsters rip up putrid Graves  
 Of buried Foes, and be old Malice slaves:  
 Although thou sought'st my Life when thou didst live,  
 Thy Friends shall thee due Rites of Funeral give;  
 I War not with the Dead: Thus having said,  
 He coverts in the Woods protecting shade.  
 When from the Tree the *Skinner* did descend,  
 And having rows'd almost from Death his Friend,  
 He thus began; Good Sir, what was't the Bear  
 Spake, when so long he whisper'd in your Ear?

T

Who

Who answer'd ; *Bruine* said, I did not well,  
Before the *Bear* was slain , his Skin to sell.

## MORAL.

*Fortune affests the Bold, the Valiant Man  
Oft Conqueror proves, because he thinks he can :  
But who too much flattering Successes trust,  
Have fail'd, and found their Honour in the Dust.*

F A B.

## F A B. LIII.

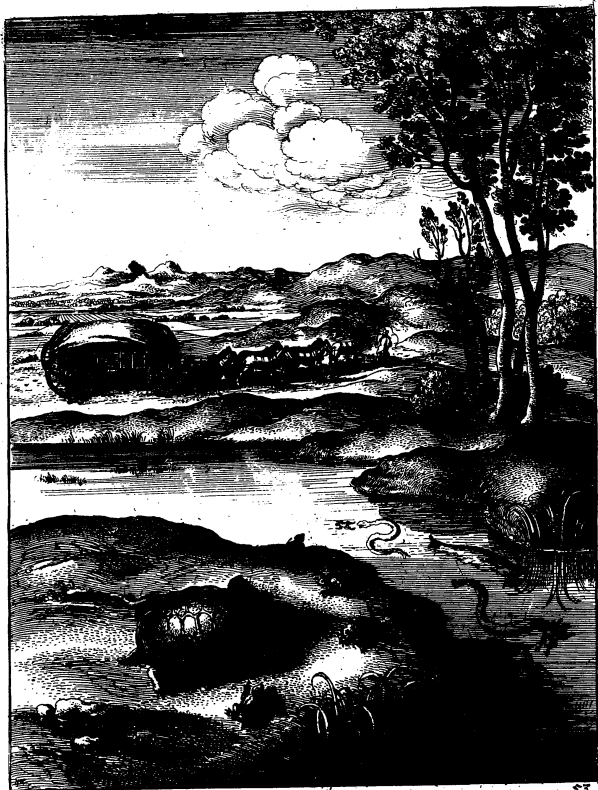
*Of the Tortoise and the Frogs.*

**V**ould it not grieve one still to goe a-  
 Yet ever be within; (broad,  
 To lye condemn'd to a perpetual load,  
 And over-match'd with every gowty Toad,  
 And thus be hide-bound in  
 A slough  
 Of proof,  
 An Adamantine Skin :  
 No Curase is more tough ;  
 A home-spun Iron Shirt,  
 A Web of Mail still on, would Gyants hurt.  
 How happy are these *Frogs* ,  
 That skip about the Bogs !  
 Some pitying God, ah ease me of my Arms  
 And native Farms ,  
 That naked I may Swim  
 Below, now on the Brim,  
 Among the Scallie swarms,  
 Searching the Bays, and Bosoms of the Lake,  
 And with these nimble Crokers pleasure take :  
 Vext at his Shell, thus the fond *Tortoise* spake.

But when he saw, fierce Eels devour the *Frogs*,  
 And mark'd their tender Skin  
 Pierc'd with each Rush, which circle in the Bogs,  
 And his less penetrable then hard Logs,  
 The *Tortoise* did begin,  
 To find  
 His mind  
 Contented with his Inn !

T 2

And



And thought the Gods now kind  
 To grant him such a Fort,  
 Over whose Roof one drove a Loaden Cart ;  
 Better to bear his Castle on his back,  
 Though it should crack,  
 Than to be made a Prey  
 While he abroad did play,  
 To every Grig, and Jack.  
 Then thus aloud his Error he confest ;  
 I live in Walls impregnable, at Rest,  
 While all my Friends with Tyrants are oppress'd.

## MORAL.

*Thus at Home happy, oft fond Youth complain,  
 And Peace and Plenty with soft Beds disdain.  
 But when in Forrein War Death seals his Eys,  
 His Birth-place he remembers e'r he Dies.*



## F A B. LIV.

*Of the Tortoise and the Eagle.*

**B**Ut now again she cries, Ah, must I creep,  
 Still as I were asleep!  
 All Creatures else can Swim, or Walk, or Run;  
 I in the dusty Road lye like a Stone:  
 The Birds do fly  
 So high,  
 That oft they singe their Feathers in the Sun.  
 Most Princely *Eagle* bear me through the Sky,  
 That I may measure the bright Spangled Arch,  
 Where the great Planets march,  
 And I will give thee Jems  
 Such as do shine in Princes Diadems,  
 With a huge Pearl I in a Scollop found  
 In the *Hellepontick* Sound  
 Thought worth Nine hundred Ninty thousand pound.  
 This said, the *Eagle* lifts her, and her House,  
 Up like a little Moufe;  
 Through the cold Quarters of the Stars they go,  
 And Magazines of Rain, Hail, Wind, and Snow:  
 Such was their Flight,  
 They might  
 See the dark Earth's contracted Face below,  
 To cast forth fullen Beams, with Brazen Light,  
 Like a huge Moon, and turning on her Poles  
 Dark Seas like *Phæbe's* Moles,  
 Casting a dimmer Ray.  
 Then rolling East, they view *America*,  
*Asia*, and *Africk*; *Europe* next arose:

No

No Map so perfect shews  
How the great Mid-land Sea betwixt them flows.

But here the *Eagle* his Reward did ask

Due for so great a Task,

But when the *Tortoise* saw his threatning Beak,  
And cruel Sears, amaz'd he could not speak.

The Royal Bird

Then stirr'd

With Indignation thus did silence break ;

Thou that didst boast as if thou hadst a Hoard,

And didst with promis'd Jewels mock a Prince,

Now for thy Infolence

I'll strip thee from thy Shell ;

Cheaper thou might'st have seen the Gates of Hell

Than the high Stars ; who rais'd thee from thy hole

To Seats above the Pole,

Shall now divide thy Body from thy Soul.

### MORAL.

*What to gain Treasure, will not greedy Kings,  
Sweet smells the Coin drain'd from Mercurious Springs :  
But Promisers, who Princes hopes defeat,  
Oft pay sad Forfeits with their Lives and State.*

F A B.

## F A B. LV.

## Of an Egyptian King and his Apes.

**R**Ealms, Mar'd and Water'd with the fertile Nile  
A King did Rule, who lov'd nor care nor toyl,  
Nor with Devasting War his Neighbours  
Land to spoyl.

Nor he in Ostentation Riches spent  
Vexing poor *Israelites* ,  
Proud *Pyramids* to build,  
Whose pointed Spires still wound the Firmament,  
Darkning our Western Nights,  
When they our rising Moon and Stars unguild.  
Nor took he pleasure to Hunt Salvage Beasts,  
But Entertainment lov'd and Princely Feasts.  
Pleas'd with his own, or to hear others witty Jest.

When, at full Boards a jolly Peer did start  
This Question, Whether *Apes* might learn the Art  
Of Dancing, and be taught to act a Humane part ?  
The Novel Fancy much the King did please ;  
When thus he said, my Lord,  
This Project I'll advance ;

Since here are none, we'll send beyond the Seas,  
To Realms far off well stor'd  
With Masters, that shall teach them how to Dance.  
Both *Greece* and *Rome* the Art of *Ocasy*  
Alwaies esteem'd, where Dancing-Masters be  
Whose Feet Historians are, and tell a History.

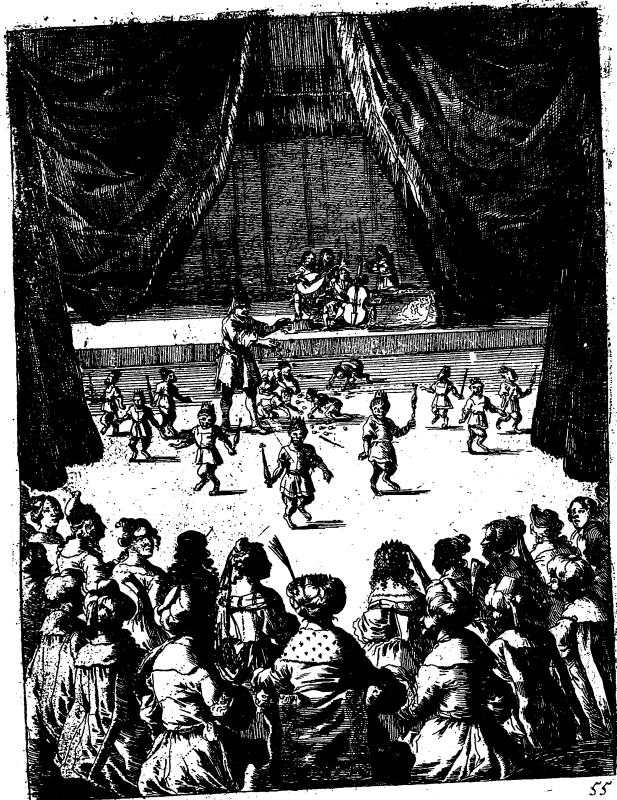
(\*) *Mars* in a Net this in a figure shapes ;  
That, ravish'd *Proserpine* ; these, the several Rapes  
Of all their wanton Gods, and lustful *Jove's* Escapes.

But the artificial Gin about his Bed, &c.

(\*) That the antients danc'd not to Tunes only, but to Songs, representing with the figures and motions of their body the subject of the Ballad, appears from this place of *Homer*, where in King *Aleinous* Court they dance the Story of *Mars* and *Venus* taken in Adultery by *Vulcan*.

Αἶν' ἔξω θαλάσσης Πηλεΐδης ἄνδρ' ἄριστον  
Ἰταλῶν, οὗ κ' ἵκνεται κλισίῃ σὺν πλοῖον  
Οἷον ἄνδρ' ἄριστον, ἴστω μιν γυμνασάμενον  
χοροῖς, &c.

Our Dances bid prepare, that he may tell  
His friends at home how much we all excel.  
Let one straight for *Demodocus* repair,  
And bring his Harp, of which pray have a care,  
This said, thence for the Lyre his Herald goes,  
Nine Masters of the Revels then arose  
Who drove the People back, and more room made.  
The Harp brought in, *Demodocus* took stand  
But went into the midst : prime Youth advance,  
And plac'd in figures, round about him Dance,  
*Ulysses* much their motions d.d admire.  
Whilst he sung sweetly to his charming Lyre  
The rapes of *Mars* and *Venus* ; how he sped  
When first he brought him to her Husbands Bed ;  
How their stolon sports the Son to him declar'd ;  
And how the news the jealous chafing heard ;  
Who at his Forge strait Anvil'd out a Chain  
Whose links nor Force, nor Cunning could constrain.  
Then Raging to his Chamber went, and spread  
The artificial Gin about his Bed, &c.



But there are Masters in a Realm far *West*.  
 As Travellers relate,  
 More for our purpose fit;  
 Where the whole Nation like our *Apes* are drest,  
 And Grave long Garments hate,  
 Being much of their Capacity and Wit;  
 Go then and Dancing-Masters fetch from *France*,  
 The best Choose by their Apish Countenance,  
 To teach our *Apes* like Men, or like themselves, to Dance.

Sails from *Marsellies* a stout Vessel sets,  
 Laden with Dancing-Masters, and their Kits,  
 To purge the King of all his Mellancholly fits.  
 Now Eastern *Apes* ply *Gallick* Dancing Schools,  
 Where the dull *German*, joyn'd  
 With the raw *English-Afs*,  
 That Imitate all Nations, look'd like Fools;  
 The *Apes* were so refin'd,  
 That all our *Alamodes* they far surpass:  
 How they a Brawl, a Saraband would do!  
 How stately move in a *Coranto*! Who (knew?)  
 From their great Masters, now the cunning Scholar

Off for his *Monsieur* the King pleas'd to ask:  
 But when he heard they had perform'd their Task,  
 He Solemn Order gave to have a stately Mask.  
 And now th' expected Night was come: when late

Enters the joyful King,  
 And takes his lofty Chair:  
 About him Peers and Princes of the State,  
 And in a glorious Ring  
 Sate Gypsie Ladies, there, accounted Fair.  
 The Scene appears, the envious Curtain drawn,  
 In Gold and Purple, tufted with pure Lawn,  
 Beasts Frenchifi'd, shew'd like the blushing Dawn.

When

When from the Scene a nimble *Hermes* springs,  
 VVith his *Caduceus*, Golden Shoos, and VVings,  
 Conducting in a *Dynastie* of antient Kings,  
 That had been Mummey many thousand years  
 Before, our Authors say,

*Adam* the VVorld began:  
 Each in his hand a mighty Scepter bears,  
 And from their Heads display  
 Twelve Silver Rayes, shot from a Golden Sun.  
 Like demy-Gods the *Apes* began to move,

(b) *Semele* saw such a Majestick *Jove*:

The Men admire, the taken Ladies fire, with Love.

VVhen one that knew what best would please the King,  
 A Mus of Nuts did 'mong these *Hero's* fling;  
 VVhich suddenly did all to great disorder bring.

Figures they quit, and alter soon their pace,  
 And scrambling run to seize

Their most beloved Nuts,  
 Respecting not the Majesty of place:

These would Kings Palaces  
 Forake to reign in well stor'd Squirrels Huts.  
 At last the Dancing Kings began to rage,  
 Scuffling for Prey, old Princes seeming sage,  
 All Laws of Revels brake, and in fierce VVar engage.

They fight, they scratch, they tumble o'r and o'r,  
 Their Masking Sutes are all in Mammocks tore,  
 The Stage with green Cloth spread, is now a field of gore.  
 Their *Apish* Masters taken with the Sport,  
 Among the thickest run,  
 VVhere scrambling down they fall:

V

Then

(b) *Semele* was persuaded by the fraud of *Juno*, in the form of her Nurse, to ask a boon of *Jupiter* (which he rashly confirm'd with an Oath) that he would approach to her in the same manner that he did to *Juno*, with all the Ensigns of his Regality, who burns in his embracements, as not being able to endure the Divine brightness. *Ovid* in his *Metamorph.*

— *Qualem Saturnia dicis,  
 Te sole amplecti, Venus cum sedula  
 initis,  
 Da mihi te talem.*

— Then *Semele* said,  
 Such be to me, O *Jove*, as when th' invices  
 Of *Juno* summon you to *Venus* rites;  
 Her mouth he fought to stop, but now  
 that breath  
 Was mix'd with air which sentenced  
 her death.  
 Lightning t' her Father's house *Jove*  
 with him took;  
 But (ah!) a mortal body could not  
 brook  
 Ætherial tomules. Her success she  
 mourns,  
 And in those so desir'd embracements  
 burns.

By which Fable the Antients taught  
 that those who too curiously search'd  
 into Divine Majesty, were oppos'd  
 with the glory of it.



Then Showts and Laughter shake the joyful Court.

Which had not yet been done,  
But that the King did cry, a Hall a Hall.  
All silent then, he gravely thus began ;  
*Rich Cloaths, nor Cost, nor Education can*  
*Change Nature, nor transform an Ape into a Man.*

### MORAL.

*Nature in th' Old World's Infancy was strong :*  
*But Education, Diet, Art, so long*  
*'Mongst Mortals bath prevail'd, that Apes and Owls*  
*Not only Shapes transform, but Change their Souls.*

## FAB. LVI.

*Of the Eagle and the Beetle.*

O Thou most Noble *Beetle*, thou that art  
 Stil'd by some Nations the black flying *Hart*,  
 O save my life, and do a friendly part !

The towering *Eagle* threatens from the Skies

Poor (\*) *Keyward* to destroy.

(\*) *The Hart.*

Help thou whose troops of Hornets, Wasps and Flys

The Bestial Army did annoy,

More in that fatal day the *Lyon* lost,

Than they, who Wings like spreading Sails might boast :

Arm'd Trumpeters they were, whose numerous swarms

Thunder'd about their ears still fresh Alarms,

And in their Faces fix'd their venom'd Arms.

Thus at approaching Death the *Hare* dismay'd

To the poor *Beetle* for Protection pray'd,

Who pities, and to safety him convey'd.

The *Eagle* lights, and asks, Who's in that Cave ?

She streight replies, I here

A harmless Beast my menial Servant have,

The *Hare* whom I esteem most dear.

But th' *Eagle* tore him streight without remorse.

Then said the *Beetle*, I that kill'd a Horse

With Hornets nine in that Victorious day,

And dost thou thus thy Souldier's service pay ?

*Those that can Help, to Hurt may find a way.*

And now the *Eagle's* Queen laid Royal Eggs :

When the next *Fly* aid of *Aleto* begs ;

V 2

Who

Who sprinkles her black Wings with *Stygian* Dregs ;  
 And to small Members gave a mighty Force.  
 Soon the high Nest she found,  
 And what an *Embrio* was, without remorse,  
 Did break and tumble to the ground.  
 At which her Husband mounts *Ethereal* Skies  
 And to his great Protector *Jove* thus cries ;  
 The spiteful *Beetle* to Our Palace came,  
 And Our dear Race, which should preserve Our Name,  
 She hath destroy'd, and I most wretched am.

To whom thus *Jove* in pleasing Language said,  
 Thou brough't me (\*) *Ganymed* on wings displai'd,  
 Thou need'st not thus for Our high Favour plead.  
 When next thy Queen brings forth a happy Birth,  
 And hath supply'd her Nest ,

(\*) *Ganymed* the Son of *Troy* King  
 of *Troy*, being a youth of admirable  
 beauty, was stolen away by *Jupiter*  
 transform'd into an *Eagle*, and carried  
 into Heaven. Thus the Fable is rela-  
 ted by *Ovid*.

*Rex Superum Phrygiæ quondam Gany-  
 medis amore  
 Arsit, & inventum est aliquid quod  
 Jupiter esse  
 Quam quiderat mallet: nullo tamen  
 alite veris  
 Dignatur nisi quæ portat sua salmina  
 terra.*

Heaven's King young *Ganymed* en-  
 flames with Love :  
 There was what *Jove* would rather be  
 than *Jove* ;  
 Yet deigns no other shape than  
 hers that bears  
 His awful Lightning in her golden  
 fears.  
 Who forthwith stooping with deceit-  
 ful wings  
 Tru'd up fair *Ganymed* by *Idæ*'s  
 Springs :  
 Who now for *Jove* (though jealous  
*Juno* scowls)  
 Delicious Nectar fills in flowing  
 bowls.

Because *Jupiter* wore an *Eagle* on  
 his Crest, he was forc'd to have ta-  
 ken him away in that form.

Bring them to me up from the dangerous Earth,  
 And those I'll cherish in my Breast.  
 Pleas'd with the Grant, the Bird descends again,  
 And did his Spouse with sweet Love entertain :  
 Who streight another hopeful Issue brings,  
 With which to Heaven he mounts on spreading Wings;  
 And bears them to great *Jove* the King of Kings.  
 Hell hath no depth, nor profound Heaven that height,  
 Will not be found by wrong begotten Spight.  
 Thither the furious *Beetle* takes her Flight ;  
 And bears with her foul Pils of fordid Earth,  
 Which in *Jove's* Breast she threw.  
 He shakes them out, with them the unhatch'd Birth :  
 Which when the God did view,  
 He said ; I that have made, and can unlinge  
 This World's great Frame, yet cannot curb Revenge.  
 And therefore Mortals, you that strongest are

Of

Of injuring the smallest Worm beware ;  
 Since they Our Lap, a Sanctuary, not spare.

## MORAL.

To find much Treasure ; to obtain a Bride,  
 For whom so oft thou hast, and others dy'd ;  
 Hungry and Cold, Feasts and Rich Wine to meet,  
 To Sweetness of Revenge are nothing sweet.

FAB.

## F A B. LVII.

*Of the Fox and the Cat.*

**T**HUS to the *Cat* the *Fox* did boast his Parts,  
 And glorify'd himself with his own Arts.  
 Know Madam *Puss*, a thousand ways I have  
 Beloved Life to save,

Despising the Advantage of a Cave.  
 When bloody Hounds persw'd me, I have oft  
 Trac'd my own Scent, and their vain Fury scoff'd :  
 When Dogs the Men, Masters their Dogs, condemn,  
 While I did both contemn,  
 And in contracted Circles hunted them.

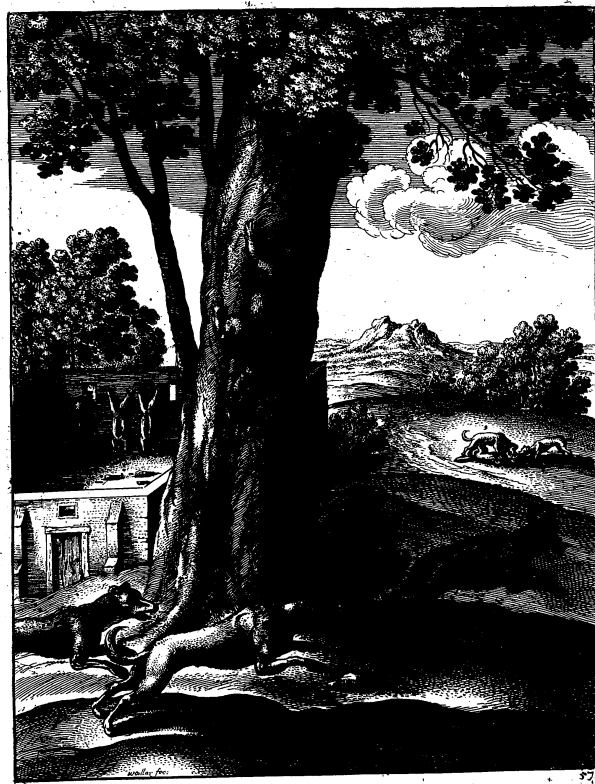
When me swift Grey-hounds follow'd, though a brace,  
 I have struck blind, and Urin'd in their face :  
 When after me both Court and Country throng,

I from a Branch have sprung ,  
 And in a Stream on yielding Sallows hung :  
 Only my Mouth above the swelling Wave.  
 The King is mad, the Dogs and Hunt-men rave.  
 These Arts of mine would many Volumes make,  
 My Sights would fill a Sack,  
 Of which from many, this short Story take ;

In a full Slaughter-house hung round with Meat,  
 I uninvited did descend to eat ;  
 Feasted with Poultry, Mutton, Veal, and Lamb,

I did attempt the way I came  
 To have leap'd back, but fell short of my aim ;  
 When in the fierce man Man comes, no sooner spy'd,  
 But with loud voice, The Thief is found, he cry'd ;

Then



Then shuts the Door and casts at me a Stone,  
Which bruise'd my Shoulder-bone,  
And made me Fizz, 'twas with such Fury thrown.

The Fight was long, and doubtful; in short space  
I could expect no other but Unsafe;  
My Liver given in Wine to them that could  
By Night no Water hold,  
And Heftick Lords to drink my Tail in Gold.  
At last he threw at me a mighty Stone,  
Which fell beneath the place where I came down;  
He stoops to take it up, on's Back I step'd,  
Thence through the Window leap'd,  
And spight of him my Skin and Breakfast kep'd.

Then said the Cat, I have no Trick but one,  
If that *Grimalkin* fail, then she's undone.  
While thus she spake, a Pack of Dogs they see:  
*Puss* nimbly takes a Tree,  
The Fox's Heels must his Deliverers be.  
Safe on a Bough the Cat, in th'open Plain,  
Maugre all Arts, saw boasting *Reynard* slain;  
When thus she spoke; Friend for thy Death I'm sad.  
*Much Knowledge makes some Mad;*  
*One good Art's better than a thousand bad.*

## MORAL.

*Some think much Learning and too many Arts  
Debilitate the Strength of Natural Parts:  
Of one Ingenious Mystery fills the Bags,  
When Men of many Trades scarce purchase Rags.*

F A B.

## F A B. LVIII.

## Of the Fox and the Goat.

**N**OW *Sirius* and the Sun seem'd to conspire  
To set the great Worlds *Artlick* side on fire;  
Countrys forbidden by eternal Laws

To feel excessive Heat,  
Lay in a burning Sweat;  
Opening ten thousand parched Jaws  
Water to get:

To silence put were all those purling Streams,  
Whose murmur gives to Shepherds pleasant Dreams:  
And some did think,

Another *Phaeton* the Sea would drink.

Scarce would (\*) *Deucalion's* Flood restore the Grass;  
Earth was turn'd Iron, Heav'n had so long been Brass.

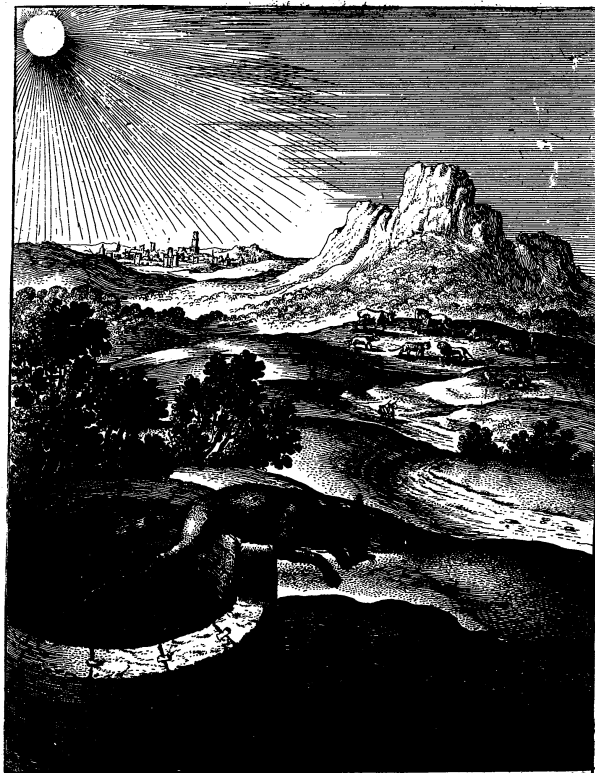
In this Combustion, and excessive Heat,  
The Fox and Goat extremely thirsty met,  
Where (but deep dig'd) by chance they found a Well.

Then spake the Learned Fox,  
Dry are all Pipes and Cocks;  
For Drink I'll venture down to Hell:  
Through Adamantine Rocks  
To *Pluto's* Cellers break, to get one drop;  
And from loud *Cerberus* waking, snatch his Sop.

Let it be so,  
Come Father, let us try these Shades below.  
This said, they down to the deep Fountain glide,  
Where they beheld the Heaven scarce three yards wide.

There they drank deep, and now their hands being in,  
Profoundly quaff to th' Lyon and his Queen,  
Many go-downs on Reputation drank;

To



(\*) *Deucalion's* Flood, in which all the *Grecians* were drown'd except himself and his Family lay'd on the top of the Mountain *Parnassus*, happen'd about seven hundred and fourscore years after the general Deluge recorded by *Moses*: It is at large described by *Ovid*, *Metamorph* l. i.

*Exposita ruunt per apertos Flumina campos,  
Cumque suis arbuscula simul, pendetq;  
viresque, &c.*

Through open Fields now rush the  
spreading Floods,  
And hurry with them Cattle, People,  
Woods,  
Houses and Temples with their Gods  
enclos'd.  
What such a force, unoverthrown,  
oppos'd  
The higher swelling water quite de-  
vours,  
Which hides th' aspiring tops of swal-  
low'd Towers.  
Now land and sea no different visage  
bore,  
For all was Sea, nor had the Sea a  
shore.

One takes a Hill, one in a Boat de-  
plores,  
And where he lately plow'd, now plys  
his Oars,  
O'er Corn, o'er drown'd Villages he  
falls;  
This from high Elms intangled Fishes  
hales;  
In Fields they Anchor cast, as Chance  
did guide,  
And ships the under-lying Vineyards  
hide:  
Where Mountain-loving Goats did  
lately graze,  
The sea call now his ugly body laies,  
&c.

To th' Bull, the Bear, and Boar,  
 To all could fight and rore ;  
 To Animals, then, of the civil Rank.

Suffic'd gave ore ;  
*For Sensual Beasts could alwaies better tell,*  
*Than could the Rational, when they are well.*

But here the Goat  
 Stroking his Beard the hard Return did note ;  
 And sighing said. *To Hell's an easie way,*  
 But how shall we again revisit day ?

That is a Work, a Task beyond my Skill.  
 Then said the Fox, Have a good courage still ;  
 The means is found to scale Ethereal Skies :

Against these steep Walls set  
 Your two fore-feet ;  
 Stand Man-like on your hinder Thighs ;  
 Let your Chin meet  
 Your Hairy Bosom, that your Horns may rise  
 Upright, as if prepar'd to Butt the Skies :  
 Then from your back to those two Spires I'll leap,  
 Whence out is but a Step,  
 Then on the brink I'll in fit posture stand,  
 Grave Sir, to bring you off with my strong Hand.

Th' advice is took ; Who would good Counsel doubt ?  
 And at three Skips the nimble Fox got out.  
 Then at the Margents like a wanton Hind

Sports, proud of his success,  
 Nor more his promises,  
 Nor his forsaken Friend did mind ;  
 Who in distress

Falſe Reynard did with breach of Faith upbraid.  
 Th' insulting Fox to him deriding said ;

*Goat*, in thy Head had so much Wisdom been  
As hair upon thy Chin,  
(But long Beards witless are) thou wouldst have known  
How to get up, before thou hadst come down.

## MORAL.

*For Action Youth, Age best with Counsell fits,  
But readiest are in Danger Younger Wits.  
A Forrest-Beard, grave looks, and Silver locks,  
'Mong shaven Chins shew now like Tradesmens blocks.*



## F A B. LIX.

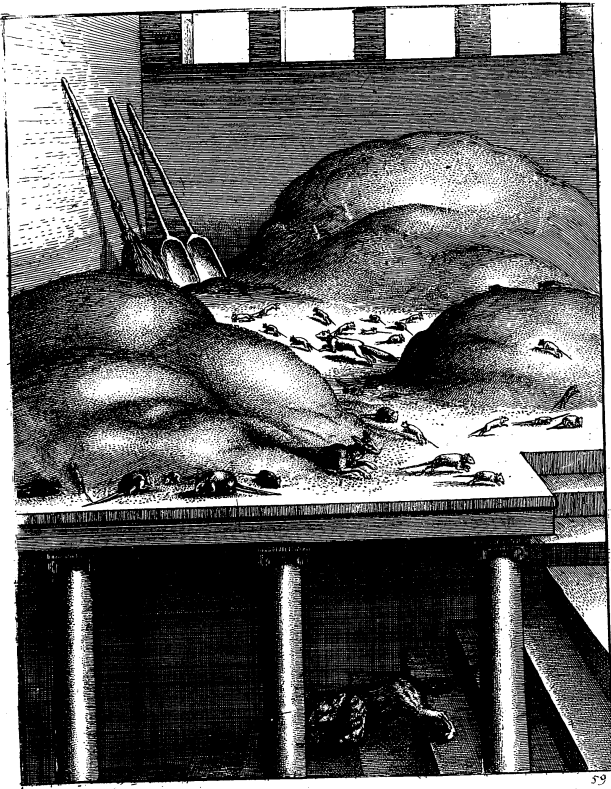
*Of the old Weefle and the Mice.*

**I** That so long maintain'd this ample House  
 From bold Excursions of the plundering Mouse,  
 And in huge Weinfcot Woods have in the holes,  
 Where never Cat could venture, freed their Souls :  
 Now growing old, my Strength and Courage fail ,  
 Just when I have them by the Tail,  
 Like a swift Ship arrested under Sail  
 By Rocks or Remora's, I stay,  
 While they the Pillage to strong Holds convey.  
 And when I stand and Cough,  
 And sharp-breath'd Tyficks shake my panting sides,  
 The Miceans laugh ,  
 And Old-Rat m' imbecility derides.

In this my House Souldiers and Scholars dine,  
 Inspir'd with truth from most Oraculous Wine ;  
 I heard them say, That Strength and Courage are  
 Inferiour much to Policy in War.  
 Their gouty Generals will fit,  
 And by a Stratagem of Wit,  
 Make stubborn Kings, with all their Powers submit.  
 If it be so, I'll Cunning use at length,  
 Since with my Youth Courage is gone, and Strength :  
 In this huge Pile of Wheat  
 I'll shelter, and the Cat's Invasion shun.

Let Miceans eat  
 To my Retreat,  
 And din'd, then let them from the Weefle run.

Th' Old Vermin said, and dives into the Hold  
 Thrice his own length ; as soon the News was told,  
 The Foe was dead : then black Bands issue out,



And like a Deluge through the House are born :

They plunder all the Corn,

And highly Feast from Ev'ning to the Morn.

When with the Dawn *Cerebian* Mountains shook,

And a dire *Spectrum* with a ghastly Look

Rose from th' Infernal Shade,

Which to the Plunderers did no Favour shew :

Great Slaughter made,

The *Weefle* said ;

*Who Questions Fraud or Valour in a Foe.*

### MORAL.

*Oft unknown Stratagems shorten a long War ;  
'Tis not how Valiant, but how Wise, they are  
That Armies lead : But Money is a spell  
That Conquers all, and takes in Heav'n and Hell.*

F A B.

## F A B. LX.

*Of the Spider and the Swallow.*

O H I shall burst  
 With my own Poyson stirr'd !  
 Oh that accurst  
 And most despicable Bird !  
 The *Swallow* daily on spread Wings resounding,  
 Ne'er leaves surrounding  
 These vast and empty Halls,  
 And bold at once on Winged Legions falls  
 Of Flies that sport  
 About our Court,  
 And gives whole thousands cruel Funerals :

While I in vain  
 Have built my lofty Rooms,  
 From Wind and Rain  
 Secure, and cruel Brooms.  
 There I spread Nets to catch the Boneless People,  
 High as a Steeple :  
 With slender Hands and Thighs  
 Spinning my Bowels, poor *Arachne* lyes  
 Watching all day  
 To seize a Prey,  
 And catch not one ; this Bird takes all the Flies.

What shall I do  
 Now to revenged be ?  
 I'll make a Clue  
 And Threads twist three times three :  
 I know the Chimny top where builds the *Swallow*,  
 Thither I'll follow ,

The



The *Spider* said ;  
Then o'r her Nest, most skilful in her Trade,  
All night she Spun  
Till day begun,  
And, as she thought, a dangerous Engine made.

The *Swallow* saw,  
And said thus with a Smile ;  
I that gave Law  
To th' over-flowing *Nile*;  
And with huge Bulwarks did keep out his Water,  
Though Floods did batter  
A Furlong wide,  
I with rang'd Nests kep'd out his Conquering Tide :  
And is this Net  
To catch me set ?  
Thou should'st thy Mesh, fond *Spinster*, first have tri'd.

When with the Dawn  
Out the swift *Swallow* flies,  
And Cobweb Lawn  
She breaks, then to the Skies  
The *Spider*, and her vain Endeavour, carries ;  
And never tarries,  
Until her flight  
Did put ( <sup>a</sup> ) *Arachne* in a woful Plight ;  
In one small Rope  
Was all her Hope,  
And if that break She on the Earth must light.

When thus she said ;  
I am deservedly  
Example made,  
That scarce could take a Fly

With

With all my boasted Art, and fond Indeavour.  
To think that ever  
In such thin Meshes I could *Swallows* catch :  
I did but ill  
Imploy my skill  
And a Nights toyl, my self to over-reach.

## MORAL.

*Jews, Turks, and Christians, several Tenets bold,  
Yet most one God acknowledge, and that's Gold ;  
Parent of Love and Hate, in Peace or War  
Strength and Craft may, but thou much more by far.*

F A B.

(a) The Spider.

## F A B. LXI.

*Of Cupid, Death, and Reputation.*

**C***upid, and Death, with Reputation met*  
 At woful *Hymens*, where the cruel Fates  
 At once snatch'd two, fair, young, and noble  
 Mates :

And th' unrequired Debt  
 Inforced them to pay,  
 Long time before the day  
 That was by Nature set :

Conjugal Rites are chang'd, a Funeral Torch  
 Conduct dead Lovers through a mournful Porch.

The fatal Archers having put up Darts  
 With which glad Offices, and sad were done,  
 Their Fames enroll'd by *Reputation*,  
 And three Gods play'd their parts :  
 They in the woful House  
 Full Cups of Brine Carowse,  
 And from sad Parents hearts ,  
 Kindred, and Friends, which in long Order stood,  
 Quaff'd, broach'd with sighs, warm spirits mix'd with  
 (blood,

They then began to vapour, and with vain  
 Boasting promote their Power ; now mellow grown,  
 Desire t' each other to be better known,

And where to meet again,  
 Such Company to enjoy.  
*Cupid*, although a Boy,

Yet eldest there, began :  
 All-Conquering *Death*, and *Reputation*, know ,  
 Though Heaven's my Seat, I places haunt below :

But



But seek not me, where oft you hear my Name,  
In Princes Courts, nor 'mong the City throngs ;  
They all are Atheists, only in their Tongues

My Deity proclaim :

Their Bosoms never felt

My kindly Shafts, nor melt

With true coequal Flame.

They Lust, and Wealth adore, to me they bring  
Poësies for Offerings, conjur'd in a Ring.

But I reside in th' unfrequented Plain,  
Where silly Sheep the harmless Shepherd feeds,  
Playing sweet Pastoral Notes, on Oaten Reeds ;

There every Youthful Swain,

And blushing Virgin, well

Can tell you where I dwell,

Who in their Bosom reign ;

In those chaste Temples resident I am ;

Till the last hour quench the long-lasting Flame.

Then *Death* began ; My Habitations are  
Not in this World , but at the Gates of Hell ;  
I with the Devil and his Angels dwell :

The cruel Furies there

On Iron Couches lye,

And bloody Fillets tie

Their Elf-lock'd viperous Hair.

By *Love*, nor *Reputation* to be found,

Three thousand Mile and more beneath the Ground.

But you shall find me, where in mighty War,  
Against his King, some Valiant General stands ;  
There you shall see me use ten thousand Hands.

Or when that burning Star

Y

Joyns

Joyns a peftiferous Ray  
 With the great Eye of Day,  
 And Towns infected are :  
 Then th' Angel *Death* you with a Syth shall meet ;  
 Mowing down thoufands daily in the Street.

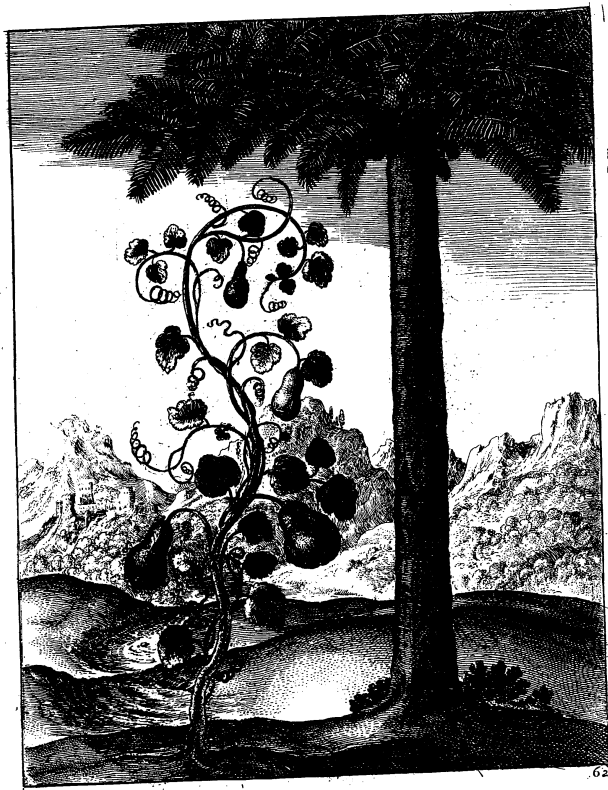
Then *Reputation* fpeak ; I have no Seat,  
 But wander up and down from Coaft to Coaft,  
 Hard to be found, and eafie to be loft.

Therefore I would entreat,  
 Since now you have me, you  
 Would keep me ; there are few  
 Having departed, meet  
 With me again : Though falfe or fmall the ground ;  
*Loft Reputation hard is to be found.*

### MORAL.

*From Honest Dealing Reputation fprings ;  
 But other Notes the Matchivellian fings.  
 They are moft honor'd, who are moft unjuft,  
 And, Wrong or Right, ftand Faithful to their Truft.*

## F A B. LXII.

*Of the Gourd, and the Pine.*

**T**Here was a stately *Pine* which long had stood  
 The glory of, and was it self a Wood;  
 Which when the warring Tempests took the  
 Did shake a hundred Arms with leavy shields, (Fields  
 Which watch about her, a perpetual Guard,  
 'Gainst all the injuries of Heav'n prepar'd.  
 Conquerors Trophies, Shepherds there their Pipes  
 Did use to hang; of War and Peace the Types.  
 Upon the swelling Bark Lovers did put  
 Their Names with Knots, and pleasant Fancies cut,  
 Still intimating, as the Letters grow  
 With the increasing Tree, their Loves should so.

Neer to this Plant which flourish'd many years,  
 In one short Night shot up, a *Gourd* appears:  
 Which by sweet Seasons, gentle Dews, and Rain,  
 Did suddenly a mighty Body gain; (shoots  
 Her Boughs were spread, to Heav'n her proud Head  
 With Blossoms white, the hopes of blushing Fruits.

This Princock, the base Issue of the Morn,  
 When she beheld the *Pine* with Branches torn,  
 Her Front want Curles, an antiquated Grace,  
 Mix'd with Times Ruin in a careful face,  
 Her self beholding Glorious as the Day,  
 In Green and Silver Liveries of *May*;  
 Proud of her self, at last forth boldly stood,  
 Comparing thus with th' Honour of the Wood.  
 Give place base wither'd *Pine*, that I may grow,  
 And at a Distance me your Better know:

Y 2

Dost



Dost thou not see how far we do excell?  
 My Crown strikes Heaven, and my Roots touch Hell,  
 My Leaves are fairer, and more fresh than thine;  
 A Prince may on my Golden Apples dine;  
 When yours are fit to serve a hungry Pig.  
 See how my Tresses flow! thy Periwig  
 So ruffled and uncurl'd, with boisterous Storms,  
 Is powder'd with the Dust of Canker-Worms,  
 Of which you're pleas'd some to bestow on me.  
 Then gravely thus reply'd the scorned Tree;

I many a raging Winter here have been,  
 And felt black *Auster's* and bleak *Boreas* Spleen,  
 And when loud Winds made Cock-shoots through  
 the Wood,

Rending down mighty Oaks, I firm have stood:  
 So when I with Autumnal Blasts have lost  
 My golden Tresses with a biting Frost,  
 I stood bare-headed, and was naked-arm'd,  
 When the Sun-beams no more than *Cymbia* warm'd;  
 I, in as extream Heats here also stood,  
 When *Sol* and *Sirius* to the swarthy Mud  
 Drank brim-full Rivers, what the Earth did yield  
 Roasted to powder in the parched Field,  
 And to the bellowing Herds, and bleating Flocks  
 Gave shelter under my thick shady Locks.  
 Here I stand firm, all Changes have indur'd,  
 My Body with its mighty Arms secur'd.  
 But when the raging Heat, or bitter Cold,  
 Or rough Winds rise, *Gourd*, You'll not be so bold,  
 These gaudy Flow'rs and spreading Leaves you boast,  
 Favours of Madam *May*, will all be lost:  
 Then I shall see thy Root and Branches torn,  
 And blown about, to the proud Winds a Scorn.

Of

*Of Pride in thy Prosperity beware,  
 Vicissitudes of Fortune Constant are.*

## MORAL.

*Whose Tresses are in Golden Billows curl'd,  
 Whose Eys give Life and Light unto the World,  
 Bald wrinkled Age despise, and hate to bear,  
 They shall in time as Ruinous appear.*

F A B.

## FAB. LXIII.

*Of the Devil and a Malefactor.*

**A** *Malefactor*, such a one that made  
 Of Murther, Theft, and Sacriledge a Trade:  
 One that could Club  
 Plots to work Mischief with old *Belzebub*,  
 And had from him at need especial Aid;  
 A little *Devil* still

Help'd him when things went ill,  
 And oft from Prisons and strong Warders took,  
 And when Condemn'd did save without his Book.

He was an Honest *Devil*, and a stout,  
 A good Solicitor to trot about.

How he would trudge!

There with a Golden Dream corrupt the Judge,  
 Here with like Visions a whole Jury rout;

On this a plenteous shower

Of yellow drops he'd powr

To Angel Gold transform'd; there he would set  
 Some Courtier on, that should his Pardon get.

Who, as his custom, now in Jayl thus pray'd  
 Unto the *Devil* his good Lord for aid:

Almighty Fiend,

To thy poor *Barabas* some Comfort send,

Who most unjustly is in Prison laid:

Whom I so late did stab,

Did call my Mistress Drab;

Good *Pluto* hear, and leave a while Debates  
 Of striving Princes, and aspiring States.



Thus

Thus while he pray'd, his Spirit appear'd, his Back  
With old Shooes loaden, and thus sadly spake ;

Evening and Morni,

Trotting for thee, out all these Shooes are worn.  
No more thy business, Friend, I'll undertake :

To Hang then be content

Since all my Coin is spent,

Without which, busy Lawyers will not do  
Ought for Great Belzebub, my self, or You.

#### MORAL.

*The Devil oft for's Servants does his Best ;  
But now since Mortals have the Fiends possess'd ,  
Seek Hell no more, but with worse Men compact,  
Would'st thou to life unbeard-of Mischief act.*

F A B.

## FAB. LXIV.

*Of the Lion and the Horse.*

**T**He *Lion* old, his pow'r grown weak, his Crown  
By Bestial Commotions trampled down,  
Resolves to fill his Coffers with the Gown.

Doctorships three,  
Of Law, of Physick, and Divinity;  
There be :

But which of these may greatest Profit bring,  
He long debates ; Then spake the *Quondam* King.

Sir *Reynard* thrives not since this Civil War,  
Nor Pleading Beasts oft wake the slumbring Bar ;  
Sutes few begrown, but Bribes more frequent are :

Law hath no Force  
When Plains are eaten up by Armed *Horse*,  
Her course  
Obstructed is, what ever Gods and Men  
Injustice stile, is Law and Justice then.

Nor <sup>(a)</sup> *Isgrim's* Preaching Tribe now better fare,  
Though great Incendiaries of this War,  
Since Beasts in Buff full as long-winded are :

The Sheep-skin Gown,  
Lin'd with Hypocrisie and Rebellion,  
Is down ;

In his own Cloaths th' *Ass* stands without a Ruff,  
Beating the Pulpit with an unpar'd Hoof.

Law and Divinity of these times farewell ;  
The Souldier is about to ring your Knell ;  
I'll turn Physician, and Diseases fell.

(a) *The Wolf.*



A Turf, or Stone,  
 Conceals ill Cures are by bad Leeches done :  
 If one  
 Or two we chance to help, Up goes our Name,  
 Then Patient Beasts come in, both Wild and Tame.

While thus he spake, a pamper'd *Horse* he spies :  
 And clapping on his Doctorships Disguise,  
 Said ; On this Patient first I'll exercise,  
 And let him blood,  
 For me a Drench may make him present Food,  
 And good :  
 Oft Skilful Empericks do as bad or worse,  
 And try Experiments would kill a *Horse*.

Then to the grazing Steed the *Lion* spake,  
 Your Horfeship looks not well, be pleas'd to take  
 Something I'll give you for prevention sake :  
 What's Worldly Wealth ,  
 When sad Diseases shall invade your Health,  
 By stealth ?  
 When in these Pastures you shall Raging ly,  
 And tear those pamper'd Limbs before you dy.

Sir, I in *Germany* have practis'd long,  
 Where Humane bodies are like *Horses* strong,  
 What there I did prescribe, no Beast can wrong ;  
 In *England* too,  
 Where Men now drink as deep as they, or you,  
 A few  
 Cures I have done ; I made one cast a Frog  
 Had turn'd his Paunch, with drinking, to a Bog.

*Mercurius-Dulcis*, *Scamony*, and the *Flos*  
 Of *Sulpher*, *Colocynthus*, each a Dose ;  
 Shall purge all Humors Cholerick or gross.  
 And next our Art  
 Directs a Cordial to refresh the Heart,  
 A Quart  
 Of Dyapenthed Muscadel each Morn,  
 Shall seven years free you from the Farriers Horn.

The *Horse* perceiv'd the Doctor was not well,  
 Did through Disguise a hungry *Lion* smell,  
 And thus his Malady began to tell ;  
 Sir, th' other Morn,  
 Leaping a Hedge to breakfast on green Corn,  
 A Thorn  
 Did pierce my Foot ; your Doctorship, no doubt,  
 Hath so much Surgery to draw it out.

The *Lion* joyful was of any Hint,  
 And looks on's Foot ; which, as the Devil were in't,  
 Dash'd him o'th' Brow, and leaves in blood the Print,  
 And dead him lays :  
 Wheeling about him then the Palfrey Neighs,  
 And saies ;  
 A double Fee, dear Doctor, is your due  
 For your great Cures ; come, and I'll make it two ;

At last th' astonish'd *Lion* rising said ;  
 I am with Fraud for Fraud most justly paid,  
 And my own Stratagem hath me betray'd.  
 Who lay a Bait,  
 Should see lest others use not like Deceit :  
 Too late

They

They may repent, having their Error then  
 Writ on their Brow, thus, with an Iron Pen.

## MORAL.

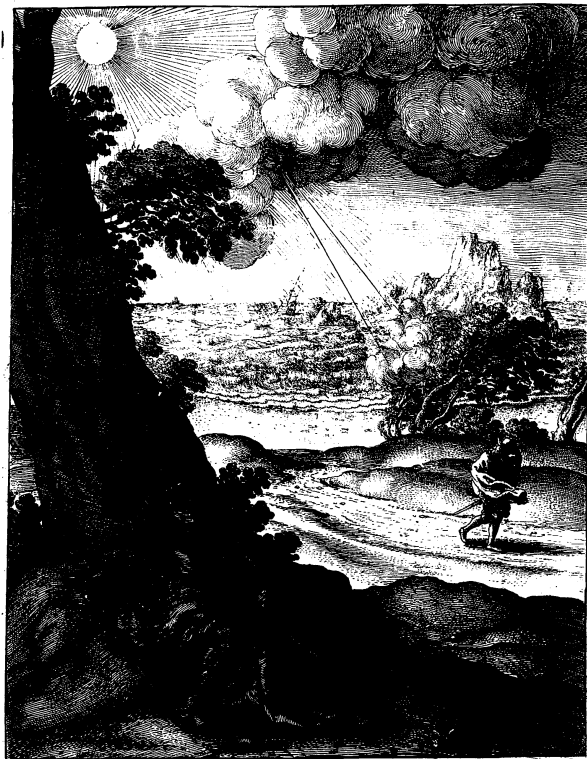
*He that in Health by Physick's Prescript lives,  
 Sickness t' himself, Wealth to Physicians gives.  
 Sick, take Advice ; but well, to Nature trust :  
 Let none with Doctors deal, but when they must.*

## FAB. LXV.

*Of the Sun and Wind.*

**R**ough *Boreas*, proud of many Victories, now  
 Will not Preheminence to the *Sun* allow.  
 While *Phæbus* stands in the high Solstice mute,  
 The blustering *Wind* did thus for Place dispute:  
*Phæbus*, we are not ignorant of your Parts,  
 And profound Science in ignoble Arts;  
 Of Minstrelsie and Physick, and we know  
 Well you can Dart, and use an able Bow.  
 But these are Toys; Let Gods for Power contend:  
 When I my Forces muster, when I blend  
 My Rain, and Hail, and Snow; or when I cleer,  
 As now, black Clouds from the bright Hemisphere;  
 (Which you with all your Raies could not Disperse,  
 But suffer'd once to Drown the Universe)  
 I shall appear more Potent far than Thou.  
 Thou canst warp Timber, make green Staves to bow;  
 But I tall Okes, that lofty Mountains crown,  
 And only with my Breath can tumble down.  
 How many stately Piles have I o're-thrown?  
 And Towns interr'd with their own falling Stone?  
 But vvho at Sea can my great Victories tell!  
 Where I 'tvvixt Billovvs storm the Gates of Hell;  
 On vvatry Mountains and congested Floods,  
 Then make Approaches dreadful to the Gods.  
 Like Racket-balls vvith *Argos's* I sport,  
 And the vvhole Ocean is my *Tennis-Court*.  
 Saylors in vain then to thy Deity pray,  
 That thou vvouldst let them knowv there is a day.  
 But vvhile I thunder through the trembling Shrouds,  
 Thou dar'st not peep through melancholly Clouds.

And



And when *Autumnus* with the Year grows old,  
 Thou looking on, I break hard Rocks with Cold;  
 And turn broad Seas, plow'd up with thundring Keels,  
 To Roads, where Waggon's jolt with groning Wheels.  
 These are the Acts that I have done, nor can  
 They be deny'd by Fiend, or God, or Man.

Then *Phœbus* said; Words, *Boreas*, are but wind;  
 But let Experience judge, then thou shalt find  
 Who strongest is. That Traveller behold:  
 Muster *Riphean* Blasts and *Russian* Cold,  
 And take from him his upper Weed, that Cloak,  
 Which trembled at each breath, now while you spoke:  
 But if thou canst not, leave the Task to me,  
 And cease comparing with a Deity.

Here he a Cloud unfolds, which like a pack,  
 Bore Winds to sell to Witches at his back;  
 And at one soup he treasures in his mouth,  
 Dry Northern Vapours, and the drop'd South.  
 Adding Case-shot of new created Hail:  
 His swelling Cheeks made frightened Seamen pale.  
 But on the Man he falls with all his Power,  
 And round beleaguers with a suddain Shower;  
 Storms him with Whirlwind, lin'd with biting Cold,  
 Yet all in vain, he faster kept his hold.  
 What rent huge branches from a sturdy Oke,  
 Could not divorce the crafty from his Cloak.  
*Who fight with Heaven, with Wool must keep out Death.*  
 Then *Boreas* fainting ask'd some time to Breathe.  
 When *Phœbus* smil'd, and bid the weary Rest;  
 His Brows then he with all his Glory drest,  
 And at the Traveller a whole Quiver shot  
 Of Fiery Darts, he warms first, then grows hot:  
 From Pores exalted briny Rivers flow;  
 He takes short Breath, at last he scarce could Go;  
 Weary



Weary and faint, then resting in the Shade,  
Throws by his Cloak, and *Phæbus* Victor made.

Then said the God; *Boreas*, thou art but Voice,  
*Great Actions are not carried on by Noise*;  
What Ranters, nor loud Blustering can obtain,  
A Fancy, or facetious Jest may gain.  
They that contend, they should not *only* know  
The Forces, but the cunning of the Foe.  
Valour and Strength, though Warriors great, submit  
To Counsel, and th' Almighty Power of Wit.

Then Northern *Boreas* saw himself a Fool,  
And was resolv'd to put his Sons to School.

### MORAL.

*Loud Threatnings make men stubborn, but kind Words  
Pierce gentle Breasts sooner than sharpest Swords.  
To Rant and Mouth is not so neer a way  
To Cheat your Brother, as by Tea, and Nay.*

F A B.

## F A B. LXVI.

*Of the Wolf and the Lamb.*

**G**reat Seed of *Mars*, O *Romulus*, who art  
My Grand-fire's Foster-Brother, Aid impart :  
If e'r you at a (•) *She-Wolf's* bosom hung,  
If her life-saving Milk made you so strong ,

And fierce,

If e'r those Hands she Fashion'd with her Tongue  
Laid Walls which after rul'd the Universe,

Then for her sake send Help ;

I and my tender Whelp

Are like to dy :

Ah for some Food,

A little Blood !

We cry ;

Help Thou that art the *Wolves* great Deity.

Scarce were his Prayers ended, when he spi'd  
A Bearded *Goat* and *Lamb* walk side by side.  
Then said the glad *Wolf*, I am heard : this *Lamb*  
To me a Present from *Rome's* Founder came.

She's fat,

Her Guardian is more dangerous than the *Ram*,

The Fortune of all Fights

Are doubtful, I'll use Slights.

Then loud he cries,

Good Mistress *Lamb*,

As is your Dam,

Be wife,

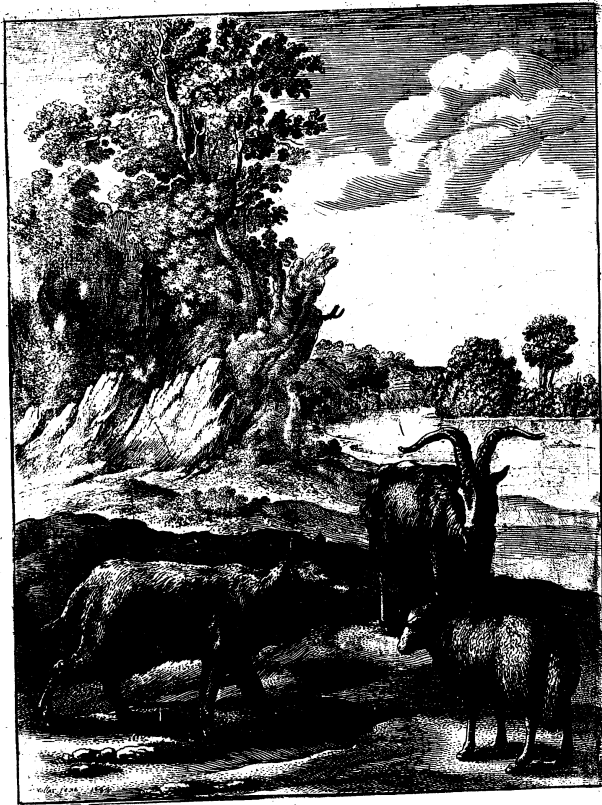
And leave that stinking Letcher I advise.

(•) *Amulius* King of *Aufonia* forc'd his brother *Namitor's* Daughter *Ila* to become a Vestal, whereby she was bound by her vow to live a perpetual Virgin, and so all hopes of her Father's posterity cut off. But she bare two Sons at a birth, begotten, as pretended, by *Mars's* impregnation, by a God being accounted honourable, *Amulius* charg'd that the Twins should be drown'd, and *Ila* buried alive, according to the Law concerning *Vestal* Virgins : But the Children were expos'd only, not murder'd by the relenting Executioners, and were nourish'd, according to the *Roman* Histories, by a *Wolf*, Monuments of which there are still remaining several Statues, and generally avouch'd by the Latin Poets, *Virgil* *Eneid* 8.

*Fecerat & viridi satum Mavortis in  
antro,  
Procrebuisse lupam : geminis huic ubi  
pa circums  
Ludere tendentes pueros, & lambs  
matrem  
Impavidos, &c.*

*Mars's* pregnant Wolf in a green Cove  
vert lay,  
And hanging at her Breasts two In-  
fants play ;  
Bending her Neck she licks the tender  
young,  
And quiet, shapes their Body with  
her Tongue.

But it is rather believ'd, that they were nurs'd by a Harlot, the Wife of *Faustulus*, call'd *Lupa* by the Latins ; which word being equivocal, and signifying a *Woltoo*, gave the occasion of the Fable.



Seek'st thou sweet Milk from Ranck He-Goats to get ?  
 Return poor Innocent to thy Mothers Teat,  
 There at extended Udders take thy fill,  
 Kids drain their Dams, the Lamb her Mother still.

Befide

Such Masters of the Flocks are counted ill,  
 That rough Goats not from fleecy Sheep divide.

Sweet *Lamb*, forfake this Goat,

Go to thy Mother's Coat ;

The neereſt way

Is through the Woods,

Where tender Buds

You may

Gather, and you and I in ſhade will play.

Then ſaid the *Bleater* ; Know, Sir *Wolf*, I am

To follow the Inſtructions of my Dam ;

My Parents Counſel, and not yours, obey :

She bid me with this Armed Father ſtay.

The Counſel of our Friends

Too oft have byaſ'd Ends,

But when a Foe

Shall give advice

The *Lamb's* ſo wiſe

To know;

Some Plot may be to work her Overthrow.

### MORAL.

*Youth that muſt Travel, careful Tutors need,  
 Left God's Commands, their Parents, and their Creed,  
 Should ſhaken by ſtrange Tenets be, and they  
 Return worſe principled, than put to Sea.*

## FAB. LXVII.

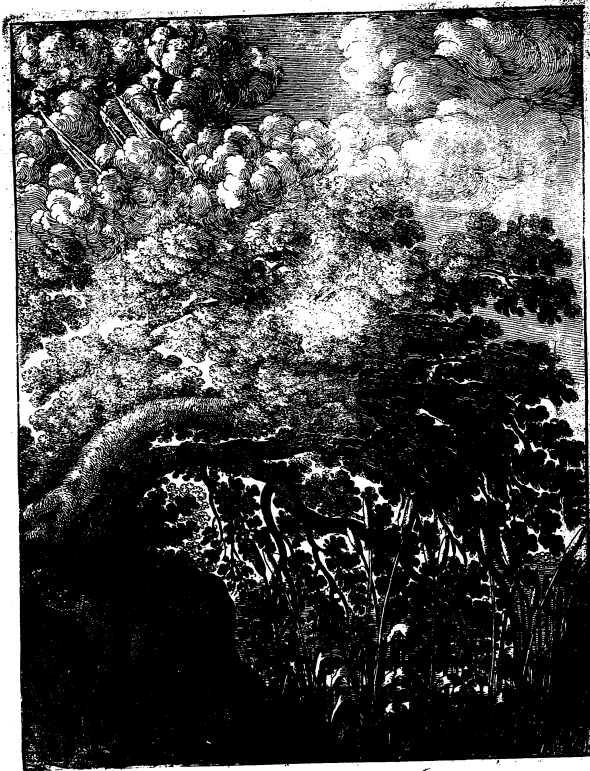
*Of the Oke and the Reed.*

**T**He Four Winds muster'd up Winds four  
times seven,  
From all their *Horizontick* Seats in Heaven,  
Thirty two Brethren did at once Conspire,  
Because the Sacred *Oke* was Free,  
By *Jove's* Decree,  
Both from Celestial Fire,  
And Thunder,  
On her to wreak their spight,  
And in one hideous Night  
T' extirp and Ruin quite,  
And all her Boughs and verdant leaves to plunder.  
To the Skies Arbiters since she'll not bend,  
They are resolv'd up by the Roots to rend.

Stout *Eurus* mounts his Steeds; on Northern Hags  
Rough *Boreas* rides; Black *Anster's* Sable bags  
And foul *Borachio's* fill'd i'th' Southern Main;  
Bright *Zephyre* now comes muffled up,  
And in a Troop  
Did bring a *Heurricane*  
To rend her.

They all at once discharge;  
Huge Arms and Branches large,  
'Gainst Sun and Wind a Targe,  
From their proud Fury could no more defend her,  
But with a mighty Ruin Branch and Root,  
Groning her last, lights at the Mountain Foot.

From whence down on the River's back she swims,  
Which the foul Night had swell'd above the brims.  
A a Catching



Catching her Boughs a small *Reed* stopp'd her way ;

The hapless *Oke* not yet quite Dead,

Then rais'd her head,

And to the *Reed* did say ;

I wonder

That thou shouldst scape last Night,

Who scarce canst stand upright,

So huge a Tempest's Spight,

And art not Rent, like wretched me, asunder :

Trusting my own Strength, I from Rocks was torn,

And to ridiculous Winds am now a Scorn.

The gentle *Reed* then softly whispering said ;

I am not of the greatest Storm afraid ;

When raging Winds among themselves contend,

What way they hurry through the Sky

That course ly I,

And flexible do bend :

I marvel

How you so long kept up,

Disdaining still to stoop

To that All-conquering Troop (Carve

Which Wracks tall Ships, and Drowns the stoutest:

I to the Strongest yield. *What ever chance,*

*All Fortunes vanquish'd are by Sufferance.*

### MORAL.

*Though Strong, Resist not a too Potent Foe ;*

*Madmen against a violent Torrent row.*

*Thou mayst hereafter serve the Common-weal ;*

*Then yield till Time shall later Acts repeal.*

## F A B. LXVIII.

*Of Jupiter and the Ass.*

**J**Ove, Thou who view'st from thy Empireal Sky,  
 And pity'st oft a Worm or injur'd Fly,  
 Leaving to Fate,  
 That Supreme State,  
 The March and Muster of the Golden Stars,  
 And to inconstant Fortune Princes Wars;  
 Without Advice of thy great Council send,  
 And well thou may'st, Aid to th' oppress'd Ass,  
 Me from the Gard'ner's Tyranny defend;  
 Father of Men and Gods,  
 So heavy are my Loads,  
 That though my Ribs were Steel, my Shoulders Brass,  
 I in a little space  
 Must yield to cruel Death;  
 O change my place, or stop my vital Breath.

The Gard'ner's Ass to mighty Jove thus pray'd,  
 Who straight did bind him to another Trade;  
 A Tyler now  
 His Back did bow;  
 And him with what whole Roofs must cover, loads,  
 Through deep Ways Lashing, and far longer Roads.  
 When thus to Jove the Beast again did pray;  
 Thou who from Slavery brought'st the Golden Ass.  
 And didst prefer 'mongst them that Scepters Sway,  
 With supercilious Look,  
 He now denies the Book,  
 And cruel in his place  
 Oft frights sad Pris'ners with his beastly Face:  
 O hear me when I cry,  
 And change this Master too, or else I Dy.

A a 2

Jove



*Jove* turn'd him over to another freight,  
A cruel *Tanner*, who with no less Weight

Did load his Back

Till it did crack :

But when he found his Master's Trade, and spy'd

Him Currying of his brother *Asses* Hide,

Struck with sad *Omens* of his woful Doom,

Thus to himself the Wretched did complain ;

I see that seldom better Masters come,

I should have been content,

With what the Gods have sent ;

This, when I am with cruel Labour slain,

Will put me to fresh Pain,

And what should shroud me in

He will not spare, but dead will Tan my Skin.

#### MORAL.

*Is it Decreed, and did the Fates consent,  
None should with present Fortune be content,  
Though in right Judgement they most happy are ?  
If so, no wonder Men change Peace for War.*

F A B.

## F A B L E. LXIX.

## Of the same Ass.



**B**Ut after, *Jove*, pitying the woful *Ass*,  
 Bids *Hermes* take, and turn him out to *Grass*;  
 There let him wander far in unknown ground,  
 Nor by his cruel Master soon be found.  
 There the Free-born did lead a Happy Life,  
 Among Wild *Asses*, there he got a Wife,  
 A dainty Female *Ass*, whose *Assian* feed,  
 In Vales and Groves, and on green Mountains feed:  
 Of Concubines, since prosperous his Affairs,  
 He had a whole *Seraglio* of Wild Mares.  
 The Martial Steed, though spurr'd with *Venus*, proof  
 Was not for his enamour'd Rival's Hoof;  
 But when he thought, though up to th' Eys in *Grass*,  
 Of his mean House, though Rich, yet still an *Ass*:  
 That the brave *Horse* could boast proud Ancestors,  
 And great Atchievements got in Antient Wars;  
 Then he repin'd, and when he saw his Ears  
 At watring, brackish made the Flood with Tears.  
 But he had Friends at Court, the Golden *Ass*,  
 T' in-noble him, might see his Patent pass.

While thus he murmur'd, mighty War arose,  
 And great Kings proove (to raise their Interests) Foes,  
 Those *Horse* gras'd with him, on *Thebessian* Plains,  
 Were all took up, and curb'd with Bits and Reins,  
 Yet still he kep'd his walk; at last he saw  
 Full Legions in thick Ranks to Battel draw.  
 Then sees them Charge, when suddenly the Fields  
 Were strew'd with Men & *Horse*, and Spears, & Shields.  
 And Steeds he knew thrust through with hostile Spears,  
 At this new Light, 'twixt Grief and Joy, with Tears  
 He



He thanks the Gods they coynd him but an *Ass*,  
Nor made a Horse, then said ; I here may pass  
My life in safety, and when Wars surcease,  
*An Ass may make a Justice of the Peace.*

## MORAL.

*In Halcyons some repine, others no Loss  
Deject at all. Is thy own Fortune cross?  
Rectifie't then ; with better Men compare,  
And let their Losses mollifie thy Care.*



70

## F A B. LXX.

*Of the same Ass and his Lion's skin.*

**A**fter that mighty Battel, where the *Ass*  
 A sad Spectator was, (please,  
 Had long been fought, as various Chance did  
 Till many valiant Captains dy'd the Grass,  
 And, their great Souls stood neer the *Stygian* Seas  
 Begging a pass :

While Dogs, and Vultures feasted on the slain ;  
 The Long-ear'd went to view the bloody Plain,  
 And though an *Ass*, not without hope of Gain.

Among huge Heaps of Slaughter, on the Green  
 He found a *Lion's* Skin,

Once dreadful Trappings to a gallant Steed.  
 Old-fancy'd Honour, as this Prize was seen,  
 To raise himself and his ignoble Breed,  
 Did fresh begin ;

The shaggy Main conceals his Back, the Jaws  
 Gape o'r his Face, long was the Train, the Paws  
 Struck fire on's Hoofs, and shine with golden Claws.

Accoutred thus, he with Majestick pace  
 Returns unto his place,

And at first view routs all the timorous Flocks,  
 (The *Ass* is dreadful in the *Lion's* Cafe :)  
 Bulls leave their Courtship, and the Labouring Ox,

As he did pass,  
 Ran bellowing as if bit by Summer Swarms,  
 Nor Goat, nor Ram, have Confidence in Arms,  
 But fly for safety from such fierce Alarms.

And

And now the *Ass* did o'r vast Countreys Reign,  
 Commanding all the Plain,  
 Scorning those Honours which at first he aim'd,  
 Wond'ring he Thoughts so mean could entertain.  
 The *Lioness* a Princess him inflam'd,

Her Love to gain,  
 Th' Impostor said, must be our next Design,  
 The Royal and the *Assian* House must joyn,  
 Then by just Title all these Plains are mine.

When Fortune, that delights in casting down  
 Great Kings, began to frown,  
 The cruel *Tanner* who had lost his *Ass*,  
 Several occasions sent on Foot from Town;  
 He saw the Prodigy, wondring what it was,  
 To be his own

He little dream'd; What e'r thou art, said he,  
 I'll lose some way and time, but I will see;  
 Thou canst not sure the dreadful *Lion* be.

Thus saying, he advanc'd: The *Ass* did know

This is a dangerous Foe;  
 Should he go less than what he seem'd, and fly,  
 He would a Scorn to his new Subjects grow:  
 When thus he said; I'll keep up Majesty,  
 And Courage shew.  
 Then to his Master loud he thus began;  
 What e'r thou art, fly hence, presumptuous Man  
 Else thou art dead: and at him fiercely ran.

Then suddain Fear the *Tanner* did surpris'd,  
 But when his Ears he spies,  
 He stands, and by them Prisoner took the *Ass*,  
 And wondring at his Royal Weeds, replies;

Among

Among these Forresters thou well might'st pass,  
 Who have no better Eyes,  
 For the great *Lion*, and possess a Throne  
 In Groves where *Asses* are no better known:  
 But You my *Ass* are, and I Seize my own.

### MORAL.

*The Taylor makes the Man, Breeding and Coyn,  
 Of them pass by, as those Ride o'r a Mine,  
 Are unregarded: Great Impostors so  
 In Royal Habits oft for Princes goe.*

B b

F A B.

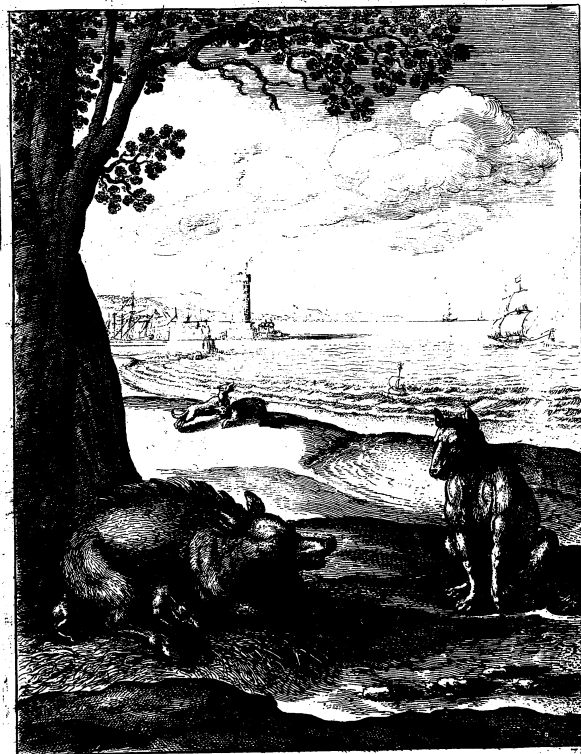
## F A B. LXXI.

*Of the Wolf and the Sow.*

**A** War-Wolf mangy with an entail'd Itch,  
 Symping Comprest a *Caledonian* Witch:  
 She, neer her time, with others did imbark  
 In a tite Egg-shell; safe as in the Ark  
 Mountains they to Southern Kingdoms rowld,  
 While Northwinds loud from sixteen Angles scowld.  
 Then, landing safe, they mount fantastick Foals,  
 And bent their Courſe to Cocker up their Souls  
 With *Gallick* Wine, down in a ſacred Vault  
 Where never came the impious Race of Malt,  
 Where ſweet *Lyæus* no ſmall Hoops contain,  
 The Hags deſcend in Thunder, Wind, and Rain.  
 Heighten'd with *Bacchus* blood, and Bicket Sops.  
 Frolick, they throw Spigots o'r Houſes tops;  
 Black, and Red Seas, mix with the *Mediterrane*,  
 While they in Purple Muſt their Ankles ſtain.  
 Then Hoytie-toytie, frantick *Bacchanals*  
 Begin to Revell: When the Spirit calls,  
 Aboard, aboard, the Chariot of the Dawn  
 Rattles on Eaſtern Hills; Their Cobweb Lawn  
 Streight is unfurl'd, all yare, and tite, they ſail  
 Back, whil'ſt Seas charge with an adverſe gale.

But here the Dame pregnant with *Wolvish* ſeed  
 Deliver'd was, but when they ſaw the Breed  
 A rough ſhe-Wolf, ſtreight inconcocted Grapes  
 Began to work, nine, and no little ſcapes  
 Nine Hags diſcharge at once, and th' Infant bore  
 To *Ardens* Forreſt, far off from the ſhore

A



A pitying *Wolf* took up, and Nurs'd the Child,  
 And from her wond'rous Fortune *Erswind* stil'd.  
 She Married *Isgrim*, and, if Fame be true,  
 Him a she-*Wolf* bore to a Wandering Jew,  
 Who by his Humane Nature got the hint  
 Of *Wolvisb* Discipline in *Geneva* Print,  
 And his Mad Zeal first made the Forest blaze;  
 This by his Howling Rhetorick did raise  
 Arms 'gainst his King, did antient Right supplant,  
 And made Beasts take a beastly Covenant;  
 This Urchins call'd, and stir'd up senseless Moles,  
 And innocent Sheep inspir'd with *Wolvisb* Souls;  
 Then Females, like Milch Tygres first were seen  
 To Rage against the Lions, their Queen;  
 Steers, Colts, and Asses, did like Panthers stare,  
 And Bulls Horn-mad for Reformation were.

When *Erswind* with a blessed Off-spring big,  
 Weary with Lamb and Mutton, long'd for Pig,  
 And thus She howl'd to move her furly Mate;  
 Swine's flesh I loath with a Maternal Hate,  
 Yet for the Off-spring of the Salvage Boar,  
 The fat Priest's Quarters which I keep in store,  
 Which at my Lying-in I meant should Feast  
 My Mother, and her *Caledonian* Guest,  
 Now I would give to see one Pig depart  
 To eat the Liver and the bleeding Heart.

When the grim Sire reply'd; Leave off complaints,  
*Afflictions have been womb-som to the Saints:*  
 But if the Boar her Husband be abroad,  
 My mortal Foe, by Force or Pious Fraud  
 I'll get thee one, *no Scruple is in Meat,*  
 And Thou and I abundantly will Eat.

This said, he hafts unto the spreading Oke,  
 Where lay a pregnant Sow, and kindly spoke;  
 Sifter, your Husband hath great Service done,  
 And by his Valour we the Victory won;  
 But since I hear your Spouse in Countrys far,  
 Muft for small Pay attend a lingring War,  
 And this your Charge is great, take friendly helps:  
 Some of your Sons I'll foster with my Whelps,  
 Not in Prophaner Arts, like Popish Pigs,  
 To pettitoe-it on the Organs Jigs,  
 When Surplic'd *Affer* Chant it to the Lyre;  
 Nor they supine shall wallow in the Mire:  
 But Pastors be, and them I'll teach to keep  
 The Sheepish Souls of Flocks, and shear the sheep.  
 They have Prick-ears, and as we Teachers wear,  
 Howling in hollow Trees, such is their Hair.

The Brawny Dame did here break off all speech;  
 If you are such a Friend, Sir, I beseech  
 You'll shew it in your absence, nothing more  
 Can me and mine oblige, back twenty score,  
 That is the greatest favour you can do;  
 You hate all Swine, and I abhor a Jew:  
 I hear him whet his Tusk, the *Boar* is neer,  
 And you have taken a wrong Sow by th' Ear.  
 Cowering his Tail, endeavouring to have fled,  
 Wings Fear not added to his Feet, but Lead;  
 Whom suddenly the angry *Boar* o'r-took:  
 Him, at whose Rage the *Lion's* party shook,  
 No more Resistance than a tender Lamb  
 Made 'gainst this Foe, whom freight he overcame;  
 And with his Phang a Window in his side  
 To Flank from shoulder rent, where, as he Dy'd,  
 The deep Hypocrisie and bloody Ends,  
 Writ in his Heart, were read by Foes and Friends.

Soon

Soon after that the *Boar* the Wood enjoy'd,  
 And *Wolves* as new Malignants were destroy'd.

## MORAL.

*Mischiefs Best Plots Women too of have laid,  
 And tender Females sooneft are betray'd.  
 Some great Seducers make a timely End,  
 But oftner they in Bloody Sheets descend.*

F A B.

## F A B. LXXII.

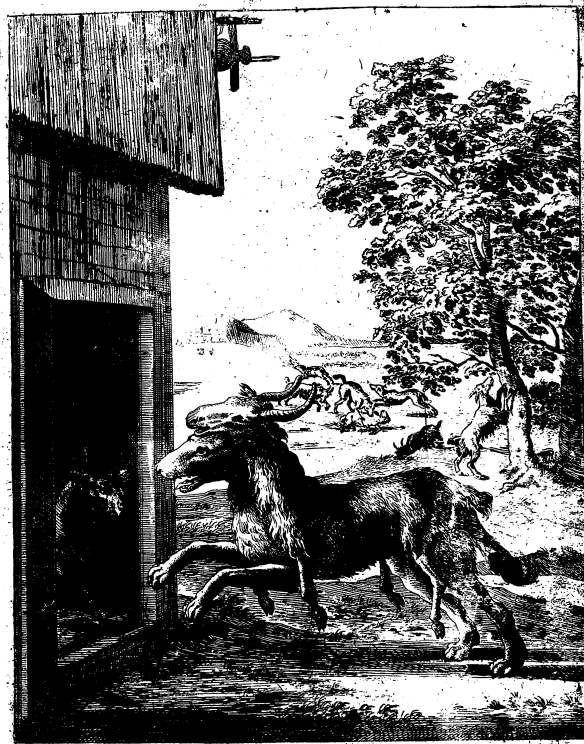
*Of the She-Goat and Kid.*

**A** She-Goat Widowed by Civil War,  
 (As many other woful Matrons are)  
 Although her Sequestration a small Fine  
 Had taken off,  
 Had little cause to laugh,  
 For when she rose, she knew not where to Dine,  
 Which made cold Cups be season'd oft with Brine.  
 One Son she had, now Heir,  
 Just of his Fathers Hair,  
 Her Comfort, and her Care;  
 But what did most extol this gentle *Kid*,  
 He did  
 All the Commands which his dear Mother bid.

When to her only Hope the Parent said,  
 I go dear Child (subsistence must be had)  
 Where I for thee will crop the tender Bud,  
 And search the Ground,  
 For Moon-wort, rarely found;  
 Which from our Wounds draws Steel, and stops the  
 A Sovereign Medicine, and a dainty Food. (blood,  
 But *Kid*, when I am gone,  
 Open the Gate to none,  
 To Friend, nor Foe, not one.  
 The *Wolf*, although the *Bore* had brought him low,  
 I know,  
 His Nature keeps, and will no Mercy shew.

Shall I forget how he thy Father slew,  
 When from the *Cambrian Hills* a *Goatish* Crew

Of



Of *British* Long-beards with three Sons he led ?

He pierc'd his Throat,

And drank his best blood hot,

Then on his Bowels and his Liver fed.

As ill, woes me, thy hapless Brethren sped,

When down their Arms they threw,

Quarter being granted too,

Most barbarously he slew

And in his Den their Limbs in pieces tore ;

Nay more,

With their gnawn Bones he pav'd his bloody Flore.

This said, away she speeds. The *Wolf*, who long

Had watch'd his time, skill'd in the *Goatish* tongue,

On's Loins the *British* Captains spoils did guird,

With his fair Horns

His Horrid brow adorns,

Down from his Chin hung a long Silver Beard,

As if the King and Father of the Heard.

Accoutred thus before,

At the dull Goat-herd's dore

He oft drank Kiddish gore :

When thus disguis'd with feigned voice he spoke,

Unlock,

Long-beard is here, the Father of the Flock.

I Live, whom Fame reported Dead, and bring

Good tydings ; Never better was the King.

The *Lion* now is Forty thousand strong,

Innumerable Swarms,

Both Old, and Young, take Arms,

And he will Thunder at their Gates e'r long,

Changing their Triumph to a doleful Song.

And



And now the Conquering *Boar*,  
 Of those subdu'd before,  
 Doth speedy Aid implore,  
 But the dissenting Brethren in one Fate,  
 Too late,  
 Shall rue they turn'd this Forrest to a State.

Whom *Pan*, his Parents, and his King obey'd,  
 Duty, Belief, and Piety betray'd,  
 And bolted doors he suddenly unbars :

The *Wolf* rush'd in,  
 Throwing off his borrow'd Skin,  
 His Eys with Rage blazing like ominous Stars,  
 Which threaten Earth with Famine, Plague, and Wars;  
 Then on the expected Prize  
 With open Mouth he flies,  
 His Jaws sweet Purple dies.  
 When thus th' Infulter did the *Kid* upbraid,  
 And said ;  
*Let all thus Perish with the Lion Aid.*

### MORAL.

*First, God's Commands, your Parents next obey ;  
 A thousand Snares, Pride, Lust, and Avarice lay :  
 But other Arts now taught in Modern Schools,  
 Stile all our Wise and Pious Fathers, Fools.*

## F A B. LXXIII.

*Of the Young-man and the Cat.*

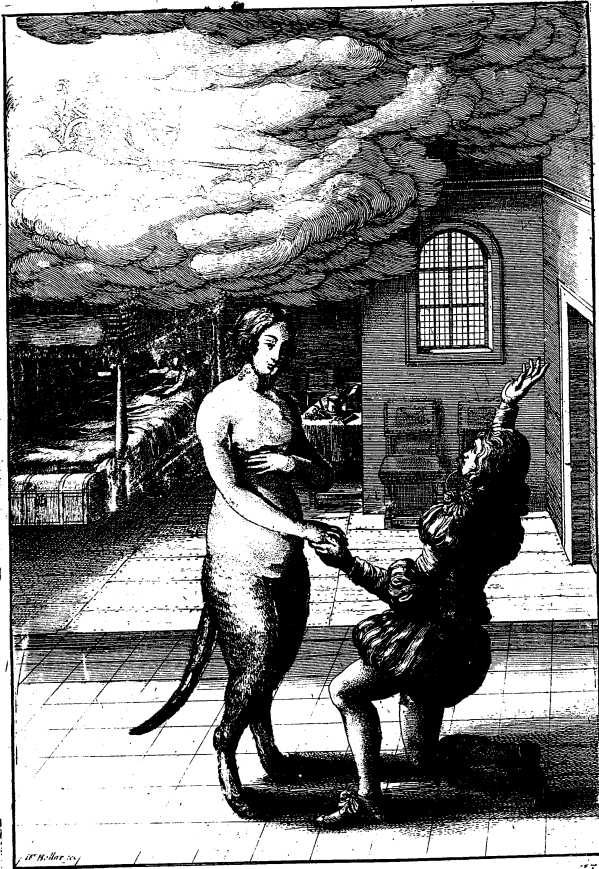
**G** *Rimmalkin's* Grand-child, *Tybert's* Noble Race,  
 For Beauty gave no *Catish* Damsel place,  
 Round was her Face,  
 Her Eys were Grey as *Germans*, or the *Gaul*,  
 The Stars that fall  
 Through gloomy shade, cast no such dazzling light :  
 Nor Glo-worms that most glorious are by Night ;  
 Her Bosom soft and white  
 Like Down of silver Swans, her Head was small  
 And round as any Ball,  
 Daily she wore a party-colour'd Gown,  
 Curiously mix'd, with White, Black, Grey, and Brown.

Stoln from her Mother's Teat, a Young-man bred  
 This Female up, and laid her in his Bed ;  
 Each Morning fed,  
 And Evening, with warm Strokings from the Cow,  
 Would Fith allow,  
 But not to Wet her tender Feet afford,  
 She may in pleafant Gardens catch a Bird,  
 Or make afraid.  
 Scorch'd with Love's cruel flames this Youth did now  
 At *Venus* Altars bow,  
 That She, his Love would change into a Maid,  
 When thus with rear'd-up Hands to Heaven he pray'd;

O *Citherea*, since the Cruel Dart  
 Of thy dear Son hath strangely pierc'd my Heart,  
 Some Aid impart ;

C c

Thou



(a) *Pygmalion* the Son of *Citax* the *Cyprian*, deterr'd by the heathly life of the *trapezites*, and the vices generally incident to Women resolv'd to live a single life ; who carving the Image of a Virgin in Ivory, fell in love with his own workmanship, at whose prayers *Venus* converted the Statue into a Woman, of whom he begot *Paphos*. Thus *Ovid* relates the fable.

*Sit Conjux opto, non ausus, chorua virgo,*  
*Dixerat Pygmalion, similis mea dixit chorua, &c.*

Give me a Wife, one like, *Pygmalion* said,  
But durst not say, give me my Ivory Maid.  
The golden *Venus*, present at her Feast,  
Conceives his wish, and friendly signs express;  
The fire thrice flaming, thrice in flames aspires,  
To his admired Image he retires,  
Lies down besides her, rais'd her with his arm,  
Then kiss'd her tempting lips, and found them warm:  
That lesson oft repeats, her bosom oft  
With amorous touches feels, and felt it soft;  
Th' Ivory dimpled with his fingers, lacks  
Accustom'd hardness, as *Hymettian* Wax  
Relents with heat, which chafing thumbs reduce  
To pliant forms, by handling fram'd for use.  
Amaz'd with doubtful joy, and hope that feels,  
Again the Lover what he wishes feels,  
The Veins beneath his thumbs impression beat,  
A perfect Virgin full of Juice and Heat, &c.

Thou at the Prayer of sad <sup>(\*)</sup> *Pygmalion*

Mad'st Flesh of Stone,

Form'd a soft Woman from obdurate Flint :

That had no Soul, this hath a Spirit in't,

This hath her Passions, hath Affection shown,

And loves or me, or none.

Make her for Marriage fit, and She and I

Will Day and Night adore thy Deity.

The Goddess heard, first on her Hairy face

Did Lillys of untainted beauty place,

Which Roses grace ;

And now her Grey Eyes sparkle more by day ;

A Milky way

'Twixt Hills of Snow, which Curral Fountains shews,

And her clear Neck like Silver Dawn arose,

Her white Foot grows

Now a fair Palm, whence fingers long display :

Where azure Rivers stray :

A Virgin then appear'd, so Fair and Sweet,

She seem'd a Heaven all o'r, from Head to Feet.

Nor could the ravish'd Youth admire too much,

Nor could believe, till by enduring Touch

He found her such,

Eut when the Spake, sweet Love was in his Breaſt

With Joy oppress,

And loud he cries ; Come all my Friends, and see

The Gods great Gift, what Heaven hath done for me,

I shall too happy be.

Bring Silk and Gold, with Jems let her be Drest,

Prepare the Marriage Feast :

All came, and wonder, Womens Envious Eye,

Surveying her, could not one blemish spy.

All

All Rites perform'd, and *Hymen's* Torch put out,

Who of the Joys of Marriage-bed could doubt,

Or fear a flout ?

The *Cyprian* Goddess then desir'd to find

If that her Mind

Was with her Form improv'd ; a little Mouſe

Streight she presents on th' Evins of the House :

The Bride leaps from her Spouse,

And leaves the Young-man to embrace the Wind,

The *Cat* will after kind ;

Just when he thought to reap the Joy of Joys,

A Mouſe she cries, and all his Hope destroys.

When *Venus* thus, highly Incens'd, storm'd :

A hateful *Cat* to a Virgin We Transform'd

But still Deform'd,

And Bestial Thoughts within her Breast remain,

The Task was vain,

No Power can stave off Nature ; though our Art

Gave fair Dimensions to the Outward part,

We could not change the Heart.

Here she transform'd her to a *Cat* again ;

Then did the Youth Complain ;

Thy Pity *Venus* thou hast turn'd to Spight,

Wouldst thou not let me have her one short Night ?

### MORAL.

No Punishment, no Penalty, nor Hire,

Can repulse Nature led by strong Desire.

So Barbarous People Civiliz'd with Care,

The least Occasion turns to what they were.

C c 2

F A B.

## FAB. LXXIV.

*Of the Cat and the Cock,*

**S**He that so lately was the Young-man's Spouse;  
 And left the Joys of Marriage-bed to Mause,  
 Now conscious of her Crime, and hooted at  
 By all the House,  
 Grew more and more a *Cat* :  
 And after that

By Day she haunts sad Rocks, and shady Groves,  
 When dark, through Gutters o'r House-tops she roves,  
 And seeks Night-walking Loves,  
 Who couple not like Doves ;

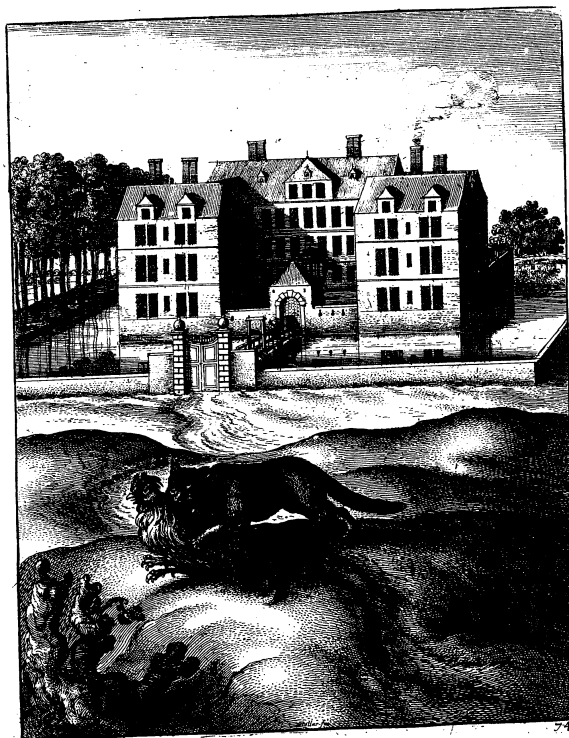
Where round about her *Cattish* Youngsters throng,  
 (For she was fair) and with a Hideous Song,  
 A dismal Note and long,

The haughty Rivals Challenge, Meet, and Fight,  
 And Terrifie the silence of the Night.

(laid,  
 'Mongst these she proves : Her Pregnant Womb being  
 The Ravenous Beast in neighbouring Houses prey'd,  
 That Milky Breasts her tender Young might breed :  
 Once thus she strai'd,  
 And not supply'd her need,  
 Nurses must feed.

When thus she spake ; Each Passage, Door and Lock  
 In my Lord's House I know : where dwels a *Cock*  
 Chief of a feather'd Flock,  
 Which once my Hopes did mock,  
 But now he shall not scape : Hark how he Crows ;  
 What, boasts thou Fool e'r thou subdu'dst thy Foes !  
 This said, on streight she goes,

Through



Through wates unknown, and mischievously bent;  
Down boldly leaps, and seiz'd the Innocent.

With her sad Prisoners *Puss* was us'd to play,  
Though he must Die, she'd do't by Legal way,  
And thus Attainders formally began ;

Thou before Day  
Awakenest drowfie Man,  
Who Curse and Ban,

Vext with thy Minstralsies unwelcome Aires,  
At such a time when Heaven should hear their Prayers

To prosper them and theirs.

This said, the *Cock* declares ;

I am the Husband-man's Alarm, and Watch ;  
Those Sons of Toyl, that live in Smoke and Thatch,

Rais'd by my Voice, dispatch

(Buckling on Leather, Freeze, and clouted Shoon)

A long Day's Labour, often before Noon.

Then said the *Cat* ; Is thy Impiety  
(O wicked Bird) and Incest hid from me ?  
Thou hast against all Laws of Men and God,

Which I did see,

Thy Virgin Daughter trod ;

Nay, thy hot Blood,

Thy Sister, Mother, Grandam, did not spare.

Then he reply'd ; Thy last Charge less I fear,

Since 'tis my Master's Care,

For him, and for his Fair

Lady, I should get Eggs, who now is Wed.

Shalt thou a Strumpet feed enjoys the Bed

From whence I'm banished ?

Accumulative Crimes have no Retreat ;

'Tis Treason, thou shalt Die, and I must eat,

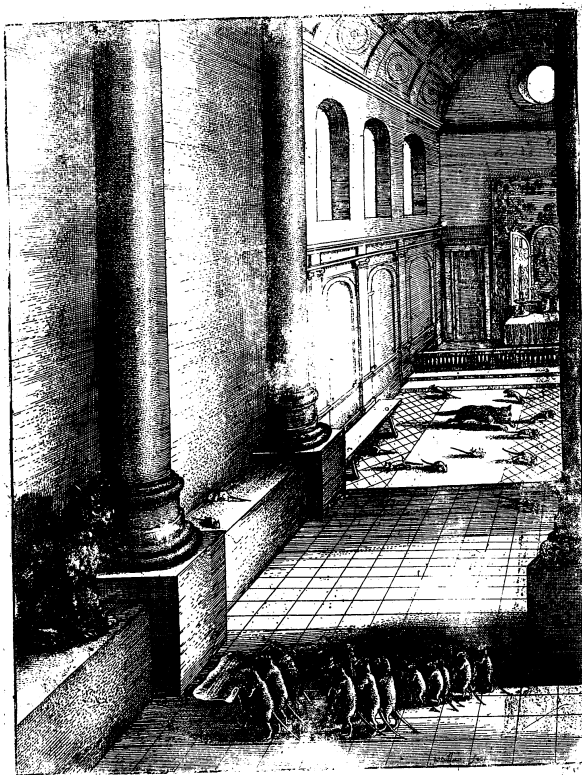
Said

Said angry *Phis* ; and sharp-set with a Groul  
She eats his flesh, and drinks in Blood his Soul.

## MORAL.

*When Tyrants would their Empty Coffers Fill,  
Against some Wealthy Peer they draw a Bill  
The Tryal's fair, Charge, Answer, and Reply,  
But Riches is your Crime, and you must Dy.*

F A B.



## FAB. LXXV.

*Of the Cat and the Mice.*

And now our *Cat*, which once had been a Wife  
 The Iron Tooth of Time  
 Had alter'd from her prime,  
 Old, she with Nuns led a Monastick life,  
 Free from rough Lovers, and proud Rivals strife ;

And with those pious Virgins went to Prayer,  
 Who while they number Beads,  
 About them softly treads,  
 Disturbing none that at Devotion were ;  
 Contented with long Fasts, and Lenten Fare.

Setled for Strength, Convenience, and Health,  
 Neer to the Larder Door,  
 Some *Miceans* had a poor  
 Plantation rais'd from Sacrilege and Stealth,  
 Almost from Nothing to a Common-wealth.

These *Hogen Mogent*, when their cruel Foe  
 The *Cat* they heard drew neer,  
 Were struck with mighty fear,  
 And at the Tydings streight to Counsel goe ;  
 Till then, these People knew no face of Woe.

When some inform'd, and they of no mean place,  
 They *Tybert's* Issue saw,  
 Her Countenance struck no Aw,  
 But full of Meekness, Heavy was her Face,  
 And Sadness much Dejected had her Face.

They

They saw how oft the Contemplating fate ;  
 Nor in that holy House ,  
 They thought, she'd touch a Mouse ,  
 Nor view with jealous Eye their rising State ;  
 This was a Saint, a most Religious Cat.

When they this Character had understood,  
 Commissioners they chose ,  
 (No time they careful lose)  
 That should bear gifts, and kiss great *Puffer's* hand,  
 And Leagues confirming lasting Peace demand.

Soon they admitted were, and Audience had ;  
 The subtle *Cat* in State  
 Heard what they could relate  
 With mild Aspect, her Visage pale, and sad,  
 And thus to them a Friendly Answer made ;

Bold *Miceans* know (if you ne'er heard the fame)  
 I have been once a Wife ,  
 Seeking one *Micean's* Life ,  
 I was transform'd to what you see I am,  
 For which bold Crime to Penance here I came.

Your Suite We grant : but as Our Custome, nine  
 Potentates I Invite  
 To Sup with me this Night,  
 So intimate ; but you with Us shall Dine :  
 Then in their Presence lasting Peace I'll Sign.

This known, Nine chosen march through narrow Ports,  
 And winding passeth forth,  
 With many *Mice* of Worth :  
 There the fond Vulgar in great Troops resorts,  
 Expecting Banquets in the *Cattish* Courts.

No

No sooner in, but stern *Puffs* shuts the Door,  
 Stops all the Chinks and Holes ;  
 Then Terror strikes their Souls :  
 And to a Fury she transform'd, once more,  
 Belitrews the Room with mangled Limbs, and Gore.

Which to the Senate a new Lesson reads,  
 Fair Words, and simpering Looks,  
 Are still Deceivers Hooks :  
*None that is Wise, Outward Comportment breeds ;*  
*Morals their Face declares not, but their Deeds.*

## MORAL.

*Treaties are full of Fraud ; if rising States*  
*Would join with Princes, and make Kings their Mates,*  
*Let them beware how they Confirm the League ;*  
*Monarchs still jealous for small Cause Reneg.*

D d

F A B.



## FAB. LXXVI.

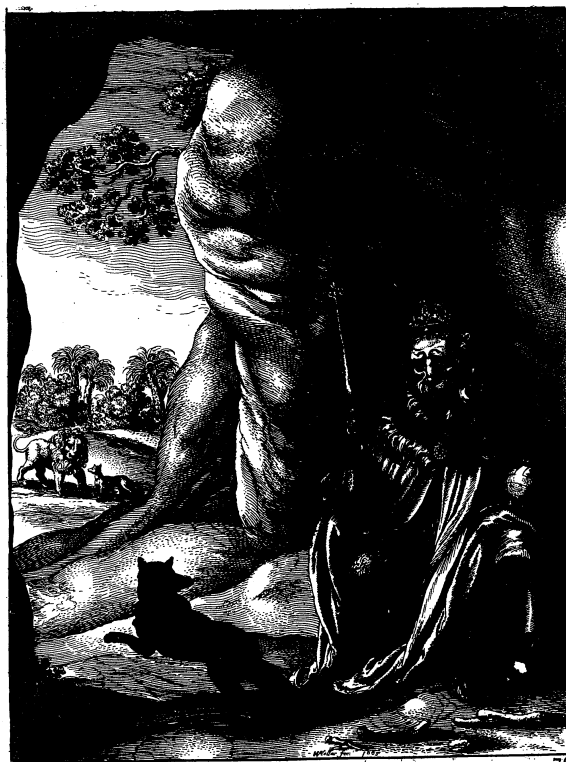
*Of the Fox and the Lion.*

O H! all you Gods and Goddesses that dwell  
In Heaven and Earth, in Heaven, Earth, Sea,  
and Hell.

If all your Power Conjoyn'd can one Protect,  
Save the poor *Fox*,  
Nor Prayer reject.  
What is it I behold?  
His shaggy Locks,  
Are prest with shining Gold.  
It is the *Lion*; See! his spreading Robe  
Covers at least half the Terrestrial Globe:  
Terror of Beasts and Man,  
Whose hard Teeth can  
Crack Brazen bones of the *Leviathan*.  
Help, help, if me he not in pieces tears,  
I shall in sunder Shake with my own Fears.

At first the *Fox* thus Trembled to behold  
The Scepter'd *Lion*, Arm'd and Crown'd with Gold.  
But when the King the second time he saw  
Hunting in green,  
Not so much Awe  
Did in his Looks appear,  
Less Majesty in's *Mein*,  
Then *Reynard* drew more neer;  
But the third day the bold Beast had the Face  
To come up close, and cry'd, *Forve save your Grace*.  
At last so neer did stand,  
He kist his Hand,  
Scon after did the Royal Ear Command,

In



*In which he said; Custome makes Mortals Bold,  
To Play with that they durst not once behold.*

## MORAL.

*Who Hate to Draw a Sword, and Guns abhor,  
Custome hath made most Valiant Men of War.  
Love's Novice so, trembling, fresh Beauty forms,  
Which soon lies ruffled in his Conquering Arms.*

## F A B. LXXVII.

*Of the Lark, and her Young.*

**I**T is the sweet early Chanting *Lark*,  
 That to the Heavenly Choristers is Clark,  
 And mounts the Sky as freely as a Spark;  
 Yet she in haughty Towres not builds her Nest,  
 Nor on the tops of lofty Cedars dwells,  
 Which are with all the Roring Winds opprest,  
 That Northern Witches Conjure up with Spels;  
 But in Corn Fields her Habitation's found,  
 Flanck't round with Earth, six inches under ground.

From whence she issuing to her Young-ones spake;  
 Notice be sure of what you hear to take,  
 And strict Account at my returning make.

When thus the *Landlord* to his Heir begun;  
 This Wheat is Ripe, we must have down this Corn;  
 Go, and invite my Friends with Rising Sun  
 To Reap it, and at Night it shall be Born.  
 At this sad News the *Larks* astonish'd were,  
 And told their Mother, struck with mighty Fear.

Then said th' old Bird; If for his Friends he look,  
 (He may be, but I shall not be mistook)  
 This Corn need fear no danger of the Hook.  
 Giving like Charge, out the next Morn she flies,  
 While th' *Old-Man* long did Friends in vain expect;  
 At last he said, grown with Experience Wife,  
 Son, call our Kindred, since our Friends neglect,  
 Those from our own Loyns sprung will not forget,  
 That we to morrow may cut down this Wheat.

Th'



Th' affrighted Birds this to their Mother told,  
 Who cheer'd them thus, Kindred too oft prove cold ;  
 This Corn will stand, and we shall keep our Hold.

The second Morn made bright the Hemisphere,  
 When of the Confanguineous none were seen :  
 Then said the Father to the Son, I fear  
 We shall not be beholding to our Kin ;  
 Stand to me Boy, to morrow thou and I  
 Will Reap this Corn, Cousins and Friends desie.

With these, the Birds their Mother did acquaint,  
 When with a Sigh she said ; We Time shall want,  
 For we to morrow must new Regions plant.

They that with Care to their own businesse look,  
 Are in the readiest way to have it done,  
 But who shall trust to Friends or Kindreds Hook.  
 Shall find it at a stand, or backward run :  
 As when the Arm against the Stream is slack,  
 The Boat in the swift Channel hurries back.

## MORAL.

*Intelligence best moves Affairs, by which  
 Both Kings and Common-wealths grow Great and Rich.  
 But who their Businesse would have follow'd, must  
 More to themselves than any other trust.*

F A B.

## FAB. LXXVIII.

*Of the Hawk and the Nightingale.*

**W**HEN the Triumphant Sun in his Ca-  
 roach,  
 Cut from an entire *Topaz*, made ap-  
 To the great Tract betwixt the Golden Horns (proach  
 Of the Celestial Bull;  
 When the *Ambrosian* Tresses of fair Morns  
 With liquid Pearl were full;  
 Then *Philomel* did from her Nest depart,  
 With a sad *Omen*, and a heavy Heart,  
 To try neglected Art;  
 By the Grove side she on a Haw-thorn bough  
 Sung her first Song, and paid her Yearly Vow:  
 Lovers that heard her, e'r the Cuckow's voice,  
 Rejoyce,  
 Since *Valentine* chose, but she confirms the choice.

While thus she Chants, a sharp Thorn at her breast,  
 A prying Swain, who late had found her Nest,  
 Came secretly, and in her absence stole  
 From thence the Callow young;  
 A fresh Wound's anguish in a wounded Soul  
 What Pen can say or Tongue?  
 He to his City Landlord bears the Prize,  
 But she sends loud Complaints to Marble Skies,  
 And moves the Deities:  
 Which (as relentless as their Statues were)  
 A Bird of War pickeering through the Air,  
 A fierce *Hawk* sent, who while she did in vain  
 Complain,  
 Seiz'd, and poor *Philomel* must now be slain.

Though



Though great her woe was, and she much did grieve,  
 Yet at Pale Deaths approach she fain would live,  
 And from the proud Foe thus begs quarter then ;

    This little body spare,

What is to thee a *Nightingale* or *Wren*,

    A Mouthful but of Air ?

Take some Large Bird, and Fat, on whom is Meat ;  
 Behold on every Tree, and Bush they feat,

    And spare me I intreat.

With frowning look, the *Falcon* then replies ;

Thus counsel *Daws*, no *Hawk* is so unwise,

When in their Pounces they have seiz'd a Prey,

    That they,

Let it, in Hope of Better, fly away.

### MORAL.

*A Small Estate, and Sure, is better far,  
 Than Fortunes that in Expectations are :  
 What we Possess we Have, Fancy may feed  
 The Mind, but not Supply the present Need.*

F A B.

## F A B. LXXIX.

*Of the Husband-man and the Stork,*

**T**Here was a greedy Villager took pain  
To Plow deep wrinkles on a Virgin Plain,  
Where his strong Steers broke such obdurate  
Glebes,

As might have Danc'd into the Walls of (\*) *Thebes*  
Instead of Stones,

Harder than *Pyrrha's* moystned Mothers Bones.

This Swain while he did whet his blunted Share,

Often to *Ceres*, and Superior Gods,

Did make no idle Prayer,

To recompence his Care,

And fruitful render hard and barren Clods.

They heard, and Nurs'd his Hope with timely Rain,

That now black grounds did shine with golden Grain.

When a fierce Troop of Plundering *Cranes* he spies,

And wicked *Geese*, to cut the Crystal Skies,

Call'd in by those Domestick *Geese* he fed

In his own Barn, with what should make him Bread.

His *Gander* thus

He heard declare ; Welcome dear Friends to us :

Our spiteful Master, if he see us look

But o'r the Hedge, with threatening voice will call :

Who can the injury brook ?

Come, let's deprive the Hook.

(\*) *Amphion*, who first lived in a small Town call'd *Eutresis*, afterwards remov'd to *Thebes*, which he was forc'd to Bulwark round for fear of the *Phlegya*, potent enemies near hand. The Poets generally say, that he played so sweetly on his Harp, that the very Stones and Trees spontaneously followed it to the building of the Walls of *Thebes*. *Horace* in his *Art of Poetry*,

*Dilectus & Amphion Thebanæ conditor ædificæ,  
Sæva movere sono testudinæ, & præce blandâ  
Ducere quæ voluit*——

*Amphion* who built *Thebes* made stones advance,  
As they report, and to his Musick dance,  
And lead them where he pleas'd with moving strains.

By which they signified, that he by the sweetness of his Discourse and carriage, had mollifi'd the more fierce and Barbarous People, and perswaded them to a politic Society.



This

This said, th' whole Army on the Field did fall.  
Plots met with Counterplots, strong Gins were set,  
Which took both Foes and Traitors in a Net.

'Mongst whom he found a *Stork*, who to the *Swain*  
Thus pleaded Innocence ; I am no *Crane*,  
Nor impious *Goose*, nor have I touch'd your Corn,  
But the best Bird am I on wings is born :

'Tis I that feed

My Parents spent with Age, and in their Need  
Bear like the <sup>(b)</sup> *Trojan Hero* on my back.  
The *Pelican* that feasts with her own Blood

Her Young when Meat they lack,

Compar'd to me, is black ;

Who will not spend their Lives to save their Brood ?  
Great Love defends ; to Age who gives respect ?  
Children and Friends, Parents grown Old, neglect.

Then said the *Swain*, Your boasting will not serve ;  
You found with these shall find what they deserve,  
And with these curst Malefactors dy,

Though, as you say, you are the best that fly ;

Your wicked Troop

Would all my Harvest hopes have eaten up :

Wert thou the *Phoenix*, though we lost the Race,  
A *Cherubin*, or *Bird of Paradise* ,

Expect from me no Grace ;

Now thou shalt Suffer in this place :

You tell your Vertues, Bird, but not your Vice.

(b) *Æneas*, who at the sacking of the City of *Troy*, sav'd the Gods of his Family, and his Father, bearing them away on his shoulders, mentioned by *Virgil* and *Ovid*, by the first *Æneid*, the second.

*Ergo age, chare pater, cervicis imponere  
iussit,  
Iste subitis humeris, nec me labor iste  
gravabit.  
Quosvis cunque cadent, unum & com-  
mune periculum,  
Una salus ambobus erit, &c.*

Dear Father get upon my shoulders  
straight,  
Nor burdensome to me shall be your  
weight :  
Whatever chance, one common dan-  
ger we  
shall equal share, to both one safety  
be.  
I shall *Afcanius* my companion chuse:  
My Wile must follow, but some dis-  
tance use.

By the other, *Metamorph.* l. 13.

— *Sacra & sacra altera patrum  
Fert humeris, venerabile onus, Cythere-  
reus heros.  
De tantis opibus prædam prius elegit  
illam,  
Afcaniumque suum, &c.*

— the Son and joy  
Of *Cythera* with his household-Gods  
And aged Sire his pious shoulders  
loads.  
Of so great Wealth he only chose  
that prize,  
And his *Afcanius* : from *Antandros*  
flies  
By Seas, and shuns the wicked *Thra-  
cias* shore,  
Defil'd with Blood of Murder'd *Pe-  
lydore*.

*Antonius Pius*, the Roman Empe-  
rour, had a Signet bearing the Image  
of *Æneas*, with his Father on his  
Back.

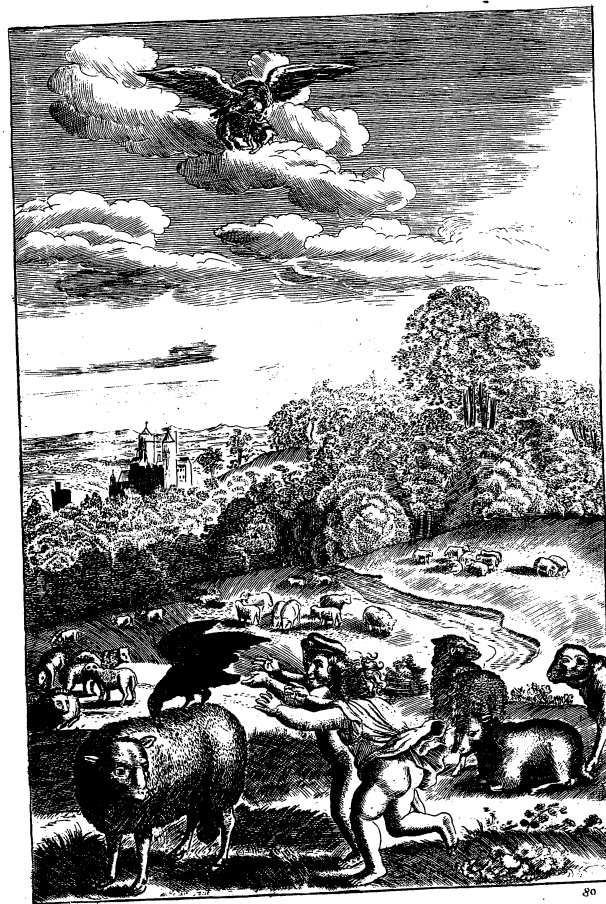


To your own Parents you obedient are,  
But not for Kings ( our common Fathers ) care.

# MORAL.

*What Crimes commit we, or what gross Abuse,  
That is not palliated by Excuse?  
Who saies he's Guilty? These Bad Company load,  
The Devil This, and that lays all on God.*

FAB.



## F A B. LXXX.

*Of the Eagle and the Crow.*

**T**He Plumed King spreading his feather'd fail,  
 Down through the Clouds like a black Tem-  
 pest stoops,  
 Passing through Quarters of Wind, Rain, and Hail,  
 He seiz'd a Lamb among the bleating Troops;  
 While the Dogs bark, and the old Shepherds rail,  
 That he a King, should Prey on harmless Beasts,  
 He flies to cruel Nests,  
 And bears the Prey to Courts nine Steeples high:  
 Then wond'rous, Blood and Wool rain from the Sky.

A foolish *Crow* viewing this gallant Flight  
 The *Eagle* made down from the Arched Skies,  
 Swell'd with Opinion, soars a mighty height,  
 To rob the Flock of such another Prize:  
 Thence on a Youngling did with Fury light,  
 And Knee-deep strikes himself in Silver Wooll.  
 That thence he could not pull  
 His tangled feet, with Art, nor Force, again,  
 But yields himself thus Prisoner to a Swain.

Who gave him to the Boys, they clip his Wing, (play  
 And 'mongst the Flocks would with their Captive  
 Taught him new Notes, another Song to sing,  
 And when Men ask'd what Bird he was, to say  
 He thought he was an *Eagle*, and a King:  
 But to his grief he now too well did know

He is a foolish *Crow*,

E c 2

Who

Who 'bove his Power great things attempting, fell  
A Sport to Boys, as Mercileſs as Hell.

**MORAL.**

*All Imitate, or Imitated are :*

*A ſhrivell'd Dwarf bath managed in War  
A mighty Steed, and boldly Charg'd the Foe,  
Shooting through Loop-holes in the Saddle-bow.*

**FAB.**

## FAB. LXXXI.

*Of the Dog and the Sheep.*

**R**ough with a trundle Tail, a Prick-ear'd Cur,  
 That had nine warrens of sterv'd Fleas in's fur,  
 On whom was Manginess entail'd, and Itch,  
 From his Sire *Isgrim*, and a Cat-ey'd Bitch;  
 With these Endowments Rich,  
 And some bold Vices now we Vertues call,  
 He brought to th' Judgment Hall  
 His Accusation 'gainst a guiltless *Sheep*,  
 That he the Staff of Life from him did keep,  
 A Loaf he lent him of the purest Wheat:  
 At the High Tribunal Seat  
 At once he Charg'd, and at once Claims the Debt.

The *Sheep* denies that e'r he had to do  
 With this strange *Dog*, that no good Shepherd knew,  
 Since he no Bond could prove, desir'd Release.  
 Then bawls the *Cur*; behold my Witnesses,  
 Let them the Truth confess;  
 The *Vulture*, *Fox*, and squint-ey'd *Kite* appear,  
 Who God nor Conscience fear,  
 To whom he promis'd equal shares before,  
 For which (as they instructed were) they swore  
 They saw when he delivered him the Bread,  
 Refusing Bond; and kindly said,  
 Without such things, Brethren should Brethren aid.

The Beasts had Salvage Laws, Who could not pay,  
 Convicted, at the Creditor's Mercy lay;

Such



Such was the poor *Sheep's* case, none could exhort  
 The *Dog* to save the Honour of the Court,  
 Since Cruelty was his Sport,  
 But at the *Sheep* with open Mouth he flew,  
 And in th' whole Benches view,  
 Sucks his warm Blood and eats his panting Heart,  
 And to each Witness quarters out their part :  
 When one did say ; Thus Innocence, we see,  
 Was never yet from Danger free ;  
 As th' Evidence, so must the Sentence be.

## MORAL.

*While Oaths and Evidence shall bear the Cause,  
 Men of small Conscience little fear the Laws.  
 What Trade are you ? A Witness, Sir : Draw near,  
 There's Coin, go Swear, what I would have you Swear.*

## F A B. LXXXII.

*Of the Frogs fearing the Sun would Marry.*

**L**ow-Country Provinces, United Bogs,  
 Once distressed Sates, now *Hogen Mogen* Frogs;  
 Royal and Noble Interest gone, Command,  
 Grown formidable both at Sea and Land:  
 Who but a Century of Years before  
 Dabbled in Fishing, Despicably Poor,  
 In seamless Vessels, Troughs, cut out of Logs,  
 Catch'd Whiting-Mops; now *Gogs* and *Gogmagogs*,  
 In stately Pines new Constellations raise,  
 Ploughing up Billows two and thirty ways;  
 Through boiling Brine, and Cakes of crufted Ice,  
 For Gold and Silver, Ivory, Oyl, and Spice;  
 What Straights, Gulphs, trending Bays, spare they to  
 By Water to take in the Universe? (piece,  
 Are they with Force not able to Invade?  
 No matter; They'll undo the World by Trade:  
 Four Frogs, two Tod-poles, and one greasy Toad.  
 Deep freighted Bottoms bear from Road to Road.

Whom now a consternating Panick Fear  
 Dejected much: The Sun will Wed they hear:  
 The News from *India*, worse than Plague or War,  
 Brought and attested by the Blazing Star.  
 To Pigmy Inches these Gygantick Frogs,  
 Pale Terror, shrunk: Summon'd from all the Bogs,  
 Hopping or crawling they in Clusters came  
 Up to their Prime *Morrafs*, their greatest *Damm*.

There



There the new Stat-houſe ſtands, built fair and large  
For their own Profit, but the Peoples Charge ;  
Where they on all Emergencies of State,  
Or Private buſineſs, in Convention ſate.

No *Portico* this Modern Building ſac'd,  
Within no Ancient Princes Figures grac'd ;  
Nor Grandfires with their Nets, ſuch were too Poor  
To ſtand with Befoms there behind the Door,  
Who for their own *Good-Old-Cauſe* Martyrs dy'd  
By Hemp, or by more zealous Faggots try'd :  
But Gods and Goddeſſes in Marble Carv'd,  
Or finely Painted, which the Heathen ſerv'd,  
In all the *Nieches*, each convenient place,  
In Stone or Tables the fair Structure grace.  
But yet for all their Skill, theſe *Belgiſh* Toads  
Made *Upſe-Duch* Heroes and Grecian Gods.  
Early this day aſſembled Old and Young,  
The *Damm* they cover, and the Stat-houſe throng :  
Silence commanded, not one whispering Croak,  
An Old Sag-bellied Toad, riſing thus ſpoke :

Grave *Hogen Mogen*, High and Mighty Frogs !  
Whoſe Care and Prudence fertiliz'd theſe Bogs,  
And ſo improv'd theſe your United States,  
Princes to Beard, and be with Kings *Cope-Mates* ;  
Though we from Muſhromes ſprung, and Spawn of  
Like Palaces are now our fair Aboads ; (Toads,  
When through brack Waters, and a ſalt *Morraſs*,  
We in cut Trenches ſafe at pleaſure paſs  
From *Damm* to *Damm*, and time with Talk beguile,  
Our ſelves and Goods Landing 'thout Care or Toyl;

From

From which new Water-works more Rent you raiſe,  
Than from rank Acres, where fat Oxen graſe.

But what of theſe Improvements will become ?  
The Sun will Wed, and Nuptials keep at Home ;  
Whom Laws of Gods and Men allow a Year  
From War or Travel, with his fair Compeer ;  
His Abſence will our Marſhes in a trice  
To Cryſtal turn, a never-thawing Ice.  
Or ſhould we ſcape ſuch a continued Froſt  
As girdles up nine Months the Artick Coaſt,  
His Teeming Spouſe may yet produce a Son,  
Shall quite out of the beaten *Zodiack* run,  
So un-experienc'd drive his Father's Chair,  
That ſoon to fire he'l rareſie the Air,  
Water and Earth to Duſt and Aſhes turn,  
And all in one new Conflagration burn.

They tell how *Phaeton* our ample Bogs  
To Jelly boyl'd ; ſtew'd Tod-poles, Toads, and Frogs  
In one Pottage, and *Pluto* gave, who ſwore  
He never taſted Broth ſo Rich before.  
Many ſuch Yonkers may ſpring from his Loyns ,  
And ſhare his Houſes twelve Celeſtial Signs ;  
And they may Wed, have Sons, and Daughters too :  
What in this Imminent Danger ſhall we do !  
To what Protector ſhall we make addreſs ?  
All know that *Neptune* this concerns no leſs ;  
Such Drinking Suns may, at one Meeting, quaff,  
If he had twenty Plumbleſs Oceans, off.  
Him to implore lay by next Sabbath day,  
We're no ſuch Jews nor Chriſtians but we may :  
He heard us lately, when a ſwelling Tide  
Imbodied, threaten'd o'r our Tow'rs to Ride ;  
F f

And

And soon as mov'd, with his great Trident came,  
Beats off green Reg'ments storm'd our yielding *Damm*;  
Which had they batter'd but nine Inches higher,  
We had not liv'd, Ruin to fear by Fire.

This said, Oh wondrous! the Foundations quake,  
And the stiff Idols, fixt in Marble, shake;  
When *Neptune*, where he did in Triumph ride,  
On a rich Shell, his Cheeks fresh Sanguine dy'd,  
His Trident waving then with Arms displai'd,  
Thus to the great Convention, wondring, said;

*Batavian Frogs*, Advanc'd by My sole Power,  
Whom *Jove* first Planted from a Thunder-shower,  
Fear not the Sun, nor at his Offspring shake:  
To the last Drop I'll Drain my ample Lake,  
My Watry Kingdoms Laver into Suds,  
To quench their Torches; to the *Stygian* Floods  
I'll *Titan* send, and all his fiery Tits,  
To Light their Lamps, and to regain their Wits.  
Lay idle Fears aside, he'll never Wed,  
Nor plant a Female in a Flaming Bed.  
Suspect no Conflagrations from the *East*;  
But a new Sun now Rising in the *West*;  
His Flames beware, make Peace, or Arm with speed;  
You more than all the Elements will need:  
Call our Supernal, call th' Infernal List,  
Both Gods and Fiends too weak are to Resist:  
He threatens my large Arms to bind in Chains,  
And now at Home a second *Neptune* Reigns;  
Who Three great Nations Swaies, and two fair Isles,  
His People *Ruler of the Ocean* files.

This

This said, their God grows Pale, Limbs stiff and cold,  
Trembling with Fear, shrunk in their Marble Mold.

### MORAL.

Princes beware to Aid a Growing State,  
Lest they be first that give you the Check-Mate.  
Wealth and Success turns Humbleness to Pride:  
Beggars on Horse-back to the Devil ride.

### FINIS.



ÆSOPIC'S  
OR  
A Second COLLECTION  
OF  
FABLES,  
Paraphras'd in Verse:  
ADORN'D  
WITH  
SCULPTURE,  
AND  
ILLUSTRATED  
WITH  
ANNOTATIONS.

---

BY  
JOHN OGILBY, Esq;  
Master of His MAJESTIES *Revells* in the Kingdom of  
IRELAND.

---

LONDON,  
Printed by THOMAS ROYCROFT,  
for the Author, M DC LXVIII.

And soon as mov'd, with his great Trident came,  
Beats off green Regiments storm'd our yielding *Damm*;  
Which had they batter'd but nine Inches higher,  
We had not liv'd, Ruin to fear by Fire.

This said, Oh wondrous! the Foundations quake,  
And the stiff Idols, fixt in Marble, shake;  
When *Neptune*, where he did in Triumph ride,  
On a rich Shell, his Checks fresh Sanguine dy'd,  
His Trident waving then with Arms displaid,  
Thus to the great Convention, wondring, said;

*Batavian Frogs*, Advanc'd by My sole Power,  
Whom *Jove* first Planted from a Thunder-shower,  
Fear not the Sun, nor at his Off-spring shake:  
To the last Drop I'll Drain my ample Lake,  
My Watry Kingdoms Laver into Suds,  
To quench their Torches; to the *Stygian* Floods  
I'll *Titan* send, and all his fiery Tits,  
To Light their Lamps, and to regain their Wits.  
Lay idle Fears aside, he'll never Wed,  
Nor plant a Female in a Flaming Bed.  
Suspect no Conflagrations from the *East*;  
But a new Sun now Rising in the *West*;  
His Flames beware, make Peace, or Arm with speed;  
You more than all the Elements will need:  
Call our Supernal, call th' Infernal List,  
Both Gods and Fiends too weak are to Resist:  
He threatens my large Arms to bind in Chains,  
And now at Home a second *Neptune* Reigns;  
Who Three great Nations Swaies, and two fair Isles,  
His People Ruler of the *Ocean* files.

This

This said, their God grows Pale, Limbs stiff and cold,  
Trembling with Fear, shrunk in their Marble Mold.

### MORAL.

*Princes beware to Aid a Growing State,  
Lest they be first that give you the Check-Mate.  
Wealth and Success turns Humbleness to Pride:  
Beggars on Horse-back to the Devil ride.*

FINIS.